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MAY 1918

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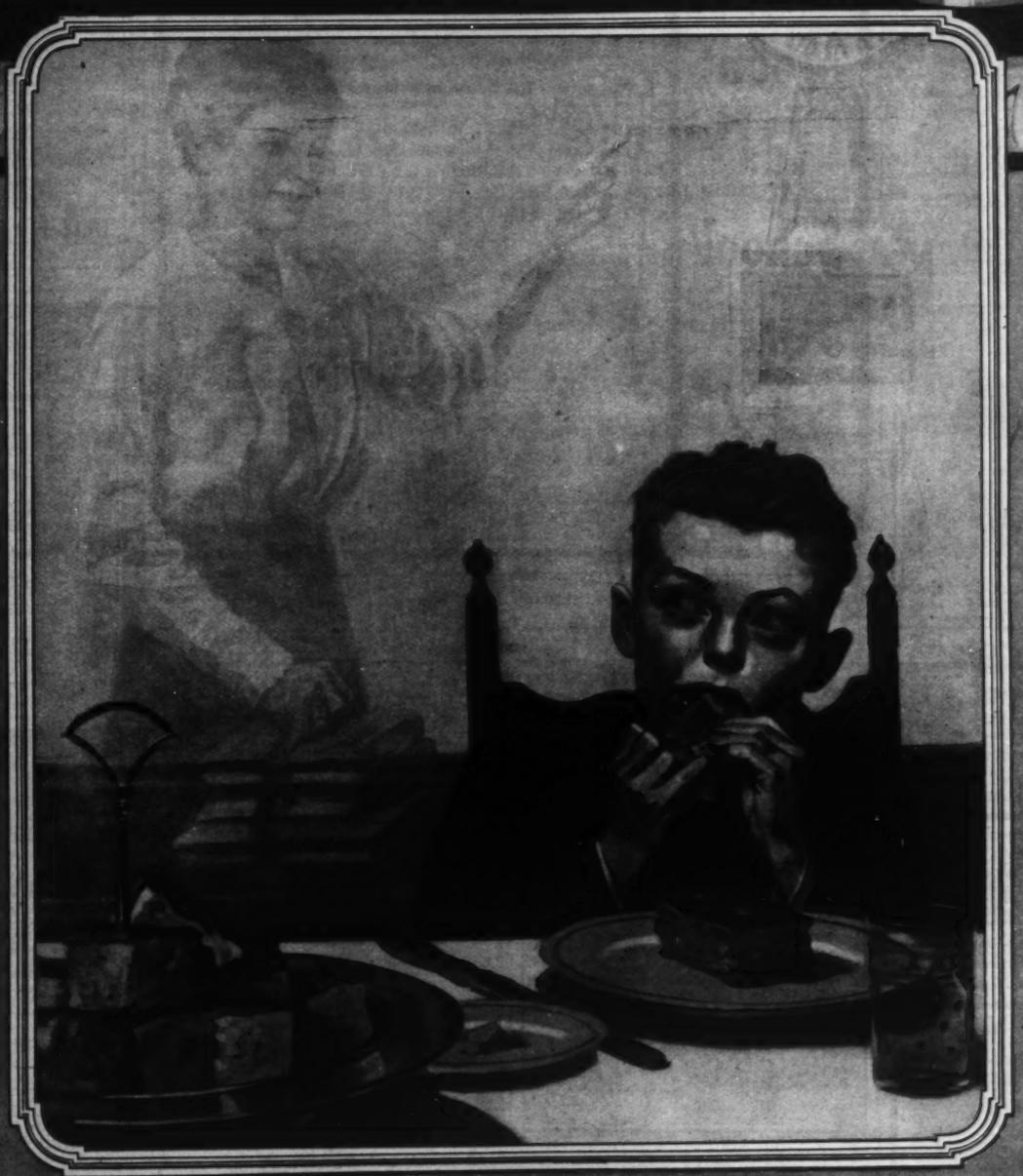

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE offers a special school service free of charge to its readers. The purpose of this service is to assist you in the selection of a school or college. Read all the announcements in this directory. If you have difficulty in finding the school which just meets your requirements, write to the School Service Department, McClure's Magazine, McClure Building, New York City, giving location and purpose of the school required, whether for boy or girl, previous education and the sum you are planning to spend. McClure's School Service Department will see that you receive the information you desire.

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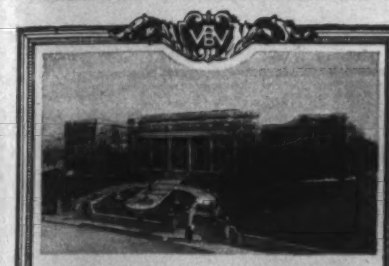

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"New Occasions Teach New Duties"

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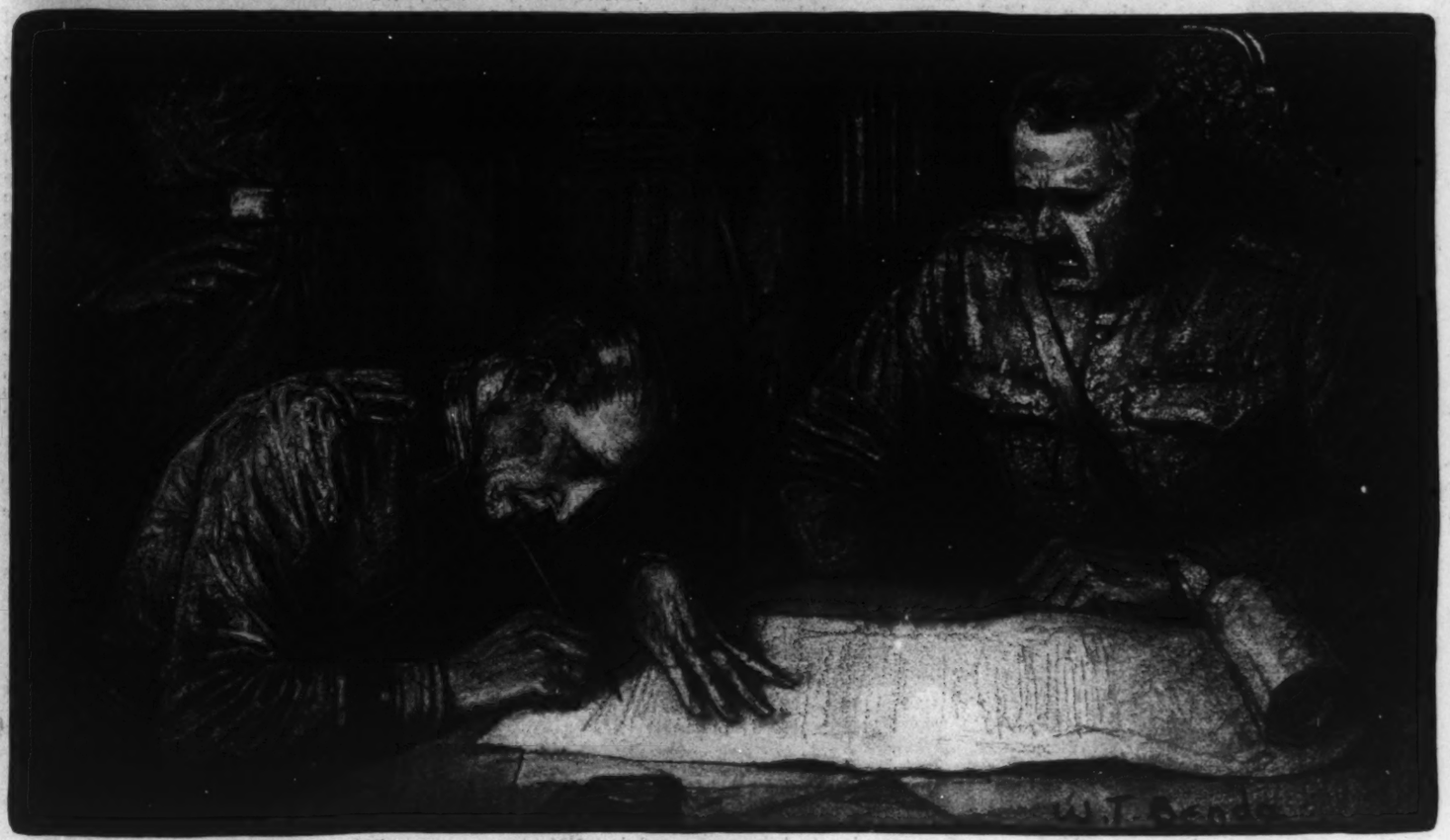
Volume 50
Number 7

McCLURE'S

MAY
1918

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*



On July 4th, at Metz the Crown Prince surrendered to General Pershing, in command of the Allied Armies

Licking the Huns!

Edited *by* H. C. Witwer

JUST three years ago this month, McClure's Magazine published a remarkable document containing the then unbelievable prophecy of war with Germany. This month McClure's narrates the events leading to the victorious conclusion of that war, as witnessed by Thomas G. ——, Co. F., —— Infantry, U. S. A., captured by the Germans on the Lorraine sector during the great Pershing drive of 1918

WHO I am does not matter, except that I am an American — and what man can make prouder boast than that? When the first U. S. expeditionary force went over to France, I was personal aide to Major General, afterward General John J. Pershing, the commanding officer, who's name will thrill Americans with pride for generations. Military experts are now generally agreed that it was the crushing defeat Pershing administered to the Germans under the Crown Prince at Metz on July 4, 1918, that utterly destroyed the morale of the enemy and enabled the victorious Allied armies to sweep on into Berlin.

When the first American troops moved up to relieve the French in the Lorraine sector during the Fall of 1917, I sought for and obtained a transfer to the post of line officer, retaining my rank as captain. The relief was successfully accomplished under the very noses of the Germans, who, whether through ignorance or intent, gave no indication that they sensed some important movement was taking place.

I think all of us responded to the thrill that even the sodden rain, drenching us as we trudged through the sleepy little French villages in the black night, could not deaden. America was now doing her bit in earnest! We, who but a short time ago had been bankers, bookkeepers, artists, mechanics or clubmen, were going into the heart of the flames of Europe's super-Hell, ready to make the supreme sacrifice so that despotism might be thrust from the earth.

The morale of our men was a constant source of admiration and delight to the French and English. Not even the inky blackness of the night, the squashing mud, or the incessant and infernal rain, could down their spirits. The most serious difficulty we officers encountered was in keeping squads of them, or lone adventurers, from going over the top and coming to grips with the Hun, forthwith. I recall a husky youth of twenty from Virginia, who climbed to the top of the parapet and trench knife in hand, was essaying to crawl across No Man's Land, until pulled back by main force. He protested bitterly and naïvely explained to me that he thought once we got this close to the Huns it was every man for himself!

Germany had always refused to admit she was beaten by the French in her first unsuccessful attempt to get through at Verdun in 1916. The Huns charged their failure to the seas of mud that retarded their immense masses of artillery and made the shifting of guns almost impossible.

Gallwitz, the German commander in this sector, staked all on this blow. Economic conditions and the growing unrest of the German people made the success of this new drive imperative. He firmly believed the American troops in the front line trenches consisted of little more than scattered handfuls of green and untried men, who could easily be disposed of in the first sweep of the forthcoming assault.

What was destined to become one of the most decisive battles of the great war, began at 4 A.M. on May 30, 1918, in the midst of a cold, heavy and dispiriting rain. Under cover of a perfectly ranged barrage fire, the Huns advanced at three points in an area of 150 miles. This included Nancy and Epinal, where two diversions were made as a feint to cover their real objective, Verdun, where the great blow was aimed.

Although the immensity of the assault took the French by surprise, they rallied gallantly and met the attacking battalions with a hail of bombs and a continuous fire of shells from their famous 75's. The immortal battle-cry of the Marne, "They shall not pass!" again resounded with thrilling defiance through trenches that crumbled and disintegrated under the whining Hell from the German heavy artillery. As the "shock troops," picked from the cream of the Ger-

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Don't you wish that you could see all that this young man has seen? — the crumbling of Prussian military power, the outbreak of the German revolution, and the triumph of the great cause for which we fight!

man army, flung themselves into the first line of the French trenches, the Americans converged from their own lines and fought off the first wave of Huns with a fury that sent those not killed or injured, reeling back in a state bordering on panic. This supposedly raw and untrained handful of men which had brought a sneering smile to the lips of the super-brute Hindenburg when told of their arrival in France, had driven off the best of his human fighting automatons! They faced the guttural howls of the invaders and their shot and shells, with rifle, machine gun, bayonet and, yes — fists!

For more than ten hours the tide of battle surged back and forth with neither side gaining more than a temporary advantage. The French made desperate efforts to bring up their heavy artillery, but that was practically isolated early in the struggle by the fire of the terrible Krupp guns, which aided by German airplanes, kept them under a constant hail of high explosive shells and bombs.

Less than twenty miles away at St. Mihiel, the main body of the American army, 700,000 strong, was hurrying to the relief under the personal command of General Pershing.

At three o'clock in the afternoon it became evident that unless Pershing's forces could be brought into action within the hour, Verdun would be lost to the enemy. The fighting at this time surpassed in ferocity any battle up to then in the war. Our airplanes gave valuable assistance in dropping bombs on the advancing Germans, but hard driven by their officers they came on and on, two seemingly springing up from the earth where one had fallen. They continued to advance, this time behind a curtain of their terrible, bone-searing liquid fire, at the same time redoubling the intensity of their barrage and slowly, defiantly, fighting to the last, the French and Americans began to fall back.

I shall never forget the events of the next half hour, which flashed as might a moving picture super-thriller before my eyes. A shell burst near me and I was hurled violently to the ground, stunned by the terrific concussion. I saw vaguely a huge Prussian leap snarling into the trench, swinging a long bladed knife, and a wounded "doughboy" at my side, weaponless, caught up a rock and hurled it impotently at the Hun. The latter mouthed an oath, thrusting with the knife and as he did, I jerked out my automatic and fired — many times. The Prussian rolled at the "doughboy's" feet and then a veritable horde of Huns came swarming into the trenches.

I RELOADED and emptied my gun, not without results, before I got a bayonet thrust in the arm and as I reeled back into the surge of fighting, snarling humanity in the trench, a Bavarian rushed upon me and knocked the useless gun from my hand with the stock of his rifle. He glanced swiftly at the officer's bars on my shoulders and then with a sudden movement grasped me about the body and swung me up to the parapet of the trench. I fought and scuffled with him with my bare hands, until the pain from my wounded arm and the ensuing loss of blood made further resistance impossible. I resolved to die as gamely as I could and stood upright awaiting the thrust of the wicked bayonet which my captor swung toward me.

To my amazement, he lowered the gun and motioned me to precede him and I stumbled forward toward the German lines, a prisoner of war.

We had gone less than a hundred yards when several other Germans came running back to join us. Then hundreds of the Huns were at our heels and we were swept along in the jam. I dimly heard their officers shouting commands to halt. Some turned and hesitated, but were instantly caught up and whirled along with the others which now numbered thousands. A young lieutenant rushed about, swearing and beating men on their backs and faces with the flat of his sword — and then came a wave of sound that sent the blood surging through my veins and my heart seemed about to leap from my chest.

The panic-stricken Huns were in complete rout, and at their heels, yelling like maniacs, came Pershing's army!

They poured down into the valley, an unending stream of flashing bayonet and vigorous youth. The famous "Rainbow Division" was leading the way and going into action like veterans. Healthy, buoyant youth, now grim and avenging, from the East, from the West, from the North, from the South, *from America!* In the front rank of the far spreading line, were New York's great sons, "The Fighting Sixty-Ninth!"

It seemed as though every man was yelling an idiom peculiar to his section of the United States and their hoarse yells of encouragement to each other and defiance to the Hun came like a swelling thunder, whenever there was a momentary lull in the booming of the artillery.

Within an hour the fleeing Germans had retreated from the Verdun sector and were falling back upon Metz, all attempts of their commanders to rally them proving futile. Two days later, June 1, 1918, the victorious Allied armies were in Alsace-Lorraine and France was to see her dearest hope realized. In less than five weeks she was to regain her lost province and her heroes had not died in vain. This was made possible by the use of Paralite, Thomas A. Edison's wonderful invention of an explosive that crumbled the walls of the mighty Metz fortress to a heap of stone and ashes. General Pershing's graceful act in allowing the French troops to precede the American army into Alsace-Lorraine upon its restoration to France, has endeared us to the hearts of the French forever.

The Huns made a determined stand before Metz, but were driven back steadily until on June 1, French and American guns were roaring at the fortress itself. The Crown Prince surrendered to General Pershing, in command of the Allied armies, on July 4, 1918. The prisoners taken numbered 287,000, together with enormous quantities of cannon, machine guns, ammunition and supplies. This striking victory for the Allies was practically the beginning of the end for Kaiserism and the dawn of liberty for the German people.

I WAS a prisoner in the fortress of Metz, together with twenty-six other American officers and ninety enlisted men, until a week before the capitulation. At that time, it having become apparent that surrender was inevitable, we were sorted out and sent into different parts of Germany. With the exception of one or two officers who were exchanged for German prisoners of high rank, I do not know the fate of the others.

The day before I was sent under guard out of Metz, I was summoned to the presence of the commander of the fortress. He was a thick-set, grizzled warrior who might have passed for Hindenburg himself. He was harsh enough to me, yet it is not without regret that I record the fact of his being later surrendered to the Huns in an exchange of prisoners and summarily executed by a court-martial at which the Crown Prince presided, for his surrender of Metz.

When I was brought before him, he swung around and glared at me from under his shaggy brows for several moments without speaking. He had aged twenty years in appearance since I had faced him shortly before, when my captors took me to the fortress. At that time he had made a futile effort to question me regarding my unit, the strength of the American army before Metz, its personnel and other things of military valve, threatening to have me shot if I refused to answer. Of course, I remained dumb, as did all my captured compatriots — even to a German-American enlisted man named Schwartz, whose name must go down in history as a hero and a true patriot. He refused to answer the commander's questions and was taken out and shot. I believe he came from St. Louis.

UPON this occasion, the commander barked an order in German to the guard, who immediately left the room. I stood waiting in some trepidation, but determined as firmly as before to disclose nothing, no matter what the penalty for refusal.

"You were a captain in the American army?" he shot out finally.

"I *am* a captain!" I corrected him.

He laughed harshly.

"A captain with a command you will never see again!" he grunted. "I am about to ask you some questions. If you refuse to answer you will be shot. You understand?"

It was the old formula. I contented myself with a nod of my head.

"*Hein!* That is good!" he said with grim approval. "Now — what is approximately the strength of the American army before Metz?"

"Eight billion men, three hundred thousand cannon, two million—" I began, when he stopped me with the roar of a maddened bull.

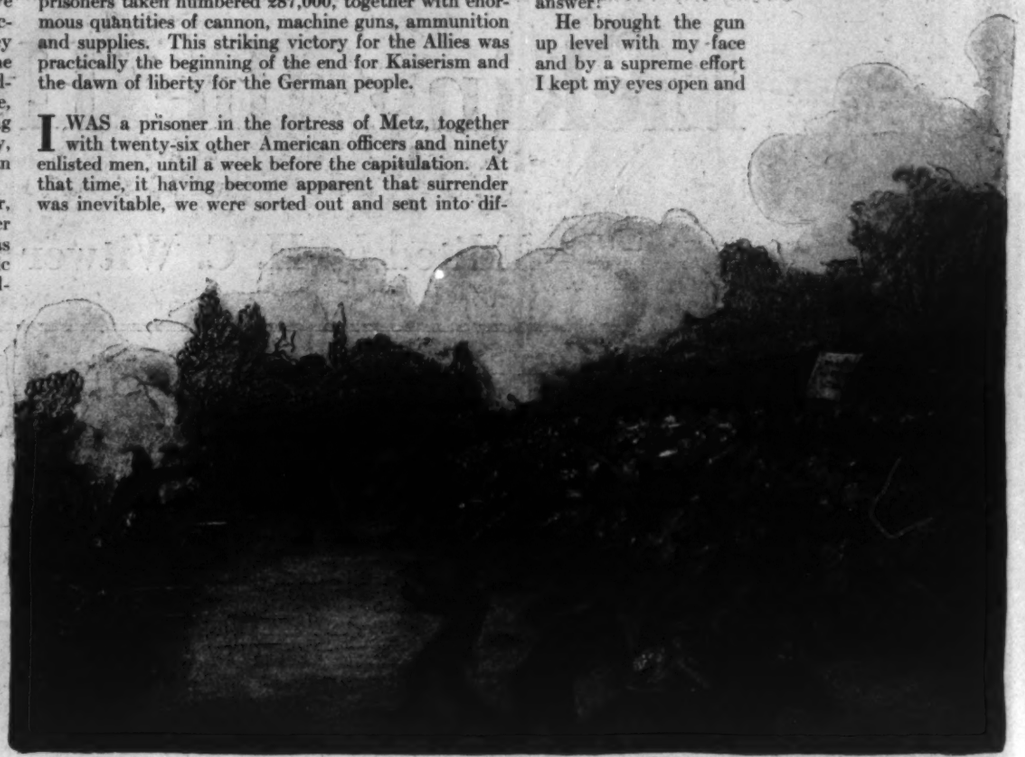
"Enough!" he shouted. "You think to make sport of *me?*" He snatched a revolver from his belt, his face purple with rage, "Again — answer!" he boomed.

I sensed that my face whitened and cursed myself for the involuntary sign that I was moved.

"Fire!". I said — I hope, calmly — "I will not answer!"

He brought the gun up level with my face and by a supreme effort I kept my eyes open and glaring into his with an intensity that equaled his own. I affected a coolness I was far from feeling — I am not a hero, I am human! The tableau was brief. With an oath he hurled the gun on the table and pressed a tiny button in the wall.

"Tomorrow you will be sent into Germany to help make bullets to kill the rest of the Americaner swine!"



In a moment I was to learn what that strange noise far up the street had meant. The whole

he roared in my face. "Do you think Metz will ever surrender to an armed rabble? Ha, ha! We have enough guns, enough men, enough food, to hold out for a hundred years and by the end of the week a half million Prussians will sweep you and the French hounds back into Verdun!"

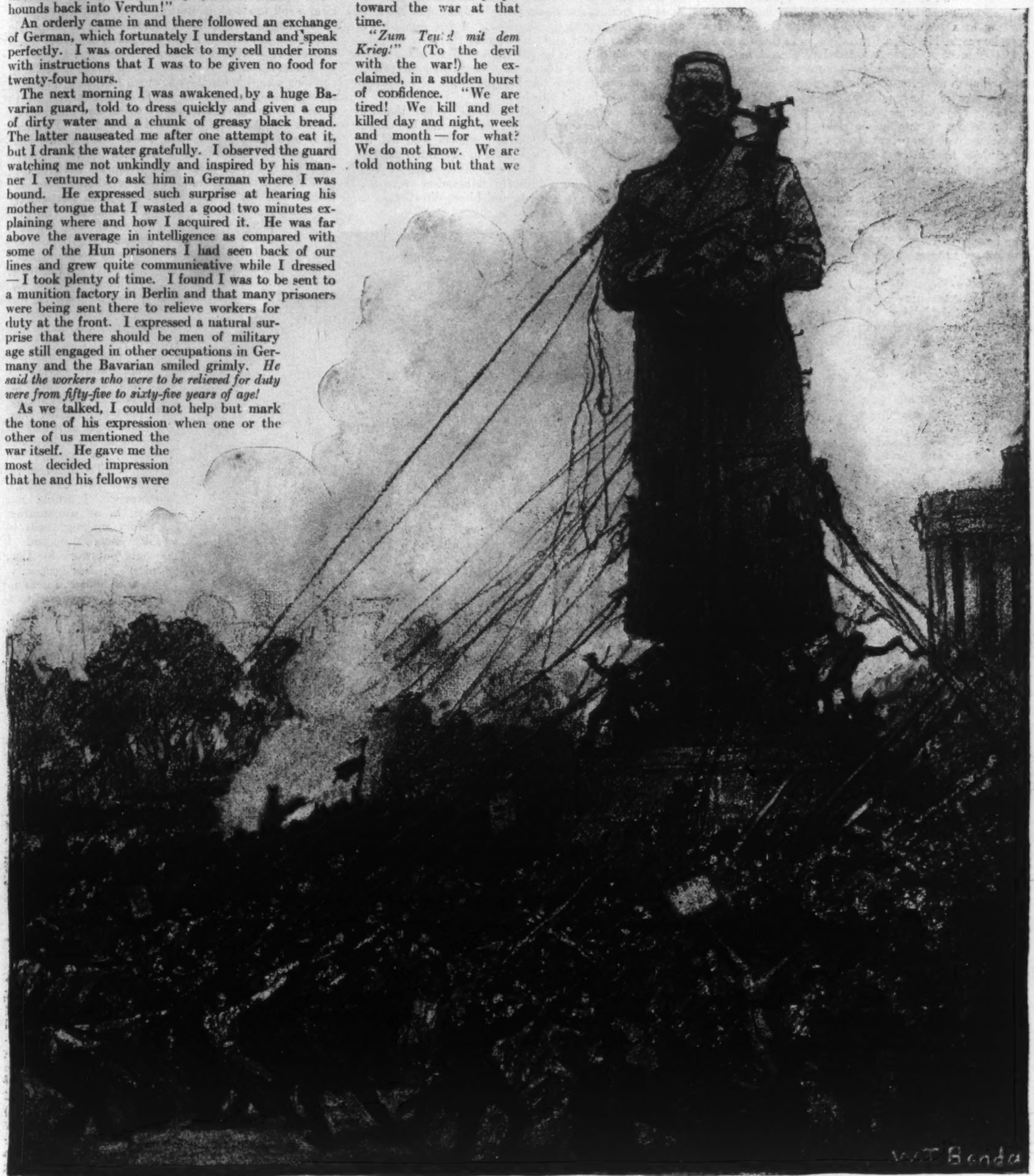
An orderly came in and there followed an exchange of German, which fortunately I understand and speak perfectly. I was ordered back to my cell under irons with instructions that I was to be given no food for twenty-four hours.

The next morning I was awakened by a huge Bavarian guard, told to dress quickly and given a cup of dirty water and a chunk of greasy black bread. The latter nauseated me after one attempt to eat it, but I drank the water gratefully. I observed the guard watching me not unkindly and inspired by his manner I ventured to ask him in German where I was bound. He expressed such surprise at hearing his mother tongue that I wasted a good two minutes explaining where and how I acquired it. He was far above the average in intelligence as compared with some of the Hun prisoners I had seen back of our lines and grew quite communicative while I dressed — I took plenty of time. I found I was to be sent to a munition factory in Berlin and that many prisoners were being sent there to relieve workers for duty at the front. I expressed a natural surprise that there should be men of military age still engaged in other occupations in Germany and the Bavarian smiled grimly. *He said the workers who were to be relieved for duty were from fifty-five to sixty-five years of age!*

As we talked, I could not help but mark the tone of his expression when one or the other of us mentioned the war itself. He gave me the most decided impression that he and his fellows were surfeited with the ghastly, bloody struggle and for the first time in my experience of talking with a German, there was an element of doubt in his tone as to whether mighty Kultur would triumph. The victorious invasion of the American army had had its effect and an inadvertent mention of Hindenburg from me brought a careless shrug of the shoulders! Six months before this man would have beaten me to my knees and demanded a salute to the name.

Emboldened by his attitude, I carefully framed a question. His answer, I am sure, epitomized the attitude of the German people toward the war at that time.

"*Zum Teufel mit dem Krieg!*" (To the devil with the war!) he exclaimed, in a sudden burst of confidence. "We are tired! We kill and get killed day and night, week and month — for what? We do not know. We are told nothing but that we must kill, burn and pillage. We can either be shot by you and your allies, or by our officers. *Hein!* we have *that* choice! We are but dogs to be whipped hither and thither at the bidding of the All Highest. It is madness for us to continue. If God is with Wilhelm, why are we not victorious? We were to be in Paris four years ago, our navy was to wipe the Englander ships from the seas, our undersea boats were to bring the world to its knees. We were told that England and France had massed an army in Belgium to invade the Fatherland — lies, lies, all lies!" He slapped his hands together and raised his voice, apparently without concern as to who might hear. "I have lost three brothers within the past year," he went on, "and my mother is working in a munition factory. My father will be called to the colors next week. They have swallowed us all up in their Hell machine! *Ach, Gott!* but we will make them pay. Potsdam Palace will crumble before



city had in a moment become a seething cauldron, and in the twinkling of an eye the German people were marching on Potsdam

shells before the year is out — *not English shells, but German!*"

At that moment an *Unterofficier* came along and with a gruff command, ordered me brought from the cell. My friend the guard slipped me a packet which I promised to get to his mother, who he thought was working in a factory at Brandenburg. In his gratitude, he reached in his jacket and brought forth a package of cigarettes which he offered to me. I had but stretched out my hand when a young lieutenant, his spic and span uniform in striking contrast to the dirty, ragged garb of the guard, stepped into the narrow corridor. His quick eye caught the proffered gift and with a bellow of rage he snatched out his sword and cut viciously at the private's outstretched hand. The unfortunate man uttered an agonizing cry of pain and the cigarettes dropped from his bleeding fingers to the floor. The "gallant" officer followed this act of wanton brutality by striking the wounded man across the face with the flat of the sword and showering upon him a volley of the foulest oaths I have ever heard. I caught the name of the crime which the enraged officer accused him of perpetrating. The private had "been kind to a prisoner."

The guard was immediately dragged off under arrest by two of his fellows. From what I know of German army procedure, there is not the slightest doubt but that he was most severely dealt with.

My only punishment was a glare from the officer, and within five minutes more I was packed aboard a freight train with a number of French and English prisoners, many of them wounded. My own slight wound had been dressed by a military surgeon the day I was brought a prisoner into the fortress of Metz and was now almost completely healed.

The English prisoners were entrained separately, but we few Americans were put in with the French. We had to be content with lying or sitting on the floor of the car which was covered with straw, as the only seat — a soap box — was occupied by our guards. We had no idea where we were bound and no one asked; also we were not permitted to converse with each other.

Whenever we approached a town, all conversation ceased and the guards paced up and down the car in a business-like fashion. The train would groan to a stop and the door would immediately be flung open. An officer came to the opening and with the aid of a sergeant checked us off and questioned the guards, who stood rigidly at attention. Those few civilians that we saw, mostly old men and women, gazed at us with nothing nearer hatred than simple curiosity. At intervals — far apart — we were fed: black bread, water and a peculiarly tough species of bologna.

The French and English prisoners were taken off the train at Halle, but our guards informed us that we Americans were bound for Berlin, where we were to be exhibited to the people as the remnants of "Pershing's ridiculous army, all of which had been killed, wounded or taken prisoner!"

This was a sample of what the German Imperial Government was feeding its war-weary people at this time, to stave off the growing revolt!

Our arrival had been much advertised and heralded and a great crowd met the train at the *Friedrichstrasse* station. I noticed that the majority of them were women, ninety per cent. of them in deep mourning and two-thirds of them well past middle age. The younger women were elsewhere — working in factory, shop, field, munitions works and everywhere where their fathers, brothers, sons and husbands had been taken to feed the great, hungry maw of the Kaiser-made war. The men in the crowd, if young, were wounded — if unwounded, they were, for the most part, grandfathers.

We were paraded down the long platform with much ceremony and — almost in silence! The people gazed at us dumbly with weary eyes. Comment was confined to groups, accompanied by a shaking of the head and a shrugging of the shoulders. I was reminded of an audience bored and yawning at the *pièce de resistance* of the play. The All Highest must show something more thrilling than a handful of American prisoners, if he would spur the flagging spirit of his people for more suicide and murder!

Within a very short time it became evident that this attitude of placidity where there should be violent hate, had aroused the German officers who led the parade, to a fury. Several of them circulated through the crowd, which gave way reluctantly and returned jostle for jostle — a hitherto unheard-of temerity! Soon there came faint jeers and hisses directed at us.

The girl beside me watched with whitened lips and heaving bosom. The only sound that had escaped her was a gasp of horror

They were isolated and uttered by individuals at the behest of the officers, several of whom I plainly heard urging the people to insult us, if not to do us violence!

The procession continued on down *Unter den Linden*, past the great statue of von Hindenburg at the *Siegesallee*. I looked for a demonstration here, but still we were received with the same mild curiosity. It was plain that there was a grim tension in the atmosphere. These little groups that chattered together in subdued voices with scarcely a turned head as we passed, had something more momentous to occupy them than the exhibition of a few war prisoners from America.

I found myself wondering if the news of their crushing defeat at Verdun had reached these people and if Hindenburg was still their God. I was soon to find out!

We were locked in a sort of barracks that night and early the next morning I was again cut out from my companions and summoned this time before the *Kommandantur*, or Military Control Officer. He was a "von" (noble) and therefore did his fighting from behind a roll top desk in Berlin, rather than a dirt parapet in Belgium. The hate I found lacking in the people was much in evidence here. He glared at me for a full two minutes without uttering a sound and I returned his glance in kind. Occasionally he made a guttural, clucking sound in his throat, which I suppose he meant to express contempt, but which all but moved me to grin. My pedigree was finally taken and checked up with a report which my guard handed in. Followed some general questions and I was then asked what my occupation had been in America before I entered the army. It was plain to see from his manner that he attached a lot of importance to whatever my answer might be. I said that I had been particularly expert at eating, sleeping and smoking. This provoked a few assorted bellows of rage, together with some threats of summary execution for my flippancy. However, I was becoming used to being "*strafed*" verbally, so I listened unmoved and was finally led into another room — intact. Here I was told to wait until the *Kommandantur* would assign me to my future labors.

As I was weak from privation and worry, I thought at this time that it would be better for me to obey any further commands of my captors with regard to my future and watch my chance to escape. To this resolve, I made two exceptions, however. I would not work in an ammunition factory making shells to kill Americans and I would not work for Germany in any capacity, whether under duress or not, in my uniform as a captain in the United States army.

I SENT word in to the *Kommandantur* to this effect. The latter made no objection to supplying me with other clothing, even agreeing to allow me to retain my uniform — but he was firm on the munitions factory. I was firmer! He stormed, bellowed and threatened and I would not budge an inch. He then had a squad of soldiers come in and made a bluff at sending me out to be shot. I arose with alacrity and fell in beside them, holding myself stiff and erect. He allowed them to march me out to the door before he weakened and called me back, dismissing the soldiers with an oath.

The next morning I was put to work in a government owned bakery in Berlin. I think it was the largest one of its kind I had ever seen. It employed 6,000 people in normal times; at present there were less than a thousand persons working there. The large part of them were young girls and their mothers, the balance were crippled soldiers and old men. The product of the factory at that time consisted of a brick shaped segment of hard black "bread" weighing about two ounces. Thousands of these were turned out daily and this, together with a bowl of thin soup, was practically the daily food allowance of every man, woman and child not of the nobility in Berlin — provided they had tickets to get them!

That you may have a better idea of the food situation in Germany at this time, I quote an advertisement which the government had inserted in all the Berlin newspapers:

"The Berlin Magistrat will distribute one-quarter pound of marmalade on coupon 131 of the general food card. Two ounces of cheese will also be allotted to munitions workers only. Three ounces of sago will be distributed on Saturday." [*Continued on page 60*]

Later on the marshal left the town hall, followed by several smiling gentlemen of the cloth, Justice Robb, and the editor of the Banner

"You Are Invited to Be Present"

by George Barr McCutcheon

Think of It!

A WAR story that will make you laugh! That's what we must not forget these days — our sense of humor, our right to happiness and honest fun. The gayest and happiest nation on earth — France — is putting up the biggest fight in history, so here's to laughter! It will help win the war

Illustrations by Tony Sarg

ANDERSON CROW sat on the porch of the post-office, ruminating over the epidemic that had assailed Tinkletown with singular virulence, and, in a sense, enthusiasm. Not that there was anything sinister or loathsome about the plague. Far from it. He reflected because it had broken out so soon after his bitter comments on the prolonged absence of the slightest symptom, or indication that a case was even remotely probable. And here he was, holding in his hand four fresh and unmistakable signs that the contagion was spreading. In short, he had just received and opened four envelopes addressed to Mr. and Mrs. A. Crow, and each contained an invitation to a wedding.

Alf Reesling, commonly known as the town drunkard, sat on the top step, whittling.

"No law against gittin' married, is there, constable?" he inquired.

"I don't know much about this new eugenic law," mused Mr. Crow, gingerly pulling at his whiskers. "So fer as I know, it ain't been violated up here."

"What's the harm, anyway? You was sayin' yourself only the other day that it's a crime the way the young fellers in this town *never* git married. Just set around the parlor stoves all winter holdin' hands, and on the front steps all summer ——"

"Like as not the gosh-derned cowards heard what I said and got up spunk enough to tackle matrimony," interrupted the venerable town marshal. "June seems to be a good month fer weddin's everywhere else in the world except right here in Tinkletown. The last one we had was in December, and that was two years ago. Annie Bliss and Joe Hodges. Now we're goin' to have 'em so thick and fast there won't be an unmarried man in the place, first thing you know. Up to date, me and Mrs. Crow have had seventeen printed invitations, and I don't know how many by word o' mouth. Fellers that never even done any courtin', so fer as I know, are gittin' married to girls that ain't had a beau since the Methodist revival in nineteen-ten. They all got religion then, male and female, and there's nothin' like religion to make people think they ought to have somebody to share their repentance with."

"George Hoover's been goin' with Bessie Slayback ever sence McKinley beat Bryan in 'ninety-six. Swore he'd never git married till we had another democratic president. We've had one fer more'n four years and now he says he never dreamed there'd be another one, so he didn't think it was worth while to save up enough to git married on. You don't happen to have a bid there fer his weddin', have you, Anderson? That would be too much to expect, I guess."

"How old do you make out Bessie is, Alf?" asked Mr. Crow, shuffling the envelopes until he found the one he wanted. He removed the card, printed neatly by the Tinkletown Banner Press, and squinted at it through his spectacles.

"Forty-nine," said Alf, promptly. "Twenty-sixth of last January."

"Well, poor old George'll have to do his settin' in Sofer's store after the third o' June," said the other, chuckling. "She has threw him over, as my daughter would say."

"What's that?"

"Yep. Bessie's goin' to be married next Sunday to Charlie Smith."

"Fer the Lord's sake!" gasped Alf. "How c'n that be? Charlie's got a wife an' three grown children."

"'Tain't old Charlie. It's young Charlie," said Anderson, looking hard at the invitation. "'Charles Elias Smith, Junior,' it says."

Alf was speechless. He merely stared while the town marshal made mental calculations.

"She's twenty-six years older'n he is, Alf."

"There must be some mistake," muttered Alf.

"Not if you're sure she's forty-nine," said Anderson. "Subtract twenty-three from forty-nine and you have twenty-six, with nothin' to carry. Besides, old Charlie's middle name is Bill."

"Well, I'll be dog-goned," said Alf, in a weak voice.

"And here's another 'n," said Anderson, passing a card to his companion.

Alf read: " 'The son and daughter of Mrs. Ellen Euphemia Ricketts request the pleasure of your company at the marriage of their mother to Mr. Pietro Emanuel Cicotti, on June 1, 1917, at twelve o'clock noon at the family residence, No. 17 Lincoln Street, Tinkletown, New York.' Well, I'll be ——" Alf interrupted himself to repeat one of the names. "Who is this Pietro Emanuel Cicotti? I never heard of ——"

"Petey Sickety," said Anderson.

"The sprinklin'-cart driver?"

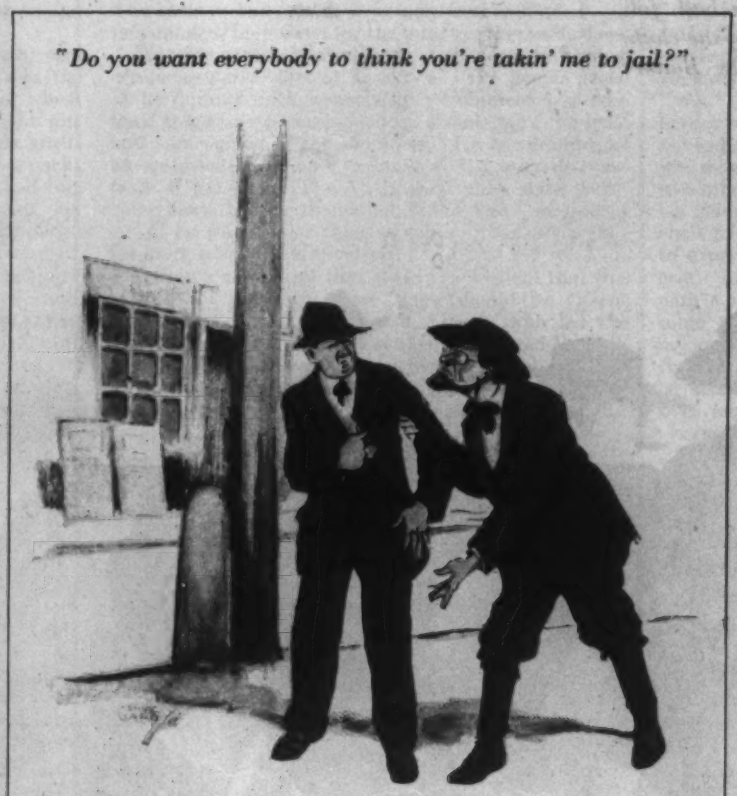
"The same," said the marshal, his lips tightening. He had once tried to arrest the young man for "disturbing the peace," and had been obliged to call upon the crowd for help.

"Why, good gosh, he don't earn more'n ten dollars a week and he sends half of that back to Sweden," said Alf.

"Europe," corrected Anderson, patiently. He had put up with a good deal of ignorance on the part of Alf during a long and watchful acquaintanceship.

"Anyhow," said the town drunkard, arising in some haste, "I guess I'll be gittin' home. Maybe I ain't too late." He was moving off with considerable celerity.

"Too late fer what?" called out Anderson.



"Do you want everybody to think you're takin' me to jail?"

"THAT measley, good-fer-nothin' Gates boy dropped in to see my girl Queenie last night. First time he's ever done it, but, by criminy, the way they're speedin' things up around here lately there's no tellin' what c'n happen in twenty-four hours."

"Hold on a minute, Alf. I'll walk along with you. Now, see here, Alf," — Mr. Crow laid a kindly, encouraging hand on the other's shoulder as they ambled down the main street of the village — "no matter what happens, you mustn't let it git the best of you. Keep straight, old feller. Don't touch a drop o' ——"

Mr. Reesling stopped short in the middle of the sidewalk.

"Dog-gone it, Anderson — leggo of my arm. Do you want everybody to think you're takin' me to jail, or home to my poor wife, or somethin' like that? It'll be all over town in fifteen minutes if you ——"

" 'Tain't my fault if you've got a reputation, Alf," retorted the town marshal sorrowfully.

"Well, it ain't my fault either," declared Alf. "Look at me. I ain't had a drink in twenty-three years, and what good does it do me? Every time a stranger comes to town people point at me an' say, 'There goes the town drunkard.' Oh, I've heerd 'em. I ain't deef. An' besides, ain't they always preachin' at me an' about me at the Methodist an' Congregational churches? Ain't they always tellin' the young boys that they got to be careful er they'll be like Alf Reesling? An' what's it all come from? Comes from the three times I got drunk back in the fall of 'ninety-three when my cousin was here from Albany fer a visit. I *had* to entertain him, didn't I? An' there wasn't any other way to do it in this jerk-water town, was there? An' ever since then the windbags in this town have been prayin' fer me an' pityin' my poor wife. That's what a feller gits fer livin' in a ——"

"Now, now!" admonished Anderson soothingly. "Don't git excited, Alf. You deserve a lot o' credit. Ain't many men, I tell you, could break off sudden like that, an'——"

"Oh, you go to grass!" exclaimed Alf hotly.

Anderson inspected him closely. "Lemme smell your breath, Alf Reesling," he commanded.

"What's the use?" growled Alf. "Wouldn't last fer twenty-three years, would it?"

"Well, you talk mighty queer," said the marshal, unconvinced. He couldn't imagine such a thing as a strictly sober man telling him to go to grass. He was the most important man in Tinkletown.

Further discussion was prevented by the approach of Mr. Crow's daughter, Susie, accompanied by a tall, pink-faced young man in a resplendent checked suit and a dazzling red necktie. They came from Brubaker's popular drug-store and ice-cream "parlor," two doors below.

"Hello, Pop," said Susie gaily, as the couple sauntered past their half-halting seniors.

"H'are you, Mr. Crow?" was the young man's greeting, uttered with the convulsive earnestness of sudden embarrassment. "Fine day, ain't it?"

Mr. Crow said it was, and then both he and Alf stopped short in their tracks and gazed intently at the backs of the young people. Even as they stared, a fiery redness enveloped the ears of Susie's companion. A few steps farther on he turned his head and looked back. Something that may be described as sheepish defiance marked that swift, involuntary glance.

Mr. Reesling broke the silence. There was a worried, sympathetic note in his voice.

"Got on his Sunday clothes, Anderson, and this is only Wednesday. Beats the Dutch, don't it?"

"I wonder —" began Mr. Crow, and then closed his lips so tightly and so abruptly that his sparse chin whiskers stuck out almost horizontally.

He started off briskly in the wake of the young people. Alf, forgetting his own apprehensions in the face of this visible manifestation, shuffled along a few paces behind.

"I don'd mind if you tell your fadder, Susie. Go on and tell him"

Miss Crow and her companion turned the corner below and were lost to view.

"By gosh," said Alf, suddenly increasing his speed until he came abreast of the other; "you better hurry, Anderson. Justice Robb's in his office. I seen his feet in the winder a little while ago."

"They surely can't be thinkin' of ——" Mr. Crow did not complete the sentence.

"Why not?" demanded Alf. "Everybody else is. And it would be just like that Schultz boy to do it without an invitation. Ever sence this war's been goin' on them Schultzes have been blowin' about always bein' prepared fer anything. German efficiency's what they're always throwin' up to people. I bet he's been over to the county seat an' got a license to ——"

Anderson interrupted him with a snort. He put his hand on his right hip pocket, where something bulged ominously, and quickened his pace.

"I been watchin' these Schultzes fer nearly a year," said he, "an' the whole capoodle of 'em are spies."

They turned the corner. Susie and her companion were on the point of disappearing in a doorway, fifty yards down Sickle Street.

Anderson slowed up. He removed his broad felt hat with the gold cord around it, and mopped his forehead.

"That's the tin-type gallery," he said, a little out of breath.

"Worse an' more of it," said Alf. "That's the surest sign I know of. It never fails. Mollie an' me had our'n taken the day before we was married an'— an'—why, it's almost the same as a certificat', Anderson."

"Now, you move on, Alf," commanded the marshal. "How many times I got to tell you not to loiter aroun' the streets? Move on, I say."

"Aw, now, Anderson ——"

"I'll have to run you in, Alf. The ord'nance is very p'ticular, an' that notice stuck up on the telephone pole over there means you more'n anybody else. No loiterin'."

"If you need any evidence ag'in that Schultz boy, just call on me," said Alf generously. "I seen him commit an atrocity last week."

"What was it?"

"He give that little Griggs girl a lift in his butcher wagon," said Alf darkly.

Anderson scowled. "The sooner we run these cussed Germans out o' town the better off we'll be."

Alf ambled off, casting many glances over his shoulder, and the marshal crossed the street and entered Hawkins's Undertaking and Embalming establishment, from a window of which he had a fair view of the "studio."

Presently Susie and young Schultz emerged, giggling and snickering over the pink objects they held in their hands. They sauntered slowly, shoulder to shoulder, in the direction of Main Street.

MR. HAWKINS was in the middle of one of his funniest stories when Anderson got up and walked out hurriedly. The undertaker had a reputation as a wit. He was the life of the community. He radiated optimism, even when most depressingly employed. And here he was telling Anderson Crow a brand-new story he had heard at a funeral over in Kirkville, when up jumps his listener and "lights out" without so much as a word. Mr. Hawkins went to the door and looked out, expecting to see a fight or a runaway horse or a German airplane. All he saw was the marshal not two doors away, peering intently into a show-window, while from across the street two young people regarded him with visible amusement. For a long time thereafter the undertaker sat in his office and stared moodily at the row of caskets lining the opposite wall. Could it be possible that he was losing his grip?

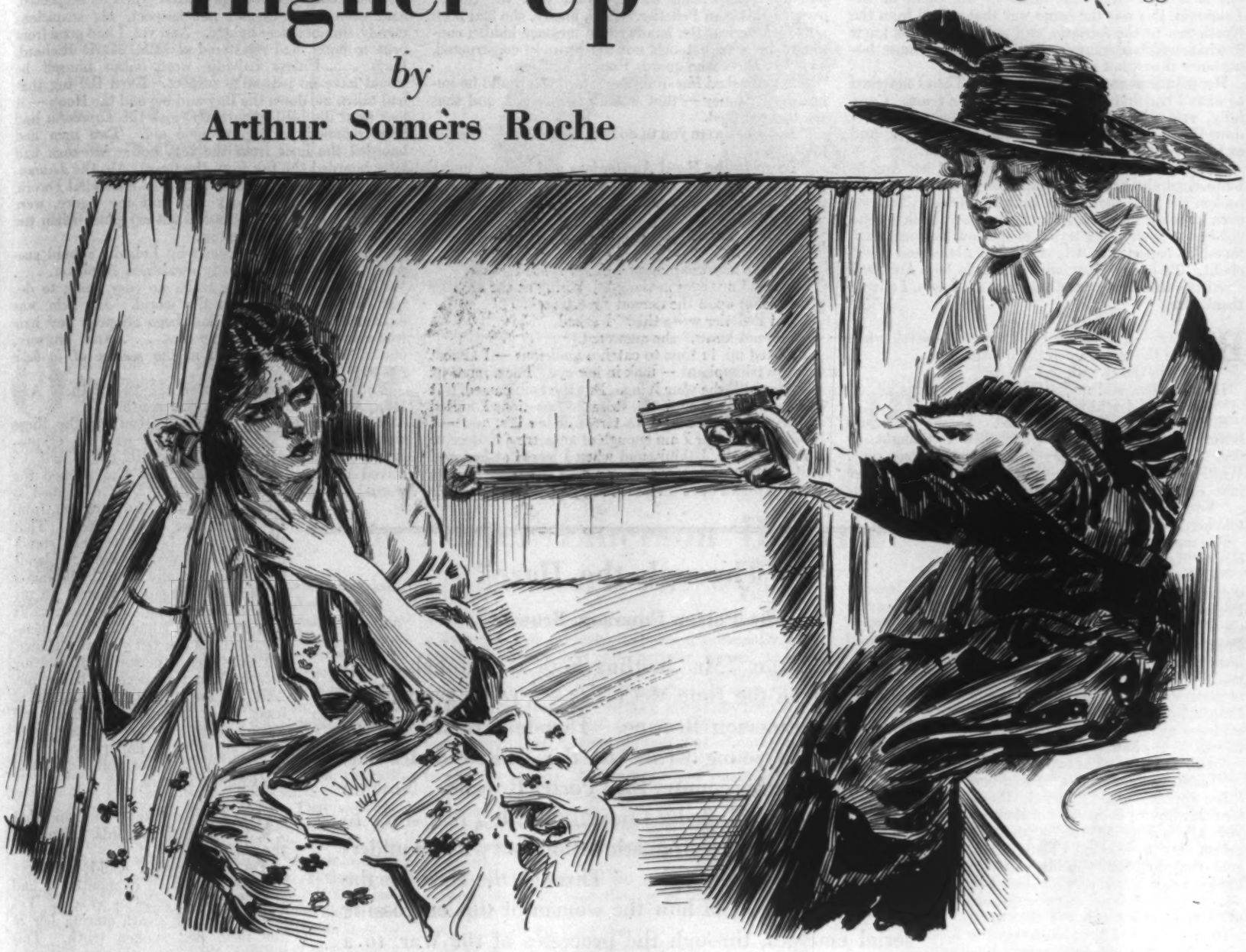
Miss Crow and Mr. Otto Schultz resumed their stroll after a few moments, and the marshal, following their movements in the reflecting show-window, waited until they were safely around the corner. Then he retraced his steps quickly, passed the undertaker's place, and turned into the alley beyond. Three minutes later, he entered Main Street a block above Sickle Street, and was leaning carelessly against the Indian tobacco sign in front of Jackson's cigar store. [*Continued on page 36*]

"Higher Up"

by

Arthur Somèrs Roche

Illustration by
James Montgomery Flagg



LITTLE cat! I leaned against the door of her cabin and stared at her. I had searched her effects, I had searched her, and I had found — nothing! And yet I knew; knew without a doubt that she carried some message, bore some word, to Raoul Labadie.

How did I know? But does it matter? This is a time of war. A word is dropped in a Paris restaurant; a waiter overhears; and I, Yolande Chautard, whom Joffre has praised and Poincaré decorated — I board the *Laurentia*, from a sea-going tug, ten miles beyond your Hook.

Oh, it was maddening! Little, purring cat, with her claws sheathed, but sharp, I knew. Sharp enough, perchance, to make a wound that might not be healed. For she was messenger to Labadie, the Master. Why did Labadie receive messengers from *la belle France?* Why, indeed, unless there were to be given him instructions of such importance that they could be trusted only to word of mouth?

But there would be something else besides the word-of-mouth instructions. There would be something by which the messenger could be identified. Nor would it be a ring, a trinket. Such things are too easily duplicated. It would be a written word. And this purring, grinning cat stood and sneered at me.

Oh, she was clever! The messenger to Labadie would be nothing less. Useless to threaten. As well as I she knew that, suspected, she would never be permitted to land in America, that she would be deported on the next boat, that a military prison would claim her once she landed in France. These things did not frighten her. Her life was safe, she knew. Without evidence France does not kill traitors. Confined on suspicion, yes. When a nation fights for life suspicion is enough to justify imprisonment. But death—no. And this little feline who had sold her soul for money would fear nothing but death. And I—I could not threaten her with that unless I had some evidence of treachery.

"You will explain this message," I told her, evenly. She sneered at me. "Madame is so clever. Let her guess its meaning." Cat! Thrice she had called me "Madame," and I look only a girl

Here, in your America that was not yet at war, Labadie plotted and schemed against the Entente. Master thief, he had become master plotter. Traitor to society, he had become traitor to his native land. More than once I could have delivered him over to your police, and made him pay the penalty for blowing up your munitions works, derailing your trains, setting fire to your ships, but — I had not wanted him; I had wanted those who employed him; those who, high in the governments of the Entente Powers, sold their countries for the boches' gold.

And now — the message this woman carried — it must be from one of those so highly placed that the breath of suspicion had never touched them. Who? And only the fear of death would make this woman talk, and — men are too scrupulous. Were I, Yolande Chautard, in command of a nation's destinies, I would slay upon suspicion. But a woman! So, when this cat was returned to France, it would be said: A woman! Therefore — she feared not death.

"Madame has concluded that she is mistaken, eh?" purred the little cat, with a smoldering, malicious gleam.

I frowned. Somehow, though I had this woman locked in her cabin until the *Laurentia* sailed again for France — somehow Labadie would get to her, would receive her message. And so she jeered at me, for she knew his powers, as who, I ask, does not?

I do not often lose my temper. But to be thwarted now! Certain of making her confess, I had met the steamer out at sea, had shown the captain a line that made the vessel mine, and — I slapped her across the grinning, lying lips; the lips that would sell France for the invader's gold!

Cat I called her, and cat she was! One second she shrank against her berth and then she leaped at me. Into my upflung hand her teeth sank, while her nails clawed at my face. But only for a moment did she hold the upper hand. One does not follow my profession without training in matters of self-defense, even though one is a woman. And, too, I am a Bretonne, and have the Breton strength. I caught one wrist, twisted it, and she sank to her knees. Glancing at my bleeding hand, torn by her sharp teeth, I was tempted to continue the pressure upon her wrist that would have torn the forearm loose from the elbow socket. But I did not, for when one works for France one forgets private vengeance.

I threw her from me.

"So, little cat! Will you sheathe your claws now?"

She looked up; tears streamed from her blazing eyes; her bosom rose and fell in her tempestuous rage. I thought I saw foam on her lips, glanced at them again, and — understood why it was that her throat moved so. And I leaped upon her. I bore her backward to the ground, the fingers of each hand pressing just below her ears. She could not fight back now.

Not pretty, you say? Ah, well; neither is it pretty to watch the invader soak a land in blood; but it is war! And this affair in the cabin of the *Laurentia*, this was the same war that waged from the North Sea to the Adriatic, and only *le bon Dieu* knew if what was happening in Flanders was of more importance than what was happening here.

Her mouth was open almost at once. Then I snatched at what I had first thought to be a fleck of foam. Carefully, yet swiftly, lest she begin swallowing again, I drew the thin roll of paper from between her lips. And as I did so I noted the gap in her upper teeth.

Of a truth, it was clever! And had not her Apache temper got the best of her, had she not, in biting me, broken the false tooth that held the message, had she even kept her head when she knelt upon the floor, and not let me observe her trying to swallow the unraveled, tape-like paper. . . . Oh, I do not claim too much credit. To *le bon Dieu*, who guards *la belle France*, I owed this discovery. And later, on my knees, I should thank Him.

BUT now — I held her back with my pistol, while I read the words upon the narrow tape:

"Ferguson the twentieth."

Handwritten, and in English. And that was all.

"Sit down," I said to the woman.

She did so, but she sneered. If she had had beauty — and I must confess that I thought at first sight of her that she had — it was gone now. White, snarling, with a tooth gone from her upper jaw, she looked evil enough to be Labadie's mate.

"You will explain this message," I told her, evenly. "And at once, please."

She sneered at me. "Madame is so clever. Let her guess its meaning."

"Listen," I said. "This ship is still outside the three-mile limit. It is France! The vessel is under control of the French Government. It is military France! You are carrying a message from France to enemies of your native land. That I do not understand the message matters nothing. You are in France, my she-cat, and where there is evidence against one that one refuses to explain — *one dies!*"

"You dare not! The captain ——"

"Listen again, *ma belle*," I told her. "The captain — he is French, therefore chivalrous. On suspicion alone — you are willing to risk a military prison, my little one. The boches' gold, that doubtless you have already hidden away, would pay for that. But death — and it is no longer suspicion, my friend. It is certainty! And upon certainties. . . . I have but to say the word. This ship will be stopped. You are upon the soil of France. And France gives short shrift to traitors, even pretty little traitors."

She was white now. I have a way of speaking that impresses.

"But if I am to die, anyway?" she muttered.

"That is not settled yet," I answered. "It is your choice. A cage for my little she-cat, yes! But death — you decide that yourself."

A traitor will usually save his skin if that is possible. I knew that she was yielding, even though she still fought.

"But they who sent me. . . ."

"It is one fear against another," I told her. "More than that: a fear against a certainty. You will be protected. Who are 'they'?"

She spread her palms out before her. "I do not know, Madame."

Cat! Thrice she had called me "Madame," and I look only a girl. But when one works for France one must not think of self.

Was she lying? That a cocotte from the Quartier Latin was known to have sailed upon the *Laurentia*, and was suspected to be bearing word to Labadie—that was all I had had to work upon. And it was not reasonable to suppose that she should have been told much. And yet. . . .

"Tell me all," I commanded. "And be very careful, my pretty one, to tell the truth."

She was cowed, and though I questioned her again and again, her story rang true.

A model, the war had stopped her livelihood. She had scraped the acquaintance of a man. She had dined with him. He had loaned her money against her needs. They became close friends. Soon this man, whom she called Pelletier, by his actions made her suspect that he was a spy. She accused him. And he, according to her story, had given her the choice between death and wealth, and she had chosen the latter. She had aided him, had received letters, supposedly from friends at the front, that she turned over to this man Pelletier. And, finally, she had been sent to America, the handwritten message hidden cunningly in a false tooth, not too securely constructed, as *le bon Dieu*, who guards France, had seen.

She had asked few questions; to do so would be unhealthy. Money — that was all she craved, and that she had received.

"And what were you to do here in America?" I asked her.

"To go to the Hotel Amsterdam and register under my own name, and there await the arrival of one who would ask for a message from 'J'."

"And 'J'?"

"I do not know."

"And then?"

"To give him the message. That is all, I swear."

I lowered my eyes in thought, staring at the angular penmanship upon the narrow tape.

"Did Pelletier write this?" I asked.

"I do not know," she answered.

I looked up, in time to catch a malicious — I almost thought triumphant — look in her eye. For a moment I wondered if she were lying. But the look passed, if it had been there, before the storm of questions I hurled at her. She was cowed, in terror of her life, and — I believed her. For I am enough of an actress to deceive a Paris cocotte, I think, and when I jeered at her, and told her that now, having learned all that there was to know, I would have her killed anyway, I knew that she believed me. And yet her story did not change at all. Clasping my knees and praying to me, she swore that what she had told me was true.

"And you do not know the meaning of this message?" I asked her for the hundredth time.

And for the hundredth time she answered that she did not, and the fear of death in her eyes told me that she uttered truth.

And so I left her, locked in her cabin, sailors on guard outside, and the captain himself responsible for her imprisonment. No one would see her. I knew that. Had it been *known* that she was a prisoner, I would have feared Labadie's reaching her. But — a poor sailor, she had been confined to her cabin all the rough voyage. From the moment she had boarded the *Laurentia* at Cherbourg she had not left her room. Who, of the passengers, then, could say that it was a counterfeit Marie Richard who descended the gang-plank and passed the customs? I wore her clothing, our figures were of a similarity, and — one who knew her would know that I was not she, but — none who knew her were to meet her in New York. As for the members of the crew who knew — they were safe, devoted to France. I could trust them.

NO, Labadie would not know that Marie Richard had been suspected. So he would not think of her being confined to her cabin. And so, God granting, I would myself deliver the message to "J," and — well, the future must look out for itself. I must rely thereafter upon the wit that had not yet deserted me, for upon that wit hung, perchance, the fate of France.

I had waited two days at the Amsterdam. Were Raoul Labadie looking for Yolande Chautard, then I had signed my death-warrant, for no disguise could deceive the Master when he suspected. And even when he did not suspect, his suspicions merely slumbered — lightly. And yet, I had gone from boat to hotel, had registered as Mlle. Marie Richard, Paris. . . . Unless Labadie were Satan himself he would have no reason to suspect. Even the tug that had taken me down the Bay and beyond the Hook — it had been disabled apparently, and the *Laurentia* had been signaled to stop to give aid. Two men had boarded the liner from the tug, but — *two* men had later boarded the tug from the liner! Ah, the *Laurentia's* captain was of a quick wit. The man's hat I wore, the man's long overcoat that hid my figure, were worn by the sailor who had taken my place when the two men returned to the tug.

No, there was no reason why Labadie should suspect. And without already awakened suspicion. . . . Well, I had changed my walk, no easy thing to do, but the best disguise in the world. My skin was darkened; my eyebrows had been clipped; my hair was drawn tightly over my ears. . . . And, anyway, one is proud to take risk in the service of *la belle France!*

Two days! And "Ferguson the twentieth." And today was the nineteenth of the month.

Hour after hour I had spent studying the three words upon the strip of paper. It was no cryptogram; at any rate, if it were, it could not be solved by me. And the hand that had penned the words! Among other things that I have studied is chirography. Not, I assure you, from the standpoint of character. That there may be benefit in that standpoint I do not deny. But I, Yolande Chautard, I usually know the character of the persons against whom I pit my wits, and need no outside evidence. It is memory that I have trained; memory, so that I can tell you, at a glance, if I have seen a person's handwriting before, from the specimen before me. And I know the handwriting of at least two thousand persons, and among those two thousand are numbered all of great importance in the military, political, or police circles of the Entente Powers.

AND I did not know the hand that had penned the words, "Ferguson the twentieth."

Yet the message could not have been sent by word of mouth. I had thought that it *must* be so sent. Yet Marie Richard, death staring her in the face, had spoken truth. This writing, then, was the message and also its own proof of authenticity. And written, not by some highly-placed traitor, but by one near to him, and known to Labadie, the Master.

Vanished at the outset were my hopes of bringing to justice those unseen persons who trafficked in dishonor, in treachery. But Labadie, their agent in this country! Did I, despairing of ferreting out the identities of his principals — did I want him? He would never betray, even on the scaffold or before a firing squad, those who employed him. He was no coward, this man whom I hated. Should I, then, be content if I captured him, if I stopped forever his nefarious activities?

This was the question that, in the intervals of studying the puzzling words, I asked myself. And the answer was, what use to capture him now?

For, while there had been times when, having caught him in the act, I could have been assured that your prisons would hold him many, many years, I had let him go, thinking to catch him later with proof of his connection with those traitors whom I have mentioned. And when I refrained from calling in your police — pouf! The evidence against him vanished. For a hundred alibis I knew were always at his disposal.

So, now, I could have had my hotel surrounded, could have imprisoned any messenger that came to me, but this was New York. Martial law did not rule here yet. And where civil law reigns, weightier evidence is needed than where the final arbiter is the bayonet.

But if I could capture him in the act. . . . Well, to do that I must be Marie Richard, must do what once before I had almost succeeded in doing — worm my way into his confidence. . . . God guide me! After all, [*Continued on page 40*]

"Through the Haze"

by **Porter Emerson Browne**

AN American "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" will begin in the June McClure's — a really great novel by Porter Emerson Browne. Theodore Roosevelt has said that no young writer in the United States has done more for his country than Porter Browne. Now he comes to us a full-fledged novelist, with a real story to tell — a story of tense dramatic action, but with an undercurrent of serious thought. "Through the Haze" is the significant title; and how the woman of this engrossing serial emerges, through the processes of the War, to a sense of her personal responsibility, is wonderfully told.

Next month "The Time Clock and the War" will create a "rise" in those centers where important war work is going on

The article is a factory whistle which will wake up many dangerously drowsy people and set them to work

The Uncivil War

"Made in Germany"

by Porter Emerson Browne

Illustrations by Peter Newell

ONE of the main reasons why America has had such a hard time getting into this war," said my friend thoughtfully, "is that, when they started the present world conflict, the Germans sprung on humanity an entirely new kind of war. And one so amazingly different from any war with which Americans had ever been connected that for a long time they didn't believe what they were seeing was really so — like the farmer who, gazing upon a giraffe for the first time, waggled his head and remarked, weakly, 'Go on! There ain't no such animal!'

"Up to August, 1914," he went on, "war had been a very simple and elementary sort of affair, much like a fist fight on a large scale. Two nations got sore at each other. And bango! they went at it, horse, foot and dragoons; fist, feet and paving blocks; no holds barred and the devil take the undermost! Men were simply men; and nations simply men *en masse*, with the same qualities, the same ideas, the same ideals, the same tempers and the same temperaments that had governed their actions in civil life with, added to them, the new qualities that their new life had adduced.

"Going to war didn't change them. They were the same men they had been before, only now engaged in a different occupation. Consequently they brought with them into this new business the same virtues and the same vices that had been theirs all along. If their word had been good before, it was good now. If they had been kindly and merciful before, they were kindly and merciful now. And if, by reason of being brutal, or untrustworthy, or treacherous, or mean, or mendacious, they had been scowled on by their comrades in time of peace, so were they scowled on by their comrades in time of war. War wasn't a new and highly specialized occupation, demanding a whole new set of emotions, ideas and ethics; it was merely a new application of the old emotions, ideas and ethics. Consequently, in the old days, a man beat his ploughshare into a sword and went slamming away gaily at his foe; and when he had completely and successfully licked that foe, he beat his sword back into a ploughshare and went back to work again.

"Women and children entered into wars in those days not at all. They comprised the audience. It was not thought necessary to slaughter little children asleep in bed that the common ideals of a nation's manhood might be realized. The men just got together and fought it out. And when one side was licked, that side acknowledged it; and the other side complimented it on the game fight it had put up. And they shook hands and went home to their regular business of running a corner grocery, or a railroad, or something.

"CONSIDER for a moment, barring the Indian wars, which were a simple process and a sort of combination of being waylaid by a thug and having your hair cut by a cursory barber; we find that our first so-called regular war was the one yclept Revolutionary.

"This was the simplest known form of war—a sort of Type I A. In this war, any man that had a squirrel rifle, a couple of pounds of powder, a handful of bullets, a good heart and a sense of duty became automatically a soldier.

"In that period, going to war was a simple thing. All a man had to do was to grab his equipment in one hand, kiss his wife, go out and hide behind a stone wall and slam loose at the first man he saw coming down the road all dressed up like a target.

"It took thirty-seven minutes to load one of the cannon of the day with a ball that looked like a close-up of a liver pill, and anybody that was a sufficiently good runner to keep a half mile between himself and his enemy was comparatively safe. And fighting became so much like doing a Marathon, that the enemy, who was accustomed to train on beer, mixed ale, beer, roast beef, beer, mashed potato, beer, custard pie, beer, nuts, beer, raisins, beer, comfits and beer, lost all enthusiasm after the first few miles and went back to winter quarters on the corner of Broadway and Battery Place, which was then the Heart of the City, and sat the war out in a cold and haughty indifference. When Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, they were disappointed but not surprised.

"Our next experience was with the Mexican War. We read about it in the newspapers.

"Then came the Civil War.

As to why it was called a civil war, was always more or less of a mystery until we had the German, or uncivil, war with which to contrast it. . . . After looking at the made-in-Germany product any little old war looks civil, even polite, and you might go so far as to say punctilious.

"Not that there was not much bloodshed, much bitterness, in the Civil War. There was. And yet it was still the primitive form of war, as were indeed all wars, until there came upon a stricken world the new patent, with 'Made in Germany' stamped upon its bloody base. The Civil War was a war of fighting and of killing. But it was a war of man against man, virile, clean and as merciful as war can be made.

"It was, like the other wars of our ancestors, manly, honorable war, made necessary by the blindness and folly of an overweening adversary.

"So much for the wars that we had known. And now to consider the new war—the superwar of the German.

"In order for us to regard the subject comprehendingly and understandingly, suppose we go back and consider the question, 'What is war in the first place?'

"Reduced to its simplest terms, war is the conflict of ideas physically demonstrated. In other words, war is a difference of opinion translated into physical action.

"For example, you and I have an argument. Being a couple of rational human beings with a distinct aversion to black eyes and bloody noses, we sit quietly down and discuss the matter. If we agree, well and good. If not, we part with mutual disrespect, and no harm done.

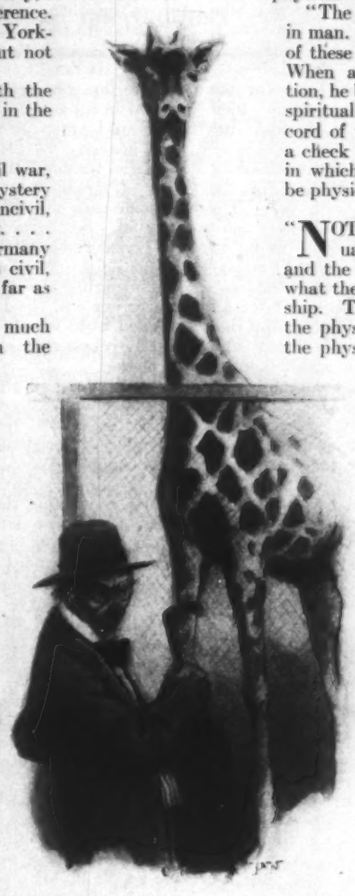
"But suppose we are not rational human beings. Suppose we are irrational, like most human beings. We start in to argue. But, argument getting us nowhere, we begin to get mad. I call you names. You call me names back. Then I cuss at you. And you cuss back. That makes me madder; so I give you a poke in the nose. That makes you madder, and you kick me in the shins. And then, in a split second, we're rolling on the floor, kicking and biting and gouging. And the war is on!

"And the reason for this is that while life has its mental and its spiritual side as well as its physical, the physical side is the final expression of the physical in the physical world.

"The spiritual quality is by far the highest in man. The mental comes next. But both of these facets of the individual are abstract. When a party wants to get concrete action, he busts loose into the physical. Neither spirituality nor mentality ever chopped a cord of wood, or killed a chicken, or cashed a check in the bank. It is a physical world in which we live; and physical things must be physically done.

"NOT that we do not recognize the spiritual and the mental. The spiritual and the mental are to the physical precisely what the captain and the engineer are to the ship. The one guides, the other controls, the physical thing in which they live. But the physical and the mental cannot control unless they are in direct application to, and coördinated with, the physical; the captain and the engineer couldn't run the ship if they were seated thirty-two miles away, in the back room of a saloon, or a beauty parlor, or a Society of the Friends of the Universal Dove, or something, any more than they could stop a runaway horse by sitting on the front and thinking how benighted it is of horses to run away; no more than you can prevent a Nubian lion from eating you by calling upon the forces of spirituality to make him desist. Spirituality may be your game. But it's over the lion's head. All he understands is the physical, and plenty of it. Your soul may go marching on. But your short ribs and your loin chops will form pleasant pabulum for his leonine family against the hungers of the coming morn.

"It is at this interesting, and you might even say crucial,



"There ain't no such animal!"

Do you see formed a juvenile Hague Tribunal to adjudicate the matter? You do not

point that fall down so hard on their concave brows the aimless Pinchots and the other stupid Pacifists of the period. They reason that because they deem themselves solely and potently spiritual, they can stay at home and guide the ship and heave coal under its engines, merely by sending out thought waves. They reason that because they are spiritual, all the rest of life, human and inhuman, must climb up to their level to attack them. Which is perfectly sound reasoning, if, meanwhile, you are willing to let your physical being become the physical prey of whomever and whatever wants to attack it physically.

"But, deprecate the physical as you will, you've got to remember that your spirit would have a darned lonesome time at a bridge party if it didn't have your body to handle the cards and trump your partner's ace for it. I can imagine no greater height of futility than for a flock of bodiless spirits to sit around and try to knit woolen mufflers for physical soldiers.

"No, sir, so long as you have a physical being, you've got to recognize and protect that physical being. Otherwise, the best thing you can do is to commit suicide and go back with the spirits where you belong. As long as the spiritual walks around in a physical envelope, it's got to protect that envelope physically if it wants to continue to walk around. The structure of physical life is like the structure of a physical building—only as firm as its physical foundation makes it. The gentlemen who go in for sweet, sweet peace may live with their spiritual heads in the clouds. But their physical feet are right down here on Main Street along with those of the rest of us. The fact that they can't see down as far as that doesn't change the fact in the least. Bryan can't see his feet either. But that doesn't mean that they aren't there.

He beat his ploughshare into a sword

"Take children. Children whose little brains are as yet undeveloped naturally are very close to the physical. Spirituality develops with the intellect. But the physical is born within us. We eat before we think. Even as we think before we talk. (At least some of us do.)

"Did you ever watch a bunch of children at play?

"A difference of opinion arises—about which one should have a certain lollypop; or not whisper to somebody else.

"Do you, then, behold said adolescents going into a somber tribunal as to the equities of the case? Do you see formed a juvenile Hague Tribunal to adjudicate the matter? You do not. You see one child take a wallop at the other child's most adjacent portion. You see the other child put up a howl and wallop him back. And unless there be older and wiser heads to interfere, somebody's due to go home with a scratched nose and a puffed eye. Which is because only the physical is recognized by the physical.

"And it is in this childish, impulsive, generous, viciousless warfare that has lain the only experience with warfare that has been ours—that has been America's.

"But what, then, was Germany's idea of war?

"It was not an idea that sprang to life full-blown, like Felix, or whoever it was, arising from the ashes. Forty years of incubation it took to bring it to its ghastly, amazing, horrible perfection.

"'War,' said this German Idea, forty years ago, 'is hell.' We are going to make war. Therefore we are going to raise—I mean, make—hell. And since we are going to raise—I mean make—hell, it's up to us to make the hottest and the helliest kind of a hell that German efficiency can manufacture—hell with the blower on, so to speak. Wherefore, let us get together all our hellish ingenuity and all our hellish efficiency and all our hellish thoroughness and make a new kind of 'Made in Germany' hell that will make the old-fashioned orthodox English, or American, or French hell look like a home-made ice box.

" 'Of course,' went on the German Idea, 'we can't hope to make so complete and perfect a hell right off the bat. It may take us years, or even decades, or generations. But make it we will!'

"And they did! Of all the highly perfected products ever manufactured in Germany, this German Hellwar is the last word.

"To make a war, the first thing that a nation must have is public opinion.

"So the German Idea subsidized the press; corrupted the schools; debauched religion, art and science to its ends.

"THEN under the guise of a paternal interest in its subjects, it proceeded to educate, clothe and feed its people. But there was a catch in it. It did not let them educate themselves. It educated them. Which is another way of saying that it did not teach them to think, but thought for them. It furnished them thoughts as it furnished them food and clothes. And as the German people accepted the one, so did they accept the others.

"It taught them that they were a super-race of supermen. It taught them that they were God's chosen people. It taught them that what they did, and were told to do, was right because it was God's wish. It turned an apparently domestic nation into a race of pure religious fanatics, save that the Fatherland was their God, instead of God Himself.

"In so teaching, they found that the accepted standards of morals and ethics of other nations did not coincide with effective pursuance of the plans they had in mind. So they substituted others that did.

"It was right to kill, if for the Kaiser and Germany. It was right to rape, and murder, and burn, and torture, if it made for the successful material advancement of the Kaiser and the Fatherland. Your oath and your pledged word were nothing if they stood between you and the course the Kaiser and the Fatherland had chosen to pursue.

"Slaughter and slavery terrify conquered peoples. Germany must conquer peoples. Germany must terrify conquered peoples to keep them conquered. Therefore it is right for Germany to slaughter and enslave conquered peoples.

"As simple as two and two! Isn't it?

"By controlling the destinies of all her inmates; by a system of mental, moral, ethical, artistic and religious soup kitchens, the German Idea saw to it that the brain of the German nation was fed only the mental food that it wanted it to have. And as what goes into the stomach forms the blood, so what goes into the brain forms the ideas and ideals.

"And the German Idea saw to it, and saw to it well, that there could exist in the hearts and souls of the people no love, no tenderness, no sympathy which would distract from the singleness of their purpose as religious fanatics and world masters. A man might love his wife to breed her for the Fatherland. He might love his children for future cannon fodder. If there by any chance remained within him a further hunger for sentiment, it could be jazzed out of him with goose stepping and Iron Crosses, and in yelling his head off for the Kaiser and the Fatherland; which was by way of being what is commonly known as a whipsaw.

"FURTHERMORE, to satisfy what scruples of conscience he might have, if any, there was carefully inculcated into him the belief that God was a German official who came in somewhere between the Kaiser and von Hindenberg, and that anything the Kaiser ordered God would O. K. without the slightest hesitation.

"Frightfulness? It is God's command, given through his Commander-in-chief, the Kaiser!

"Non-combatants maimed and tortured? Little babies with bleeding stumps where once were hands? Helpless crews ruthlessly drowned? Poison gas, and equally poison propaganda? The murder of the wounded upon the battlefields? The bombardment of sleeping cities with gas and shrapnel? Torture and crucifixion and starving of prisoners? Serbia a butchered nation? Armenia, weltering in the blood lust of its conquering foe? Belgium, raped and tortured and enslaved? Murder and robbery and arson, pillage and rape and slaughter?

Their spiritual heads in the clouds

"God commanded it, through his lord, the Kaiser!

"Back to the very foundations of civilization itself have ridden these two, the German Kaiser and his personal *Gott*, to tear down and despoil and ravish with their hordes of slaves red-handed.

"The foundation of civilization is the contract. When you can take no man's word for anything, civilization ceases.

"Civilization emerged from the bone-glutted caves of the past when the first man of the Stone Age said to his neighbor, 'I will not kill you if you will not kill me.' And when the second man gave, and kept, his word, civilization was born.

"Not even so much of honor as was necessary to save its own life has Germany retained in its national scheme of things. Its pledged word it has confessed to be valueless; even its own allies distrust and fear it. Nor any nation on earth has aught for Germany but hate, fear, distrust, contempt, loathing. It has come to be the one pariah nation that the world has ever known!

"Their Kaiser himself has said that the German sword shall make the world respect Germany!

"So you can follow the cold German logic from which have been stripped all emotion, all decency, all morality, all idealism, all beauty, all humanity. So they have created a human machine, as merciless as a plague, as relentless as a flood, as [*Continued on page 39*]

The futility of a flock of bodiless spirits trying to knit mufflers

The Third Generation

You Simply Can't Do Anything About It—They're American

by Marie Manning

Illustration by W. H. D. Koerner

THE room in which the three men sat awaiting the summons to dinner was curiously florid. It suggested, not a family drawing-room, but a stage-set in which luxury is implied, but only ostentation is achieved. The hangings were a bit too rosy, and only time could take the aching glare from mirrors, cornices and furniture.

Some window-boxes, blooming gaily, combined thrift and exoticism to an interesting degree. The artificial flowers that filled them would have duped a florist, and that the imposition might be more complete, the gay cambric deceivers were set in a jungle of natural ferns.

The three men waiting in the flower-garnished room, spoke English without a hint of German accent, two spoke the "American" of the middle west, the third had, what we of the United States speak of as an "English" accent.

"It is your belief, Conrad, we shall be forced to buy these so-called Liberty Bonds?" Mr. Max Engelhardt, oldest of the three, inquired. He was a bulky middle-aged man with the mold of feature that inevitably comes with authority. His movements had the deliberation that the head of a firm assumes when Bradstreet rates his capital in six figures. Uninteresting and commonplace you might describe him, if it were not for a curious chameleon-like quality of the eyes. They were as cold as moss-agates when he talked business, but they grew tender when he talked to his daughter — or when he spoke of the Fatherland.

HIS brother-in-law, Mr. Conrad Hasselberg, one immediately recognized as the buffer state of the firm; he beamed conciliation where Engelhardt scowled authority. He was mild and bald and fat. One thought of him going about with deft, silent fingers, picking up all the things that the head of the firm, in his Jovian rages, smashed. Mr. Hasselberg did not push the question of the Liberty Bond purchase. Instead, he made the little gesture of abnegation, that had become automatic, when subjects threatened to be troublesome.

The third man, he who spoke the English of the English, scowled at the two in a white wrath. The mention of Liberty Bonds was to him sacrilege. But there was no human sputter to his fury; it was the glacial anger of a god.

He was about thirty, lean of flank, broad of shoulder and clean-cut as a silhouette. Something there was about that ingrained precision of attitude that singled him out like a trade-mark, and yet the imprint was invisible. His type, exotic in America, would have been more readily recognized on the Continent as that of a German officer dressed in civilian's clothes — a German officer who had been educated in England.

"These Liberty Bond billions, that your America speaks of so lightly, they will be given to the damned English." It was droll to hear him damn the country in an accent that an American devotee would have given much to acquire.

"Devil take the English!" Engelhardt roared. "It is they who will rob this country of its German savings. No, they get no penny of mine!"

Hasselberg spoke at last, so softly and unctuously that one seemed to hear the heavy fall of some oily liquid — glycerine, perhaps. "But, Max, we must conform; we are both citizens of this country. It is necessary to buy the bonds that we wear the button."

The young god made an offended gesture. He hurled the word button back at them as if it had been a thunderbolt. "Button! What has the Fatherland, in her hour of need, to do with buttons?"

Again the word "Fatherland" worked its black magic on the two long-distance patriots, one of whom had spent a couple of months there; the other, Hasselberg, had not been there at all. The gimlet glance of Engelhardt changed to the enraptured look of a child listening to a fairy-tale. The memory of those two months of the promised land lay warm at his heart — two months flowing with perfect beer and song and an inspiring walking-tour in the Black Forest, while Hasselberg saw his promised land desecrated by vandals before he could set foot on her sacred soil. And this outrage was due wholly to the jealous trade greed of the English.

Engelhardt, though fully alive to the dangers of conspicuous disloyalty, realized, with emotion, that he might never again lay eyes on his Mecca. His Mecca or his money? His money or his Mecca?

Before his astonishingly clear vision, he saw each trembling in the balance. The Fatherland to which he had brought his scanty imagination as long as he could remember, and his vast fortune that he had slowly and painfully acquired, by the sweat of his brow. If he did not conform outwardly, at least, and invest in Liberty Bonds, his business would suffer. The firm of Engelhardt & Hasselberg, manufacturers of rope, twine, and paper-bags, would undoubtedly be boycotted by their American patrons. How easy to point to the Liberty Bond button in the lapel of his coat, and let that answer all inquiries.

But the young god in evening clothes, it seemed, would accept nothing less than his pound of flesh.

THE June McClure's will be a great war fiction number — ripe with romance and daring. These authors will help make it all this: Porter Emerson Browne, Holworthy Hall, Achmed Abdullah, H. C. Witwer, Frederick Irving Anderson, Arthur Train, Fannie Heaslip Lea, Harold MacGrath and many others

Engelhardt took refuge in a long black cigar. He smoked, and he reviewed the situation.

His feeling toward the United States, the country of his birth, was largely that of a successful merchant toward his business office. It was a good office, splendidly situated for money making, but for any real sentiment on the question of America—pfui!

At the same time the demands of the young officer were colossal—nothing less than a stand of German-Americans in favor of the Fatherland, against the great dollar factory—the United States. How would they who professed loyalty to Germany stand, when the hour struck?

The chameleon-like eyes of Mr. Engelhardt were beginning to change as he faced Captain Graf von Weibel; they assumed the chill gray glance behind which he was accustomed to entrench himself when he talked business.

"But this project is terrific! It may mean internment, the confiscation of my fortune, life itself. This country has dawdled a long time, but now she begins to awaken and be on the alert —— "

ENGELHARDT stopped abruptly as he heard his wife's step on the stairs. He trusted her, of course. Was she not the same racial derivative as he. But it was unwise to discuss anything before a woman.

Mrs. Engelhardt's husband did not rise when she entered the room, but the officer and her brother did. With perfect ease Captain von Weibel accomplished the German officer's T-square effect in bowing. Mr. Hasselberg, thrilled by the sheer beauty of the contortion — as the aged thrill at the Russian ballet — attempted something along the same lines.

The lady responded to the convex salutation with that legacy of the Brunswick dynasty, the repressed bridle of the early Victorians. It combined nicely feminine abasement in the presence of the male with a dash of substantial coquetry.

There were weather and health murmurings of the briefest; then the three men dropped her frankly and talked among themselves.

Mrs. Engelhardt carried on her arm one of the acutely prevalent knitting bags, in which she at once took refuge. Her task was not the omnipresent gray object, selected in its dingy neutrality of tone for a soldier or a Belgian; it was a highly frivolous pink sweater that she was knitting for herself.

Mr. Engelhardt, still talking in an undertone, glared in the direction of his wife as she bent over her flying needles. Impaled at last by his unswerving gaze, she glanced up. He nodded to her briefly in the direction of the door. She obeyed instantly and this time no one did a T-square. The three men, like dogs deprived of their bones for an interval, again fell upon the question of the proposed uprising.

THE coast being clear of Mrs. Engelhardt, the young god carried them up to a high mountain and showed them world dominion as seen by Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardi. The vision quite blinded the firm of Engelhardt & Hasselberg while it looked on. It was good to be of this chosen race who would take over the entire world, run it through the magnificent machinery of Kultur and bring it forth Prussianized. It was all as simple as the putting of meat and spices in one end of a grinder and the bringing out of a perfect sausage at the other, but on the return trip from these dizzy heights, there persisted a grim vision of a firing squad in the chill gray of early morning.

The young officer immediately sensed the falling off in the others' enthusiasm. It infuriated him. He delivered his arguments in words clipped short as oaths, looking meanwhile at the bulky Engelhardt, who was beginning to return his look in a torpor of acquiescence. All the older man's defenses seemed to be withdrawn from the surface, abeyant to the truculent young officer who, even in civilian's clothes, fairly rang with military authority.

And yet Engelhardt could not bring himself to hate America. The thing was monstrous, absurd; his feeling toward the country of his birth was negligible, the United States was his cow and he was too shrewd a milkman to destroy so profitable an animal.

But he did hate England with that curiously implacable German hate, and the demi-god, knowing this, played on every string of that great Prussian horse fiddle and the good Engelhardt danced conscientiously to his bowing. There were the usual catch phrases bearing the stamp of the Prussian stencil.

Would Herr Engelhardt sit quietly and see England gobble up the seas?

The phrase, "British supremacy of the seas," was one that affected Engelhardt like a blow between the eyes. It was as if the entire British fleet lay personally in wait for him, his family, his factories, the very tobacco in his pipe.

It was Hasselberg, the buffer state, who with words like thick oily drops came to the rescue of his partner. He was not as dazzled by the young officer as Engelhardt had been.

"Captain von Weibel, we are no longer young, my partner and myself. And this thing you propose" — an upward fling of the arms indicated the magnitude of the scheme — "is the daredevil game of youth. We love the Fatherland, yet we have prospered in this country — and uprisings are not for men who have passed fifty."

The young god strode the floor. Here was he, Captain Graf von Weibel, wheedling a couple of filthily rich men of peasant extraction, begging them to stand by the Fatherland, to make their German blood felt to the last drop, in this ridiculously amorphous country, where the scum of Europe had only to come and prosper. And he must be as considerate of these *schweinhunds* as if they were officers. The demi-god could not contain himself. He walked the floor with his hands rammed in his pockets that he might not strike them; at home he would have kicked them out of his way.

"*Ach, du lieber,*— " von Weibel began, then checked himself. The large, inert face of Engelhardt seemed riven by some inner storm; it suggested a peaceful rural country devastated by an earthquake. On the other hand, Hasselberg's pink and bland

countenance presented to view no such convulsion of nature. He kept a protecting eye on his partner who, like a rich city ripe for looting, seemed incapable of defense.

The eye of von Weibel, cold and sneering, was leveled on Engelhardt. "May I inquire to which country you give allegiance — Germany or America? You say you have no feeling for this patch-quilt nation which is no country at all — you protest your love for the Fatherland, and yet in her hour you will not lift a hand to help her! Herr Engelhardt, you are to me that poorest of creatures — a man without a country!"

The great bulk of Engelhardt shrunk at the accusation. He turned his big round head from side to side to escape the scorching eye of von Weibel. Again the officer spoke:

"Yet, you sent your son to Germany to be educated?"

"He was in the Oberrealschule in Charlottenburg till this country broke relations with the Imperial Government," Engelhardt announced with pride. Ernst's German education furnished the straw to which he clung in a sea of inconsistencies. In sending his only son to this celebrated German school Engelhardt had offered him deliberately as a gift to Germany. He had turned him over to the Fatherland, in his most impressionable years, hoping that the law and order of the old country might attract him, rather than the reckless individualism of the United States. As Engelhardt was accustomed to say, "Ernst is free to choose his own country — Germany or America." But the impetus of the choice had been entirely in favor of Germany.

"But," von Weibel protested, "this is not a question of schools. It is a world issue. When the Fatherland calls it is the men's voices that she wants to hear, not the voices of children."

Engelhardt could not conceal his smile as he brought out his trump card — the magnificent ace in a hand of failures. "Yes, my son is young, but war is the game of youth. Even now he is in Washington."

For a flattering moment the father thought the eye of the officer rested on him almost as that of an equal; then von Weibel asked: "Why is he there?"

ENGELHARDT gave the name of the "neutral" diplomat whose presence in Washington everyone was trying to explain. He was notoriously pro-German, and had been discovered deep in the latest German intrigue in South America; yet he continued to remain in the capital, one of the enigmas of the war.

The senior member of the firm knew what the next question was apt to be; he forestalled it by saying: "I don't know why Ernst was sent for. I am a citizen of the United States. They do not give me their confidence."

"When are you expecting him home?"

"At any moment now; he has been gone a week."

The officer narrowed his eyes as he made a calculation: "*Gott sei dank!* then he has accepted," said Captain Graf von Weibel.

And this time without a doubt there was a gleam of friendliness, or that something which stands for it in such strange creatures as von Weibel, in the quick glance that Engelhardt received.

There was a knock on the door and dinner was announced. Mrs. Engelhardt and her daughter were waiting for the men in the dining-room. The mention of a daughter, if it conveyed anything at all to the seditious demi-god, evoked memories of countless pretty girls of the apple-blossom type, awed to silence by his rank.

But when he straightened himself from his second T-square convulsion that evening, he found himself being coolly appraised by a swift glance, not devoid of humor. This was no "*backfisch*" served in the insipid sauce of adolescence. She looked like a splendid *Brunhilde* contemplating a mortal who might be part worm. Never had he seen such poise, such arrogant ease, such Olympian assurance. Her manner was distinctly offhand: "It would be indiscreet, I suppose, to inquire if you've been here long — or how you enjoy this country?" she inquired.

"The country" — he spoke as one who looks over a bit of land he contemplates buying — "has great possibilities."

"So many of you come here on missions — that sometimes I wonder if any can be left home to fight."

"Those here on missions are not all officers, *Fräulein* — Miss Engelhardt."

"No?" her eyebrows questioned. "But you officers so readily speak their language, and engage in their — missionary work, that it's hard to distinguish." And while the word "spy" was not spoken it seemed to go through the room with the ping of a Mauser bullet, stinging all four into a burning silence for a moment.

A dull red burned in von Weibel's face, and for a moment he forgot his mission, the glory he stood for, everything but the raw impulse to take this girl and break her in the Teuton way.

"Oh," said mama helplessly, "I suppose we ought not to be drinking French champagne, but it was bought before the war, Captain von Weibel."

THE officer appeared to have no quarrel whatever with the wine. After his second glass, he again took stock of Adelaide, whom he designated "the lovely traitor." Her arrogance challenged his national gift for world regulating. How dared she assume such a pose!

The officer started toward him, then stopped, pulled up sharp by the impact of the other's gaze. "That's how the third generation feels about the thing you stand for, von Weibel!" Ernst cried

"With proper organization, supervision — and *Kultur*." She mimicked to perfection the patronizing heaviness of the German deploring American conditions.

He looked from her father to her mother for explanation. To jest of the Kaiser's benevolent intentions toward this hodge-podge nation was nothing short of sacrilege. He saw her mother reprove by lip and frown; but Engelhardt, who had taken his trouncing meekly enough earlier in the evening, seemed to regard his daughter with a certain perverse indulgence. His eye dwelt on her as if she might have been a Hohenzollern engaged in some wilful prank — the booming of a defenseless person, perhaps.

"To men of your type," Adelaide mused, "we must seem desperately in need of doing over, but — it's very comfortable being a bit slouchy."

Men of *his type!* The impertinent peasant minx, had she ever had the honor of speaking to a German officer before? He attempted reprisals with: "You must meet a great many officers, of course?"

A princess could not have been more at ease, less in awe of his rank. He wanted to put her in her place, to make her realize the supremacy of his caste and its sacred mission to the world.

Again he glanced in her direction, only to find her eyes upon him full of a quiet enjoyment. *Gott!* did she find him, Captain Graf von Weibel, amusing?

Engelhardt suggested a little more of the roast goose to his guest, and mama followed by a cordial recommendation of sweet potatoes. "They are so nice — with roast goose," she hastily amended, wondering if it were right to praise an American vegetable to a German officer at this time.

The demi-god took the goose and also the alien potato, but all was not well with him. The handsome upstart girl beside him was the grain of sand that obstructed the smoothly running mechanism of his self-esteem.

The dinner was dull and silent. Talkless meals had too long been the custom of the Engelhardt household for them to summon spontaneity for company. Papa had a theory that conversation interfered with digestion. Besides, why talk, when one could eat?

They were having coffee in the drawing-room when von Weibel remarked, playfully, [*Continued on page 29*]

"Lynnie"

Wild Apples

by the author of "The Straight Road"

Illustration by C. E. Chambers

Chapter XXIV — "A Multy-Millionaire"

THEY made the eight-fifteen — just. Afterward, sitting in the Pullman smoker, which they had to themselves, Julian was conscious of Thatch's uneasy eye upon him from time to time; finally came:

"What's in that grip, Jule?"

"My overnight things."

"M-m-m. I never thought of your leaving them trunks in storage that way. Wouldn't 'a' cost a cent to check 'em on your ticket — and had 'em along. Anyhow, I do wish that you had a dark suit with you."

"See here, Thatch," Julian brought his mind around to this matter with an effort. "This chauffeur's uniform doesn't cut any figure. They know all about it. More than a month ago — in front of the St. Francis ——"

"Sure, I know," Thatch hurried in. "Your pa told me. 'Twas when they were up to see the specialist, for him. Said they ran onto you, and it give him a jump. And him being sick and all — he bawled you out pretty rough. But at that he didn't think you'd hold spite."

"I — don't." Julian was silent while Thatch rolled and lit another cigarette. "I don't hold spite; but if I go to the house, I go just as I am. You say he's a very sick man. I don't doubt it. He looked pretty bad — ! He's my father; if all he wants of me is to curse me out again. . . . Well — I'll give him the chance."

"Oh, Jule, nothing like that. Nothing like that. It's all different now. Your old man's had his passports handed him this time. Acute Bright's disease — they don't get well of that."

When the train stopped in San Vicente, Thatch said quietly, "I'm going on through with you," and at Las Reudas they took the one taxi that met the midnight train.

It was weird, rolling up the drive that way in the blank, still middle of the night, finding the three big porch lights going, the place lit up, as he had seen it many times in the past for social functions. The carpet even was on the steps; he wondered at that till he realized that it was for the sake of silencing footfalls.

"You go on," Thatch said. "I'll wait here." And he sat down on the top step.

The door stood partly open; Julian swung it further and went in. At first he thought the hall was empty; but immediately a serious, long-faced, short-legged Japanese got up from the telephone table in the alcove and came toward him, hand extended for card or message. It was not necessary for Julian to explain who he was; there was a sound of movement and lowered voices in the hall above, and a man's figure started down the stairway.

"Dr. McCurdy," that was his mother's voice, imperious, but carefully lowered. "Wait."

McCurdy halted to answer over his shoulder,

"Julian's come. He's here now."

They were shaking hands, when Julian saw that his mother had followed McCurdy down and was coming behind him. Their glances met, nothing but hostility in her eyes.

"I see," she said coldly. Then, as McCurdy stepped aside and she caught sight of his olive and drab puttees, she stiffened and her face flamed crimson.

"You'd better go right on up, Julian," said McCurdy, covering the awkward moment.

"He can't — dressed like that!" There was a contained violence in her tones. "I won't have ——"

Without a word, Julian wheeled. But McCurdy caught him up at the door, seized his arm, and swung him back to face his mother.

"Hold on! We've got no time for foolishness."

"You don't understand, Dr. McCurdy. Julian, I wonder at you — those clothes — a deliberate taunt — your poor father ——"

"Clothes?" McCurdy snorted. "For God's sake, Mrs. McCulloch, this is no time to — Julian, get yourself upstairs quick. Your father's asking for you every breath."

Julian stood, making no move to go up, looking at his mother, while McCurdy went over to the stand, and struck the bell on it. His summons brought a nurse running with muted step. She stopped at the stair-head, crying softly:

"Has Mr. McCulloch's son come? We heard the auto and thought —" Then, catching sight of Julian in his chauffeur's dress, "Do go and tell young Mr. McCulloch to come up, please — at once. Oh — at once!"

Julian's mother kept with him up the stair; they left McCurdy looking after them in the hall. At the stair-head he checked and faced her.

"Well?"

"Oh — go on. I suppose it doesn't matter now. Nothing matters now." He had never heard that poignant tone from her. The nurse had hurried on down the corridor ahead of them. At the door Julian drew back for his mother to precede him. She went over to the bed and bent there between Julian and the sick man. Julian couldn't hear what she said, but he got the querulous answer.

"Never mind that now, Nettie — never mind. Did he come? Is he here?"

She drew aside, and Julian saw his father's face turned expectantly. And all at once he felt somehow guilty, to be twenty-two, with health and vitality tingling through his veins; for the countenance there on the pillow was that of a dead man; only the eyes lived. He went forward quickly, in answer to their urgency, and laid a hand over the wandering fingers on the coverlet. The boy almost shrank at the coldness he encountered.

"Heh — Jule — you did get here — in time. Find him a chair — somebody."

The nurse brought a chair. Julian sitting, leaned forward toward the bed. His mother continued to stand. She nodded a dismissal to the nurse, and the woman, after stopping a moment at the bed's foot to smooth the covers and look anxiously at her patient, left the room. The three were alone. To Julian life seemed suddenly narrowed down to himself and his father, with the Great Mystery hanging fog-like over this point of time and space where they might speak together — and there the mother stood, looking from one to the other, bitter-eyed, watching. The man on the bed lay silent. That gaze that pierced Julian's heart would come up, encounter his own, seem to beg something, then drop to the coverlet. Again and again he seemed about to begin; it was agonizing to hear his breath flutter as he made the effort. When he did finally speak it was only to say,

"That did leave a scar. Oh, well ——"

A look of helpless indignation from his mother. Julian's hand went to the scarred cheek. He tried to think of something that wouldn't be too banal to express his lack of resentment against his father for what was past. It was as though the dying man heard his thought, and answered it,

"I know; I know you've not been grouching at me all this time. I understand."

"Stephen! Don't apologize to him! He's the one to humble himself — to you — to me — to — oh, what am I saying?" She bit her lip, and was silent. His father put out a trembling hand toward her, but he looked at Julian.

"Never mind, Nettie, who apologizes," the flicker of a gray smile on his face. "Queer how things look to people well, up on their feet . . . different, down in bed like this . . . walking papers in the pocket of your pajamas."

"Oh," his mother groaned, "dearest — don't!"

"Poor Nettie," he answered her cry. "But you've got to face it." He spoke to Julian now as though she were not there. "I tried Christian Science. Those people have got something, Jule. They've got something — but we've given it up." He broke off and sighed.

"Stephen, dear — I'm perfectly willing that anything on earth should be tried. I have been for — for weeks, now."

"I'm not blaming you, Nettie." He lay silent, and presently added, "I guess there's something in me, too, that didn't want to hold on to Science. I'd get so I couldn't fix my mind on the texts, or the right thoughts. I'd fall right back where I was — even before anybody said a word to me."

"If — if you'd be willing to see him — I'd go down this minute and call up the practitioner."

"Too late. I've given it up. Definitely." He rolled his head on the pillow. "Let McCurdy give me something to relieve the pain when it gets too bad. I can't try any more."

The hand that had reached toward his wife was withdrawn and moved restlessly on the bed-covers.

"How did we get to talking about this?" he asked.

"It isn't what I wanted to say to you, Julian. Last — September . . . your mother'd had some talk brought to her about a shooting scrape with Consadine in a dance hall." His gaze rested on Julian for a moment. "Then that night — at the St. Francis we saw you driving a taxi. I was a sick man then, Jule. This thing had me . . . broke my back. What was I saying? So I had to send for Thatcher Dye, and let him go get you."

"I'd have come for a letter — a telegram — anything," Julian heard his own voice, husky with feeling, as he spoke.

"Oh, Stephen, darling," his mother pleaded, "an hour ago you worried for fear he wouldn't come! I knew he'd jump at the chance."

Julian said nothing; his father answered for him,

"That isn't what he means, Nettie. The boy doesn't think he's come back — in the sense you're talking of. Rather starve in the street — heh, Julie?"

"I shouldn't starve now, sir," Julian said.

"M-hum," his father's eyes were on the olive-

[*Continued on page 47*]

Reveille

by **Robert Gilbert Welsh**

NOT very long ago
Visitors in his studio
Smiled indulgently
When young Jimmy Smith,
He of the upturned nose,
The crisp little mustache
And the smart tailoring,
Sputtered theatrically:
"I need a great love
Or a splendid sin,
An overpowering sorrow,
Or a heroic deed
To awaken my soul!"

Then with an impatient twist
Of his modeling stick
He nearly decapitated
The distorted mermaid
In red brown wax
Seated so precariously
On the back of a dolphin
That looked like a rhinoceros.

To-night he lies
Somewhere-in-France,
With a little cross
Above his head.
Yes, he is happy now
With his awakened soul.

Pictures by Lejaren A. Hiller

"*Stand to!*"

The Girl He Didn't Leave Behind Him

by Arthur Guiterman

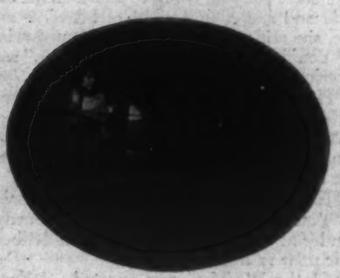
THEY did not part! Their last goodbyes
Were said, — but souls are winged and free,
And still he saw her constant eyes
Through all the watchful nights at sea.

When wistful war-waifs came to share
What he could give, her soldier knew
That she who clasped his child was there
To smile on those poor babies, too.

Above the trench her presence shone;
In charge and storm he saw her clear;
Upon the bed of pain, alone,
He heard her whisper, "I am here!"

And when, to crown a daring deed
They gave him honors, glorified
His eyes beheld a dearer meed, —
Her vision, bright with joy and pride.

Dear Father, guard our gallant men
Within whose hearts is love enshrined,
And bring them safely home again
To those they cannot leave behind!



Posed by courtesy of Frances Nelson, the beautiful young motion-picture star

"Good-bye!"

In place of his own baby

Honors!

— and back there at home!

"Tell her not to worry"

The place he fought for

Slandering the Red Cross

by Gelett Burgess

EARLY in last September there began to flow into the Red Cross a flood of remarkable letters which it is not even yet easy to explain. They were addressed to the National Headquarters at Washington, to almost all the fourteen Divisional Headquarters and to many of the thousands of Chapters distributed over the United States. In every one of them was a complaint of the misappropriation of donations or of the mismanagement of the organization.

It has been my privilege to look over a part of that amazing correspondence, and, incidentally, to note and to admire the conscientious thoroughness with which the accusations in every letter, however patently untrue, have been investigated and answered.

Yes, every letter — although nearly 75% of them, except for names and places, were essentially identical. Suppose I quote one sample varying little from all the others. Of course by this time you have heard the story it tells. Everyone has heard it. But, as you hear it again, imagine the directors of the Red Cross re-reading it day after day for months, that same old story coming now from Wisconsin, now from Georgia, every day from a different locality.

Condensed, this particular communication was as follows:

"My dear Mr. Davison:

"I will cite a few incidents that have come to my ears and which I know are true. . . .

"A lady in Albany . . . had a son in one of the camps . . . for whom she knitted a sweater, and on the persuasion of friends sent it through the Red Cross which was also going to send some things. She wrote her son that she was sending it through this channel, and after waiting several weeks and not receiving it he wrote his mother who went to Red Cross Headquarters to investigate. . . . One of the ladies insisted it had been sent, and became very disagreeable . . . when the mother said to her . . . 'I think that is my sweater you have on . . . if that is my sweater I can prove it.' She had knit the collar double and between had inserted a ten-dollar bill, writing to her son how to find it. . . . She ripped out a few stitches, and sure enough, there was the bill, which, of course, proved it was her sweater."

Now this charge is, upon its face, absurd. The Red Cross never accepts material to be sent to especially designated persons in the Army or Navy. The work is so organized that such an incident is impossible. To understand this clearly, let us see how sweaters, mufflers, helmets, socks and other articles are distributed.

When a request comes for supplies for soldiers, each Division Headquarters of the Red Cross calls for a certain allotment from each of the Chapters under its jurisdiction. Each of these Chapters then calls upon each of the Branches in its district to supply its proportionate quota of material. When the articles are finished the Branches turn them in to the Chapters, and the Chapters hand over the assembled material to the Division Headquarters, or else — upon definite orders — ship them direct to the Division Supply Service for distribution through the Military Relief Department. At every camp there is a Red Cross representative who determines the exact need for supplies, who requisitions them from Headquarters and distributes them, when received. Every article is carefully listed and checked.

It is an exact and business-like system of organization, direction, supervision and bookkeeping. Trivial errors may at times be made, as in any other big enterprise, but not such mistakes or abuses as were charged in this letter.

THIS particular story, however, aside from the improbability just demonstrated, has several other inconsistencies. It would seem incredible, for instance, that any woman should be foolish enough to take so roundabout a method of sending money to her son, instead of simply buying and sending him a P. O. Money Order. It seems still more improbable that any woman working for the Red Cross would be openly wearing a man's gray sweater stolen from the supplies.

Never mind. The Red Cross officials, although practically certain of the falsity of the accusation, yet left no stone unturned to trace the rumor to its source. The letter was courteously answered and an investigation ordered. It failed to substantiate the charge. Behind "I heard" and "they say" and "somebody told her" the mysterious sweater-knitter and bill-hider disappeared ever further and further from sight and identification.

Now for the greatest evidence of libel. Suppose that somebody should tell you that in Duluth, last September, a one-legged, cross-eyed Patagonian was seen stealing molasses peppermints from a Chinese baby — well, you might possibly believe the yarn. But if you heard virtually the same story again and again, as occurring in Cherokee, in Memphis, in South Boston, in Terre Haute and San Diego, all in the same month — you would have to end by saying, "Bosh! it is impossible." The law of probabilities does not approve of such a surprising string of coincidences as the many simultaneous happenings of so circumstantial an affair.

To be sure, the tales have varied somewhat in detail. The famous bill, for instance, is sometimes sewn into the pocket of the sweater — although accepted Red Cross sweaters have no pockets. Sometimes it is concealed in the toe of a sock. Occasionally the flirtatious knitter puts her address in the sleeve as a coy invitation to the recipient to correspond. Another variation of the story is that the maker finds her handiwork displayed for sale in a department store — sold, you see, by grafting Red Cross ladies. But why enlarge on the topic? You know how such tales vary in the telling.

Commercial travelers (and they ought to know) tell us that a common, or smoking-car story, if new and funny, takes about ten days to cross the continent, spreading, meanwhile, as rapidly north and south. We need not wonder, then, at the prevalence and the geographical distribution of these sweater stories. The important question is: where did they originate?

It is possible, of course, that some may have been the result of thoughtlessness, or of an honest mistake. Take, for example, the Six Dollar story. I found at the Red Cross Headquarters an interesting sheaf of letters on this popular theme. The report, coming from the Detroit Chapter, stated that a Naval Reservist from Cleveland had stated that he had been forced to pay the Red Cross six dollars for his sweater. As, instead of the usual "a woman told me" actual names were given, it was a good chance, at last, to run the rumor to earth. It was investigated with as much care as would have been bestowed upon it by a detective agency.

In the first place, the originator of the story was called upon. She gave the name of the sailor and said he was at either the Newport or the New London station. He had obtained the sweater, he had told her, upon an order from his commanding officer (I told you, you recall, how methodically material was distributed), but that he was surprised, when he received his next pay, to find that six dollars had been deducted "to cover cost of sweater."

SOUNDS bad, doesn't it? Just wait. Let us, after failing at the places mentioned, accompany the Red Cross sleuth to the Pelham Bay Park Naval Reserve Encampment. The sailor is not there — gone to the U. S. N. R. E., Sect. Base No. 6 at Bensonhurst, where we find the man is probably on Scout Cruiser No. 113. He is at last located by our indefatigable investigator in the medical ward of a certain Navy Yard Hospital.

"Why, the fact is," he confesses, "I guess I made a wrong guess. You see, when I got that sweater I had already overdrawn my equipment allowance, and when I was docked six dollars next pay-day, I just naturally supposed that the shortage was due to a charge for the sweater. . . . Yes, I admit I hadn't ought to have told that story before I found out the truth of it. I'm awfully sorry."

There is undoubtedly a large field for such careless mistakes, too quickly assumed to be true. Certain prodigal hand-to-mouth soldiers have, I hear, sold their sweaters to second-hand clothing dealers who have in their turn, peddled such Red Cross clothing to other soldiers.

I read, too, complaints of graft in Red Cross wool; and, following the letters back and forth found, on the last pinned-on sheet of carbon copy, this explanation. A certain New York shop had, to accommodate a customer who was a suburban Red Cross worker, obtained at her Chapter a few hanks of wool — which had been sent to her without any profit having been charged. The shop did not, of course, as asserted, buy Red Cross wool from

[*Continued on page 32*]

The Burdens of the Republic

by **Harris Dickson**

A FAINT little road runs angling through the vine-yard, and leads to a meadow which lies barely behind the French lines. Beyond are the trenches, the French entanglements; and still farther is No Man's Land, the boche wires, and the boches themselves.

Noonday sun shines from a clear sky, and reveals no human creature except a group of peasants stacking up their hay. No shot is fired, no great guns roar.

On that side nearest the boches the little road is camouflaged with a high netting, like the back-stop of a tennis court. At every crossing of cords hangs a bunch of raffia, dull brown raffia which blends with sere and yellow vines. A Frenchman and an American peer through the netting at the silent and apparently deserted lines of Germany. The American starts to move from behind the shelter of the screen. The Frenchman draws him back.

"You'll get killed," he remarks quite simply.

"Oh no," the American pointed to the peasants.

"Yes," the Frenchman smiled. "No use for the boches to shoot them — it reveals the sniper's position. But your uniform would become at once the target for a dozen snipers."

To preserve an unperforated uniform the American kept behind his screen.

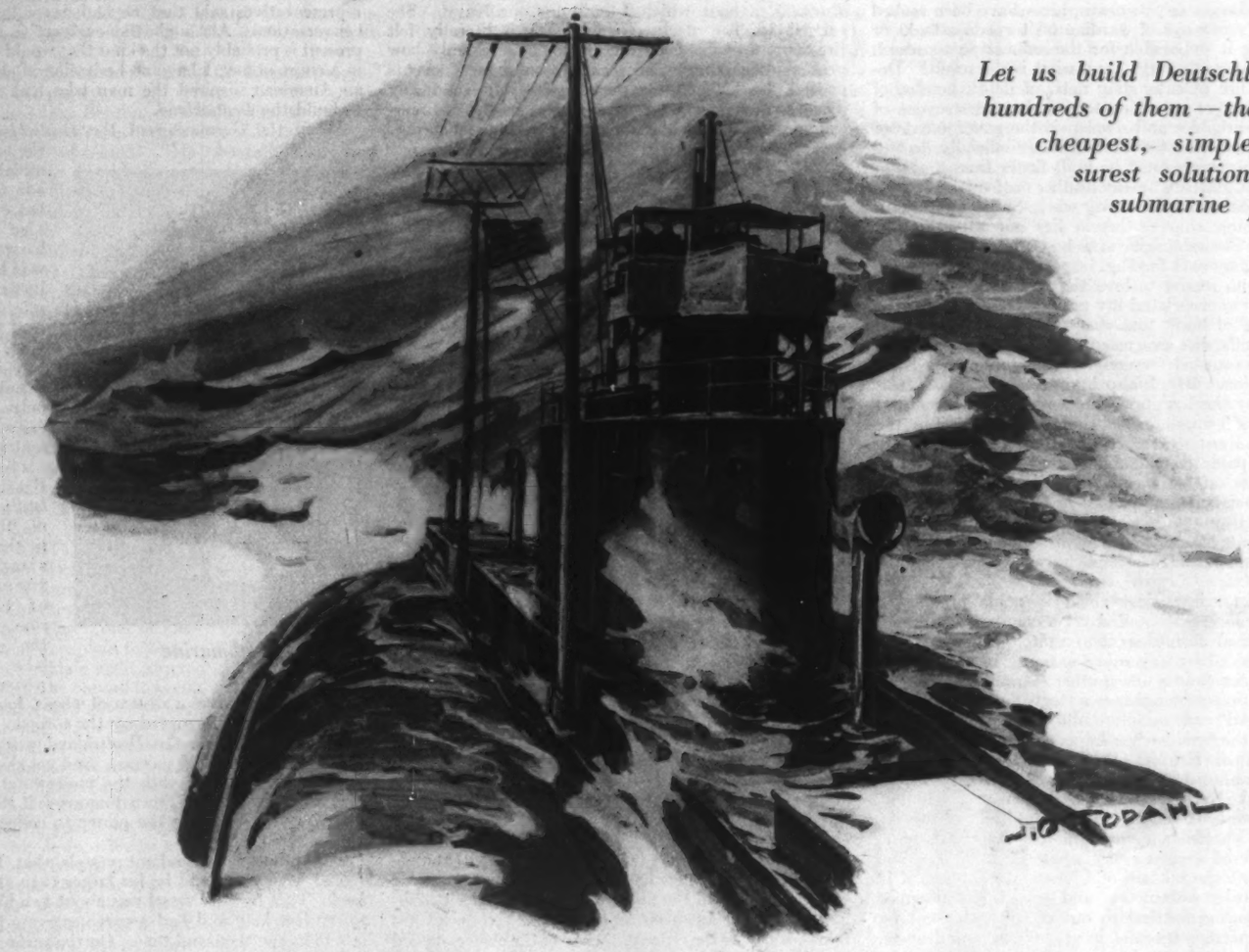
A woman approached from the hay-field, a woman of sixty, trudging sturdily with a mountain of hay upon her head. As she came opposite to the American he lifted his hat.

"Why do you do that?" the Frenchman asked.

"Because that woman is bearing the burdens of the Republic."

"It is true"; off came the Frenchman's cap; "but for her our armies could not live."

The woman passed on. She was dull and could not comprehend



Let us build Deutschlands,— hundreds of them — that is the cheapest, simplest and surest solution of the submarine problem

Matching Submarine Wits

The German Lesson We Didn't Learn

by Simon Lake

Illustrations by J. O. Todahl

A Word From Waldemar Kaempffert

IN 1893 the United States Navy published an advertisement in which it invited inventors to submit plans for a submarine torpedo boat. They heard promptly from Simon Lake — a young man of twenty-seven. Nothing like that submarine had ever been proposed. She had many of the features which we call modern, among them the mechanism now in general use for submerging and ascending on an even keel. But the features that made the navy officers gasp were wheels on which the craft could run on a muddy or sandy bottom, and a chamber through which a diver could safely pass from the hold out upon the bed of the ocean. Wheels on a submarine, so that it could rumble along over oyster beds — preposterous! When Lake tried to raise money in Wall Street to build his submarine and told how a door could be opened without permitting water to enter, bankers would look at him in a terror-stricken way and press a button to summon a well-trained clerk, who would call attention to an important engagement. Finally Lake had to go around among his relatives with his hat in his hand. He succeeded thus in scraping together enough money to build a submarine. It was only a crude, coffin-shaped craft of wood, fourteen feet long, but it proved that his idea of wheeling along the bottom of the ocean and opening a door was not so mad after all. Then he built the *Argonaut*, of which one of the first authoritative popular accounts appeared in McCLURE'S at the time. She was the first entirely successful submarine vessel ever built. When Jules Verne heard about her, he sent a congratulatory telegram. She "would advance under-water navigation all over the world," he said, and predicted that "the next great war would be largely a contest between submarine boats."

After the *Argonaut* demonstrated her ability to locate sunken vessels and divers showed how easy it was to slip through the door of her compressed air chamber in order to recover cargoes, Lake became an inventor of international importance. Russia, Germany, Italy and Austria called on him to design and build submarines. It was not until 1910, when Lake returned to America, that we realized how great an imaginative designer and inventor of submarines he is. And now he is building submarines for the United States Government on both the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. Every successful submarine in the world today embodies the principles originally proposed by Lake to the United States Government in 1893.

WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT.

"TEN Days Behind the War" is what the people out in Hawaii say of themselves. Still with the news of the world drifting in a little late to their Pacific Islands they manage to keep the drums of patriotism beating sturdily. Read Fannie Heaslip Lea's article in the June number

In the Army and Navy Building in Washington is a room occupied by a few clerks and a worried Commander of the Navy. The clerks are there to do the Commander's bidding. And the bidding? To write at the Commander's dictation stilted formal letters to hundreds of bookkeepers, farmers, mechanics, and business men, most of whom have never seen the ocean or a transatlantic steamer — letters in which the receipt of an infallible plan for destroying German submarines is acknowledged with chilly official gratitude. Literally thousands of inventions for thwarting torpedoes or blowing U-boat crews into the next world have been offered to a strangely apathetic government, and it is the sad lot of that unhappy Commander to consider them and,— alas! to dismiss them as utterly and absurdly impractical. Fortunately, many of these vaporings, comparable in madness and unconscious humor with the schemes of perpetual-motion monomaniacs, can easily be classified into a few species, like bugs and plants, so that the Commander has but to say, "Send form letter number nineteen to these" in order to discourage at one fell epistolary blow as many as fifty patriotic submarine foilers. But even with the aid of such short-cuts as form letters he has been a much overworked man ever since Germany decided to snap her fingers at the world and to make the most of the submarine's frightful possibilities.

For over two and one-half years, the most fertile, inventive brains in two hemispheres have been racked to devise sure ways of warding off torpedo attacks or of making it impossible for the submarine to search for its quarry in safety. And what is the result? Despite the use of entangling nets, of depth bombs, of smoke-boxes, of patrolling torpedo-boat destroyers, of watchful dirigibles and seaplanes, the governments of Great Britain and the United States officially declare that cargo-carriers must be built faster than they can be sunk. Can there be any franker confession that the U-boat is as terrible as it ever was? Ships, more ships, and still more ships — therein lies our salvation, we are told. The submarine is to be crippled not by starvation but by over-feeding.

I have no reason to love the Germans. They unblushingly appropriated my patented and unpatented inventions. I know that every inventor has a tale to tell of rebuffs, discouragements, and long years of work that have counted for nought. I suppose that I am no exception. But I also know that in 1905 I was engaged by the Krupp works to remedy the structural defects in a few unlaunched submarines ordered by the Russian Government, and that I disclosed to the Krupp engineers patented and unpatented methods of mine for building safe submersible vessels. These methods have ever since been followed in Germany. And yet, despite my grudge against Krupp and the German Government, I cannot but admire the boldness with which German naval architects have developed the submarine.

Here is an invention which is made practicable by American inventors, and yet a country with which we are now at war brings it to a pitch of perfection as yet unattained by any other nation. It is the story of the airplane and a dozen other extraordinary American inventions over again — a story of discouragement at home and ready adoption abroad.

During the period when I was engaged in correcting the faults of Krupp's Russian submarines I met Herr Lohmann, destined later to become a prominent official in the North German Lloyd Company. He took a lively interest in submarines. I told him of the *Argonaut*, a wheeled submarine in which twenty years ago I covered almost every square foot of the mud and sand at the bottom of Chesapeake Bay, as if in an underwater automobile and which was designed not for blowing battleships out of the water but for the more pacific object of locating wrecks and oyster beds and facilitating scientific submarine explorations. And then we talked of submarine cargo-carriers, which I had designed many years before and which I wanted to build for the purpose of utilizing waterways rendered unnavigable in winter by ice. I told him about the tests made in 1903 with the *Protector*, a boat which I built for our Navy. She carried on her deck a device which literally felt the ice and enabled her officers to know exactly how near she was to the surface. As subsequent events proved, he listened far more attentively than any business man I ever tried to interest in the commercial possibilities of the submarine in time of peace.

It is clear that only the submarine is a match for the submarine

Years afterwards the great war broke out. Then came the *Deutschland* and her dramatically unexpected appearance in the harbor of Baltimore. I left my shipyard at once to see her. Although Captain Koenig and the owners' agents denied themselves to almost everyone, they spoke freely of their ship to me and the possibility of much larger vessels. She had all the characteristics of the submarine cargo-carrier that I had written about and tall ed about and patented — the beamy whaleback look, the freeboard that made her seaworthy and the method for enabling her to submerge and rise again on an even keel. Neither Captain Koenig nor the representatives of the owners denied that she was a Lake type. Lohmann, they assured me, was the adventurous spirit that had carried into execution the project of building the first submarine merchant vessel that ever made a voyage — Lohmann, with whom I had once talked about submarine freighters, a man with a good memory, a man of vision. His representatives said that he had never forgotten our conversation. Although the evidence I am able to present is probably not the kind that would be accepted in a court of law, I have no hesitation in claiming that an American inspired the man who had the courage to build the *Deutschland*.

When the Germans sent the *Deutschland* through the most formidable blockade the world has ever known, she taught us how to cope with her U-boats in the one safe, sure way. And we have not learned the lesson! Is it not clear that only the submarine is a match for the submarine? Build *Deutschlands*, hundreds of them — that is the cheapest, simplest and surest solution of the submarine problem; the one infallible way of pouring into Liverpool and Havre a stream of wheat, food and steel that cannot be interrupted by the torpedo.

As an experiment the *Deutschland* was a dazzling technical and financial success. And yet she is a rather crude ship compared with the underwater cargo-carriers that I would lay down tomorrow if the Shipping Board would grant me the power to collect workmen and material.

The submarine merchant vessels that I have designed in detail would be far larger than the *Deutschland*. That historic vessel was about two hundred and thirty feet long and had a cargo-carrying capacity of less than one thousand tons. On the surface she made fourteen knots; submerged, seven and one-half knots.

Let me compare her with two types of merchant submarines that I would build to evade the Germans.

For the first type, imagine a ship that looks somewhat like a whaleback or [*Continued on page 49*]

Midnight in Russia

by Lincoln Steffens

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

SITTING before our hot American fire that night in our cold Petrograd hotel, we were marveling that we could not remember to say "Come in," in Russian. We knew the word; we wanted to learn the language, and we believed that, if we used the little we had of it all the time, we might speak the impossible some day. Others did. But let a knock come and we both called "Come in!" It had just happened. It was most humiliating, machine-like. So we agreed that it should not occur again, when there was a knock.

"Come in," I called, and Benton echoed, "Come——"

The door opened and a young soldier stepped in. He saved us from ourselves. A dark, handsome Jewish boy, in a blue uniform coat and cap, he cracked his heels together, military fashion, saluted with his left hand (his right arm was gone) and he smiled happily.

"Come in!" he repeated. "Good words, good American words. They are music to me. And you are Americans, real Americans; born there. And reporters!"

We had stood up. He shot his hand to us, one after the other, and a glad hand it was. I could feel the joy in his grip. It made us glad to see him, and Benton reached for his overcoat to help him off with it.

"No," he protested, with a gesture of pride. "I can do it alone. See?" And he threw off the coat and tossed it on the great lounge.

"I wish never to miss my lost arm," he explained. "I gave it to Russia. I gave it willingly to Russia, and Russia may have the other also; and my legs, my head — my life.

"But I am glad to see you Americans. From New York? Sure. New York. What that means to me! And you are reporters, so you know it all: New York, Chicago, 'Frisco — the United States? And you know it as we know it, we immigrants; as I know it. I——"

His voice softened, and I guessed: "Hom. sick for the States?"

Benton was keener. "Miscue," he warned me, and the soldier, hearing, looked at him, amused, admiring. But he put out his hand deprecatingly to me.

"No," he said, "not that; not homesick. I am home here, now. But America means much to me, so much. I was brought up there and I learned there — You will not misunderstand? It was in America that I learned to know and to love Russia."

"Let's sit down," said Benton; and we drew chairs close in around the fire.

"I was so glad," the soldier said, "and so sad, because I thought that you, as correspondents — you might help America to learn to understand a little and to love Russia and the Russians, this beautiful revolution and the people who are making it, the beautiful Russian people."

"Beautiful?" I questioned.

"Hark," said Benton sharply. "There they are now, a mob of them."

Listening, we heard the unmistakable sounds of a Russian mob: a low, slow clatter as of many hoofs on the pavement. That's all. No murmur of voices, no cries, no noise. We knew it well.

It was May, our calendar, the first week. The Revolution was young, about two months old. Milyoukoff was still at the head of the first Provisional Government, and all seemed well. But the people had been growing restless. They were deeply troubled. We didn't know what the matter was, nobody seemed to, not exactly; not Milyoukoff; we had asked him; and not the mobs either. They turned out, as the fire engines do at home, upon alarms we did not hear; at all hours; day and night. Only the mobs came forth quietly, slowly, moving leaderless through the streets to head into the great squares where the main herd stood still or, if excited, quietly milled, stamping, but speechless.

"Yes," said Benton, getting up, "that's the mob all right, the damned Russian mob."

"No," the soldier answered softly from his place at the fire, "that's the people, the beautiful Russian people."

I had gone to the window and, making out dimly in the dark the dull, moving mass of them, I remarked:

"Just like a herd of cattle."

"Exactly," Benton agreed, "beasts."

"No," the soldier corrected, "beast. Some Russian poet called the Russian people a beast. 'That gentle beast,' he said 'the Russian people'."

I knew what ailed Benton. He had to go out and follow and report that mob; and it was cold; late; and probably useless. I boosted his great fur coat onto his bucking back.

"You've got a story there," he muttered covetously,

jerking his head at the soldier. "Me for mere news." And aloud he grumbled "Good night," and was gone.

I sat down beside the fire and the soldier — and his story.

"That isn't the way to feel about the Russian people," the soldier said gently.

I explained that Benton, on a daily, had to "cover" all these mobs and report what they did.

The soldier chuckled. "He needn't," he said. "They won't do anything; not a thing that's news. They haven't killed anybody; they haven't looted anything. The soldiers did; not the mob. On the contrary, the mob saved policemen — even policemen — from the soldiers, and they wouldn't let the Revolutionist leaders kill their prisoners, the terrible old ministers of the Tsar who had killed so many of them. No, the Russian people do not kill."

He said this plainly, like a Russian; slowly, without emphasis or sentiment, as if it were merely a natural fact. Which it is. I recalled that the first official act of the Russian Revolution was the abolition of capital punishment.

"Sure," he said, "and they won't do anything tonight that an American reporter would find worth reporting."

"But what are they out for?" I asked, a bit impatiently.

"They don't know," he answered. "That's why it was no use for your friend to bother. We know, I know what takes them out, but they don't, not the people. And that's one of the things I want to explain to you."

He didn't explain right away. He stared into the fire and to keep him in mind of me, I got down the cigarettes, put them near him and myself filled and lighted a pipe. The manoeuvre succeeded. He took and lighted a cigarette.

"You don't know the Russians at all, do you?" he began. "We do, we Jews. We're not Russians ourselves, not though we have lived here for generations. We're Jews. You call us Russian-Jews, and that's half right. We're Jews, but we know and we love Russia and the Russians, we Russian-Jews do. Isn't that queer?

"We have suffered, my people have; we have known little else than injustice, cruelty, terror in Russia, and yet we love Russia and her people."

He stared steadily at me, repeating:

"Love, I say. That's what the hyphen stands for in Russian-Jew — love. Isn't that strange? And stranger still: all strange people that live here and know the Russians are the same. They also suffer and they also love Russia."

HE was emphatic now, not Russian; a Jew again, he had a feeling about what he was saying.

"Take my case," he sprang on. "My grandparents were murdered in a pogrom: both my grandfather and my grandmother — by a Russian mob ——"

He expected something from me. I said it.

"By the beautiful Russian mob that does not kill."

"That's it," he said. "They were torn to pieces, limb from limb, by the people who are against all killing. And my father was driven out of Russia; he ran away to America, ran away from Russia. Yet — I must make you understand."

Carefully, watchfully, he went into his story.

"I was a child when my father took me to America. I remember the terror of the flight; and the tragedy; he had to leave my mother and sister behind. And I remember the seaport and the sea; the ship that swallowed us down into its belly, and then heaved with us; sick, as we were, sick for days and days and nights. I remember the whole of that terrible, dark, long, heaving voyage in the stinking steerage of that dizzy ship across the clouds of the Atlantic — that's what I saw, looking up through the hatch, the clouds, not the sea — across the world of sky to the land of —— "

He halted. He put his hand on my knee. "May I?" he pleaded. "May I tell the truth about it all, the raw Russian facts? It's important."

I divined what he was going to say, and I wanted to hear it. I wanted to hear just what the Russians who had been to the United States and gone back to Russia — I needed professionally to know what they were telling the other Russians about us. It was affecting our relations with our ally; it was counting in war and peace and the revolution.

"Go right ahead," I urged him. "Go on to the land of —— "

He wanted me to finish, but I wouldn't. He did at last, in a low tone.

"Liberty," he said, and he hurried: "The Land of Liberty. You don't know, you Americans who are born there, you don't know what a vision we immigrants have of your country. And you don't know, and you don't use the inspired spirit of willingness we bring to your shores. All immigrants are good men when they sail up your harbor; all are citizens, patriots; all. They are loyal Americans; especially the Jews. For we have imagination. We have had a vision for thousands of years; our minds can see; we can almost map the Land of Promise.

"It was ahead of our dark ship on that voyage, that vision. It was America. That was the light that kept us alive, guided our ship. I was sure. My father told us about it. All the grown-ups did; yes, and the children. We were all telling one another about America, describing, picturing it. It seems to me now as I look back that we were all worshiping our vision of the Land of Promise—America.

"And do you know?" he asked, turning to me directly, "I believe that that vision we flashed in upon one another's minds, that vision of the United States — not what you are; no, but what we dreamed that you were — that vision, brought back here by the thousands of us who have returned — that is the vision which is inspiring this Russian Revolution."

"Why not?" I said. "That vision is only the dream of all mankind. It's nothing but heaven on earth. And not only the Jews,— our fathers, the Puritan fathers who founded the American colonies, they also saw it ahead of them when they crossed the Atlantic. And they thought they would create it; they meant to. All pioneers and all revolutionists mean to, and some day some of them will."

"THAT'S it," the soldier said passionately. "And this is that day. The Russians will do it. That's what I must make you believe and report to America. The Russians will really do it. No? Yes. It isn't so impossible, that dream. Take mine; take the picture they painted of America for me in that ship. There would be no pogroms; no cruelties; no brutal police; no need of a police: because there would be no unjust government. You think we thought of picking up gold in the street? No, no. We thought of work, plenty of work, and we wanted to do it well; but it was to be well paid for, we dreamed; so that a man by working all his life could live well all his life, live well, and be safe, he and his family. Yes, work. Workmen want work. And a chance. A fair chance. Equal opportunities, you call it. Not a chance to graft, and get rich and live without working; no; but only to get on as well as you worked, as well as everybody. Hope, you see. Not despair, not misery, and fighting, and meanness. No suffering of the soul, but only working, whistling, health and — hope. That's all. Is that so impossible? No. Not as I saw it; not as we saw it. The Land of the Promise we saw was not golden; it was green. And I ached for the green, for the green grass and the blue sky, sunshine, and — work, and no fear.

"And it was green," he laughed. He laughed joyously as he must have laughed when he sighted land. "It was spring when we arrived. Long Island was fresh with new leaves, and the sea breaking on the shore seemed to make it smile. And then, Staten Island! Do you know what a part Staten Island plays as the foreground of ten million pictures of America in ten million memories? It is, it looks like the threshold of heaven: so green, and kind, so earthy, and — home, after the waste of water and — Europe."

He picked out another cigarette, but he didn't light it. He didn't look at it. He was looking at me.

"We were herded ashore at the Immigrant Station. We were hustled in contempt by harsh, strange voices. Anxious, we were confused; uninformed, in a panic, we were driven like cattle and jammed. And," very slowly he added, "we were robbed." He stopped.

"Go on," I said, "I 'covered' Ellis Island as a reporter once. I know."

"That's what I meant," he cried, "when I was so glad you were reporters; that you would know what we immigrants know. You know how we were robbed there. We were poor, and we were robbed on the Island, and again on shore. And we were distracted. Strangers, without the language, we were misled, misdirected — robbed, till we had nothing. Nothing. It was an awakening — from the dream.

"We found our own people at last — those that had gone before us — on the East Side, in the Ghetto; as in Russia. Oh, I know. No police, no written law kept the Jews there, only poverty,

Out of the car came my old mother, weeping, bewildered, scared

misery and the need of friends. And such misery, such darkness, dirt, and the stink, and the crowd. America ——

"It began right away. My father had been well-to-do, a merchant-tailor of known skill, but he couldn't get work in New York; not for weeks — weeks of worry for him, of terror for me. I felt, I saw, I heard his despair. And then—when he got a job, at last — then — He might have risen fast; he was so clever, but the bosses ground him down, him and all labor: the bosses or the competition for work. Then the unions began to organize —— "

Again he hesitated, apologized. "I know," he said. "I didn't then, but now I understand that if you start a country off wrong, underneath — economically wrong; not as a commonwealth for the common good, but each for himself, and the mines and the lands for the first comers, then, of course, Labor must organize to force the workers to unite for the good of all. A wrong to fight a wrong, a monopoly of labor to meet the monopoly of — I understand; we Russian-American-Jews, we know now, and we've warned the Russians here in Russia, and ——

"But they understood before. That's why they despise the Organized Labor of America, and want to prevent the evils that make labor unions necessary.

"My father, I, we Jews are individualists. He didn't want to combine. He only wanted to work, by himself, and he could have risen fast — out of his class, the labor class, so — Labor beat him up, the leaders did. They were a little afraid of him. He never got over it; he lost his job; he lost his skill. His hand was hurt, and his head. Permanently.

"He peddled. He had a cart on Hester Street. You know? The police came. It was against the law, blocked traffic, but — you know. Blackmail, graft. My father was a bearded, orthodox Jew; he was honest. He would not bribe. One day there was a raid and the policeman on post picked him out: split the scalp off his skull. I saw that! Peeled his skull and cracked it. He died.

"He died in the hospital. A Hebrew Society protested; no good; but the head of it took to me. He liked me, sent me to school, college, you know — College of the City of New York. I was bright, quick, eager to learn — everything. I chose law. I had ideals; can't help it. That vision: it stuck; it sticks. My friend got me into a Wall Street law firm, clerk, but I was advanced and — I saw what the law is, and the courts — heard it and saw it, and — I did things myself, too, little things, but I knew about the big grafts. You know. And I was willing.

"And politics. Our crowd, the young fellows in our ward, we all went into politics. The old Irish leader, Tim; you know him? Sure. Well, Tim showed us the game, and we — I played it. 'Peanut politics,' we called it, but we knew the big game, we heard all about it; from the inside. I was going in for it; when — But wait.

"I heard the Socialists talk on the corners, the fellows that didn't go to college. They knew something, too; they had a science of their own: history, political economy, literature, plays; they had a culture. Absurd, it sounded, at first, so different from what the college taught, and I was fixed against it, I thought. But — that vision, that old vision. They had it. They saw something better, the Promised Land, heaven on earth. I didn't join. No, but I would have. Sure. I listened. But something weak — I don't know just what — held me back. And I saw. I saw the whole thing, the wrong of it, the right. But ——

"The war came, Russia's war, the Tsar's. I didn't care. It was Russia in need. Maybe it was my mother, and home, too; I don't know. I think it was just Russia that I loved, but maybe it was because America was — was not what we thought. I used to remember — as I learned your ways — the ways of Russia and — not so different! Not so bad, but not so hard, either; not so — so businesslike. I had begun to love Russia, and to think that, not yet free, it would be really free some day; not yet democratic, it would know what democracy is. We knew how bad Russia was, and how good, and in New York — well — you just don't know. . . .

"How can you be free if you think you are free? How become a democracy if you think you are one? . . .

"Anyway, when the Kaiser struck at Russia, I ran — yes, ran — I ran to the Russian Consul; I ran to the ship; to Russia. To fight. I had to fight for Russia. I wanted to.

"Well, I did. They let me. Even a Jew could do that. I went home to our old village. Terrible. I saw my old mother, and my sister, old, too, with poverty. They had been living on the little I had sent them, living and lying to me; telling me they had enough! Suffering horribly but bravely. No matter. I enlisted. I marched —— "

He stood up, and his face glowed with the sight he was seeing.

"That was good. That was the best I had ever known, that march, and the battle. It was in the Carpathians, 'way up in the air; that's where — there in the clouds — they turned us loose.

"I fought for the land I loved. I fought for Russia. I led that charge, yes, I did; I couldn't help it. It was all wrong, they said, but when they showed us the enemy of Russia and said 'Go,' I went. I laughed, I think; I know I was glad; I ran and I — fought for Russia, the country I found I had been looking back to from America all those years. It was good; it was good. I lost my arm, you see, hardly knowing it; I know I fought after it was hit. It didn't hurt, then. I fought on, and well, you can see — they gave me this decoration on the field."

HE tapped the ribbon I hadn't noticed before in his button-hole.

"I wear it," he said, "not because I'm proud. No, I wear it because Russia gave it to me."

He leaned against the mantelpiece, lit his cigarette and smoked, thinking, smiling at first, then he frowned.

"When I came out of the hospital," he said in the slow Russian way, "I had 'leave' to go home. At the station where we changed cars, most of us, we got out and the train for Petrôgrad was late. We hung around the station, all us invalids; hours. About ten o'clock at night it happened — the thing I want to tell you first: A freight train came up to the station, a train of cattle cars. It didn't belong on that track, not at the station, and I remember vaguely that I wondered. But it came there, and stopped. It stopped at the station platform.

"I smelt it. I was leaning against the corner of the station with some friends, other wounded men, and we looked at one another. That smell! What was it? Then they opened the doors, the brakemen did; running up and down, and out came people.

"Yes, there were people in those cars — Jews. They were being deported, in wartime, to the border and dropped there — nowhere. While I was fighting for Russia at the front, I, a Jew. Russia had cleared out my people from many towns, and was shipping them — off, like that, men, women and children. I was stunned. I was hurt, deep-down. It was a pain, a sharper, more piercing pain than the shot in my arm. But I leaned there, watching, helpless till —— "

He threw his cigarette into the fire.

Then in a moment he went on:

"Out of the car, right in front of me, out of that stink, with the crowd, came my mother, yes, my own, old mother, weeping, bewildered, scared. She was supported on one side by my sister, who was so young, younger than I, and so old-looking. On the other side, holding her other arm, came a girl of the town that I had known as a child and seen at her trade when I went home. And I had judged — ! She saw me first. It was — she told my mother ——

"Who did that?" he demanded of me, and he demanded it so suddenly, and in a such voice that he startled me. "Russia, you say? You say Russia did that? It's a lie. Government did that, the Thing that killed my father in America; and my grandfather, my grandmother in Russia; and in Germany made this war. And you come over here, you Americans, you Allies, and you advise us to hurry up and set up — Government; and a police; and labor unions; and an army! And you wonder that we won't do it; that the Russians say 'No'?"

He walked away. He was in a rage. He crossed the room, turned and flew back.

"You say the Russian people tore my grandfather and my grandmother and — many more, many, many — before my eyes? You think the Russian mob did that?"

He sat down, flaming, and he reached for me with hands and eyes, as he said, hissing:

"Yes, the Russian mob did that, the Russians did it. You are right. But that was the Russian people drunk, made drunk and told to do it, by officers of the Law, Government. Not sober people, like your mobs that burn negroes. Oh, no. The Russians would not burn negroes; not in their sober senses. Only drunken Russians would do that. Only drunken Russians, who have orders to kill. And only drunken Russians will take orders to kill; drunken or beaten; and that's why the Tsar, and the Government, and the master Russians, all of them, kept the Russian people drunk, drunk, drunk; all the time. They had to."

He sat back, quietly, silent a moment. Then he bolted upright; and fired at me:

"They had to. They'll have to. That was the only way to rule the Russian people — with vodka. Yes, the Tsar caused the revolution when he abolished vodka. That's what started it, and — Listen, if this revolution fails, if those mobs out there do violence; murder and burn; and so have to be put down by force — Listen, it will be because the Dark Forces remember and reintroduce — vodka."

Mobs had been passing all the time we were talking there, in waves, like great, human rollers. They rose and fell, as the mass increased and diminished, but they didn't break. It was a heaving, noiseless flood.

The soldier's reference to them reminded me of the question he had set out to answer. I recalled it, partly to change his tone — partly because I wanted to know. "I wonder what they are all out for?"

"They don't know," he said. "I'll tell you. They are governing [*Continued on page 60*]

If you are a really virtuous person you would have drawn aside a little when you passed her — and yet out of the dregs of her life, the girl in Frederick Irving Anderson's "The Mad Hour" serves her country well and unselfishly. Coming in June

One day in the trenches — the filthy, frozen, dark and deadly trenches — they saw a light and they heard that glad cry of "the Revolution"

"I hope you won't think I'm slow, I've never been East before, and that's one thing about army life that sort of riles me—they don't consult you about where you're bound for. Well, lady, I ask you, ain't it the devil not to know where you're at?"

"This Is the Life!"

by Anna Steese Richardson

Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

I THINK it's about time I got into Uncle Sam's big game. I'm coming home Saturday to enlist."

Thousands of American mothers have been thrilled by just such casual, boyish messages. I carried the letter around with me for days. It repaid me for bringing a son into the world. Then, soon after he had left home for the aviation training school, thoughtless words shattered the golden spell his letter had spun.

"Oh, my dear, how dreadful! They say the average life of an aviator is twenty-three days!"

"Of course you must feel proud — but isn't it awful to see the flower of our country going out to feed cannon!"

"Well, let's hope peace will be declared before your boy is called out, though they do say Germany is building airplanes by the *million*."

"A mother does not mind having her son die for his country, but it's the associations, the environment into which he is flung — all sorts of men — the influence is frightful — a boy is never quite the same."

It was the last comment which roused me to action. *I had to learn the truth about this!* And because I knew that half a million women in America were listening to the same cruelly thoughtless remarks, I determined that they too should hear the truth.

The one way to learn was to serve actively the men of this new American army in the making, with its influences for good or for evil. If I went to the camps as a newspaper or magazine correspondent, I would meet only those in authority, would be shown, with true military courtesy, the sights of the great cantonment, and would be sent, as courteously, about my business, without having had one glimpse of the real camp life of which my son and yours are now a part.

So I took my problem to sane and influential men in the National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. If there was a message of hope for American women concerning camp conditions, these men would put me in the way of sending it forth. If there were grounds for the fears expressed by my friends, the clackers, I would be refused the opportunity to serve in the Y. M. C. A. Huts, which are located in every cantonment in America.

Within twenty-four hours after the question was laid before this group of men, I was packing my bags for a week's special service in one of the army's great camps of embarkation. I stayed two weeks, and if the Y. M. C. A. ever installs women canteen workers in its army huts in America, I propose to enlist under the Red Triangle for the period of the war. Such an experience should be grasped at any cost, so rich and wonderful would it be.

A mist half rain, half snow, hangs over the camp. And from the bluff where I stand watching their approach, they seem to crawl up the steep road like a huge army of gray-green beetles with strange protuberances growing out of their backs.

Silently they come abreast of us, pass and vanish in the pearly mist. As silently I still stand, staring at the snow, beaten to macadam-like hardness by their rhythmical tread.

For the first time, I have seen a regiment of trained, seasoned, fully equipped infantrymen march into a camp of embarkation. No trill of fife nor beat of drum, no waving flags nor cheers from sidewalk throngs. All these I have left behind in New York with Fifth Avenue and its send-off crowds. In this camp, the coming and going of a regiment, even two or three, are but part of the day's work. Only a group of grave men at headquarters know who they are, whence they come and when they will march out again — to the waiting transports.

These soldiers with their faces turned toward France do not sing as they march. Their send-off days are memories, like the mothers, wives and sweethearts who smiled at them through tears in some city of the West or the South. The only women beside myself, inside this camp of embarkation, are nurses, telephone operators, and a few privileged relatives of officers whose passes are written for one day only. These soldiers are down to the grim business of being trained for war.

Dusk — and the barracks of our section, dark and lifeless last evening, are ablaze with electricity and vibrant with human activity. Huge trucks piled perilously high with blue barrack bags, to which the soldiers, detailed to guard them, cling like flies to the swaying slippery loins of a rebellious but helpless horse, have been unloaded in the company streets. The men are stowing away their belongings, and here in the Hut we are bracing ourselves for the onslaught.

It comes — a torrent of dusty, olive-drab figures.

"Two two's and a three!"

An unofficered regiment breaking ranks surges like a rush-hour subway crowd with the express trains held up by a short circuit.

"A book of three's, please!"

I begin to distinguish between those who have stopped to wash and those who have not.

"Gimme a dime's worth of postals. Not them. Ain't you got any views of New York?"

Dear me — a boy as tall as that should not be in the Army. He's too good a target!

"A dollar's worth of three's."

I begin to figure under the counter with the tip of my first finger. A sympathetic secretary whispers: "Thirty-three — and a one center."

Fifty per cent. of the men are coughing. I catch myself doing likewise. It is the miasma of dust rising as by a miracle from our once clean floor.

"Two three's, lady."

Gracious, how did he split his thumb nail like that?

"Going to have any movies here tonight?"

He's been five days coming from Texas, and he asks for pictures instead of food and sleep.

"Hello, Pike, when did you get in? Where have you been?"

"Yesterday. Engineers — at ——— Virginia."

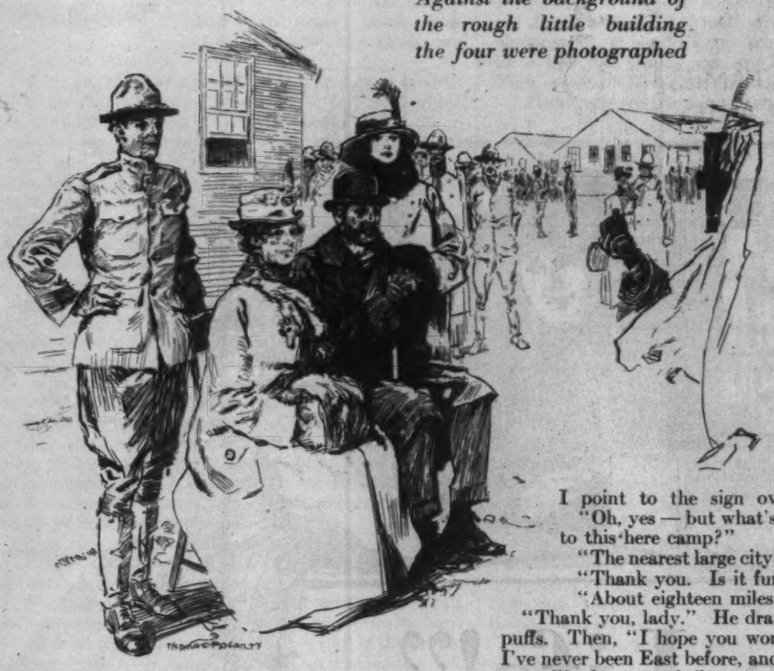
"Aw, why in —— don't you hire a hall for them reunions and let the rest of us buy our stamps?"

Sending word home is the business of the moment.

Quick as a flash, the secretary at my elbow swings around a sign, "If you must swear, put it in writing."

The offender grins a bit shamefacedly, picks up his stamps, and squirms out of the crush.

Mrs. Richardson is on her way to France to work for McClure's under the sign of the Red Triangle. She has one bright star in her service flag



Against the background of the rough little building the four were photographed

Somebody looks at the clock — and the mob dissolves as if touched by magic.

Mess-time!

Mess-time for hungry men!

The financial secretary reads us a little lecture on the way we drop stamps on the floor and give out small change when coins of a larger denomination would answer as well. Then everybody goes to mess except the woman. Mess-hall regulations exclude her, but an oil stove, a stock of groceries and ready-to-eat food wait in the tiny room where coffee is made for "social nights."

I sit down behind the counter, at peace with the world. I have had my baptism of dust, dimes and demands, and I like it!

A slim, boyish figure pushes through the door. Brown eyes survey the empty reading-room.

"Can I do anything for you?"

Off comes the service hat.

"Yes, ma'am, you can. Ah'm looking for some old newspapers. Mah fire's out."

He starts toward the door, his arms full of papers.

"Have you been to mess?"

"No, ma'am, Ah'm not hungry this evening."

"What regiment are you with?"

"The ——th Infantry, ma'am."

"Why, the ——th Infantry is from Michigan. How did you, a Southern boy, happen to enlist in it?"

Down go the papers on the nearest bench. The boy is back at the counter.

"How do you know Ah'm from the South, ma'am?"

"Because I met many boys who talked as you do when I was in the South."

"Were you ever in Louisiana? New Orleans? . . . Do you know Mrs. M —— out on Carondelet Street? . . . Isn't New Orleans the most beautiful city you ever saw? Ah sure do wish Ah was there this evening. . . . No, Ah'm not sorry Ah enlisted, only when Ah come to a new town, everything's so different from New Orleans. . . . No, Mr. S —— was in New Orleans on business and he offered me a fine job in Detroit — and then this war broke out — Ah ought to have gone back to New Orleans to enlist, but Ah lost my head. This is a fine regiment but there's not many Southern boys in it."

In the end he goes to mess — forgetting his fire and papers. Arriving in a new camp affects boys that way sometimes.

Another boy strolls into the deserted rooms. I know by the way he rolls his cigarette and hitches his trousers that he has ridden the range.

"Lady, will you tell me where I am?"

I point to the sign over the desk.

"Oh, yes — but what's the city approximating to this here camp?"

"The nearest large city is New York."

"Thank you. Is it fur to New York."

"About eighteen miles."

"Thank you, lady." He draws a few contemplative puffs. Then, "I hope you won't think I'm slow, but I've never been East before, and that's one thing about army life that sort of riles me — they don't consult you about where you're bound for. I come from the West ——"

"I lived eight years in southern Colorado."

"No!" he lays down his cigarette and offers a lean brown hand. And holding my hand firmly in his, he puts his question as seriously as if a problem in international diplomacy were at stake:

"Well, lady, I ask you, ain't it the devil not to know where you're at?"

More than once I have blessed the regulations which close the doors of mess halls to women. I found many an answer to the anxious questioning in my own heart when I talked with boys who read, wrote or lounged in the quiet Hut while the men secretaries and most of the soldiers ate.

NOTABLY the casual on duty at the hospital, who dropped in almost every noon for a fifteen-minute session with the phonograph. He always started his personally conducted concert with "The Marseillaise." Finally my curiosity gave me courage to ask him why. He leaned back in the one easy chair which the hut boasted at that time and replied:

"I'll tell you the truth. It's a tune that puts courage into a man. I'm in the operating-room, and getting a taste of what I'll see over there. I'm not hardened to it yet, and this tune stiffens my spine. It's a great tune, don't you think? It sort of makes you think of the French and how they're holding the lines till we come. Great chaps those fellows must be — full of spirit like their march tune. I wish we had a 'Marseillaise' instead of 'The Star Spangled Banner.' You can't sing it nor whistle it nor march to it."

How often here in camp I've echoed that wish. Perhaps some day John Philip Sousa and George Cohan will collaborate on a singable, marchable song of fire for this new American army. The boys need it.

Men talk quite frankly about their fear of submarines — of trench life — of being gassed and above all else of being taken by the Germans. They talk of it so frankly that you feel they are not really afraid — they merely fear fear.

The man who is truly afraid, weak with fear, yellow with fear, is the sort who came up to me one day, his shifty eyes glancing from side to side to make sure that no man would hear.

"LADY — will they send me to France if I am sick? I am very sick. My feet are flat. When I hear we're to go on a hike, I tremble all over. You can see how my hand shakes. That is my nerves. Do they examine me once more before we sail for France?"

"Don't worry — you'll have a final examination, and if you are not fit, the Government will not spend money to send you to France."

And it didn't. Later, the chaplain of his regiment told me so — and how glad the men of his company were to have him dropped!

But the other sort of fear which is normal! The man who does not feel it is not heroic, but abnormal, and should be placed under observation as to his sanity.

One night a religious worker tried to explain to a boy who was groping for light the modus operandi of prayer.

"But if he ain't never prayed since he was a kid, and he ain't never been strong for school, how is a fellow to get it over?" wailed the boy who was deeply moved.

"Just decide what your heaviest burden is, and ask God to take it away, or ask for the thing you want above all else. Then the words will come and the Almighty will hear them."

For a minute or more silence reigned in the small bare room; then the boy's voice rang out clearly:

"Lord Almighty, don't let me be afraid. Don't let the boys see that I'm scared of the submarines and the Huns. Stiffen my backbone, and for God's sake, don't let me turn yellow!"

Are you afraid of having your boys with men like this? I am not. Then came the evening when the chief secretary said to me in a kindly tone:

"The boys take to you, Mrs. Richardson. You make change like a veteran, and you can sell stamps like a man, but you forget one thing — to hand out Testaments along with the writing-paper."

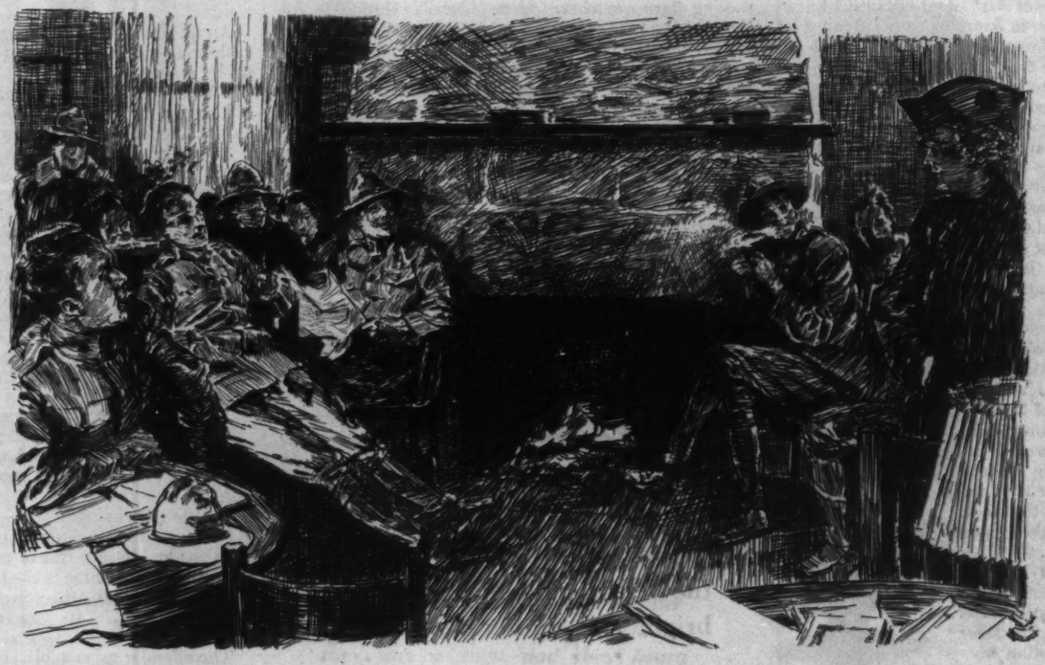
In no form of army work do you put up an argument. You obey orders — or lay aside your uniform. But my hands went cold. Men might accept pen-points, stationery, stamps, phonograph needles and library books from a woman, but religious admonition they might resent. It appealed to me as a man's job. Moreover, I am not what is termed a religious woman.

But if it had to be done, I would pick my boy carefully, the quiet kind who would meet me half way.

And yet Exhibit A was not that type.

Hands in pockets, he lounged up to the counter with the air of boredom which indicates a willingness to chat for lack of something better to do. His pal might have secured leave and gone to town. He might have gambled away his last cent, and, therefore, was deprived of his favorite diversion. His shirt was short on buttons, and his forefinger long on cigarette stains. His chin needed a shave and his hair a comb.

[*Continued on page 44*]



"I tell you what we want most, Lady, — ships to bring us food and ships to bring us home"

Two Wives

The Conclusion of Ernest Poole's *Novel of Marriage*

Chapter XXII

AS Ethel sat there she grew furious with herself for having bungled so.

"Why didn't I explain to him? Why didn't I simply tell him my plan for helping him get back his friends?" She bit her lips. "Now it's too late! I've made it worse — a hundred times!" All at once she rose and began to walk. "Oh, rubbish!" she thought, impatiently. "You're not to give up, when everything else in your whole life was going so perfectly splendidly! . . . Why, of course. That's it. I'll call up Nourse, and have him come and explain to Joe how I went to him at the very start."

With a swift feeling of relief Ethel went to the telephone.

"Mr. Nourse is out of town."

"Oh, yes. Thank you. I'd forgotten. When do you expect him back?"

"Not until the end of the week."

As Ethel hung up the receiver she felt a little faint and queer. When Joe came back this evening she would have to face him alone!

She heard Susette beginning her supper, and she went in and sat with the child. And at first that worked out very well. Soon she was smiling and listening to the ceaseless chatter of the small girl. But suddenly Ethel exclaimed to herself, "Suppose I do fail, after all! If there's a divorce he'll take them both!" She jumped up in a frightened way, and went into her bedroom. She threw herself sobbing on the bed, but in a few minutes regained control with an effort and lay there motionless. The tangle was growing clearer now. With an impatient movement she was up off the bed.

Soon she was much quieter. She felt the warm youth within her rise. There must be a way! So far, so good. But the moment she tried to think *what* way, again at once she was off her ground. What could she do or say to Joe? Her failure to manage him that afternoon had shaken her confidence in herself. Ethel was only twenty-four, and now she felt even younger than that. All at once in a sickening way her courage oozed; she felt herself ignorant and alone. "Why doesn't Joe come back?" she asked. "Is he going to stay away all night? And if he does, what will it mean?" And panic seized her as before.

"I can't do this all by myself! I can't talk to him as I've got to talk — not till I know just what to say! I bungled it so! I need sound advice! Oh, for somebody to help me!" She thought of Dwight. "But I won't go near him!" She loathed the very sight of him now. Why had not he told her of those other affairs of his that could rise in this way against herself? Why had he allowed her to do those few little daring things, which looked so cheap and disgusting in the detective's typed report? "And besides, if I did want to see him, could I, without being watched by some wretched detective?" For the whole town seemed bristling with detectives and police. And the city of New York felt cold.

"Something has simply got to be done!" she told herself. Then all at once came the recollection of young Mrs. Grewe downstairs. "I must have someone or I'll go mad!" And she hurried to the telephone. But in the hall she stopped and frowned. "No, I won't call her up," she thought. "That inquisitive telephone girl downstairs would begin to gossip about it at once." For the same reason Ethel did not take the elevator. She ran quickly down two flights and rang at Mrs. Grewe's door. There was silence. She waited some moments, then rang again. "Oh, she's out — I know she is!" The thought brought a sickening, empty feeling. She would have to face this night alone!

But abruptly the door opened, and a sleepy, startled maid looked at her in dull surprise.

"Is she out tonight? Is Mrs. Grewe out?" Ethel asked impatiently.

"Yes — she's out," the girl replied.

But glancing behind her Ethel saw a high hat and an overcoat on a chair, and with a quick little "Oh!" of dismay, she turned and hurried away down the hall. She heard the maid's chuckle behind her. "Oh-h!" She could feel her cheeks burning. And when she got back to her bedroom upstairs, out of the shame and humility rose a fierce anger which downed all her fears at the thought of this night or of anything else.

"I'll never be like her!" she exclaimed. "There'll never be a high hat in *my* hall at this time of night — nor a Boston old maid — nor a snickering telephone girl downstairs! Never! I'll make myself ugly first! For I'm not like you, I'm not like you! I've had a child, to begin with — and I'm going to keep him — he's mine!"

There came again a period of swift, determined thinking. And at last with a quick thrill of relief she remembered Mrs. Crothers was coming with Dwight to call the next day. Sally Crothers — Joe's old friend! "If *she* believed in me — really believed in all that I was trying to do — she could give me just the advice I need! It may be I'm just silly — and she could give me her common sense! She might even talk to Joe herself — and make him realize my whole plan! If only I can get her to help me!" Ethel went at once to her desk and rapidly wrote a note to Dwight, saying she thought it would be better to let Mrs. Crothers come alone.

"For I could do nothing, with him around. And I've got to do everything!" she thought as she folded the envelope.

In the morning she heard from Joe. When a messenger came with a note, she tore it open and read this:

"Please give this man my suitcase and put in what things I need. I shall stay here at the club awhile — it will be better all around. I am sorry for the scene I made and I don't want another. If you have any real explanation, send me word and I will come. But understand it has got to be real. If it is not we can't go on. I guess you see that."

She read it again. Then glancing up at the messenger, who was plainly curious at the expression on her face, she frowned at him impatiently.

"Will you wait downstairs?" she said. "It will take some little time to find the things my husband wants and pack them."

Rid of him, she began again and read the letter with desperate care. Yes, Joe was trying to be fair. To have said he was sorry for that scene was rather decent in him.

She packed Joe's things and sent them to him with a little letter:

"I am glad you said you were sorry, Joe, for the way you acted was very unfair. You are quite right in waiting now — it is better for both of us to cool down. But my explanation is simple and real — as you will see. I shall send for you in a few days. I love you, dear. *I love you.*"

After that, she spent hours in anxious reflection. She thought of Sally Crothers. "Shall I tell her the trouble I'm in? No, not at once. New Yorkers hate trouble and fly from it. So I must lead to it gradually. When she comes I've got to make her like me — very much — so much she's surprised! To begin with, looks — for looks do count. That much of what Amy used to say was true enough. But what I must do is not to look like her. Sally Crothers detested her, and I've got to overcome all that. I must show her I'm quite different."

Her thinking was spasmodic. Thoughts of Joe kept breaking in, and of what she should do if she failed with him. And again, putting down with an effort all such thoughts and fancies, she took Susette and the baby and went out for a walk in the Park. It was one of those balmy days that come in winter now and then, and Ethel sat down on a bench for awhile. But then she looked around with a start. Who was that on a bench nearby? A fat man with a black mustache, his derby hat tipped over his forehead, and his two small piggish eyes morosely and narrowly watching her. A detective — working for Fanny Carr! Ethel angrily rose and called to Susette and wheeled the baby carriage away. But just as she passed the fat man, a small fat boy ran up to him.

"Say, Pa," whined the urchin. "Buy me a bag of peanuts."

"Like the devil I will!" the fat man growled.

And Ethel blushed. How absurd she had been!

In reply to her note, Dwight had telephoned that Sally would be there at five. Mrs. Crothers arrived at a quarter past. She was a small, alert looking woman of thirty-five, slender, almost wiry, dark, with black hair worn over her temples. Her small mouth was strong and wilful, but she had nice pleasant eyes. She was wearing a pretty tan hat and gray furs that she put back on her shoulders as she smiled and held out her hand.

"I'm so glad to meet you at last, my dear."

"Oh, thank you," said Ethel quickly. And then because that sounded too grateful, she added, "Won't you sit down?" in rather a stilted little voice. This woman made her feel so *young*.

With an appearance of ease she turned and poked the logs in the fire. "I do so love wood fires. Don't you?" she said.

Mrs. Crothers was wearing a trim street suit of brown and dark green. "She dresses as I do, so *that's* all right," thought Ethel. "She's taking me in. So much the better. I'll do the same." And as they talked she kept throwing glances at the dark face, rather narrow, the small and rather mischievous mouth, and the gray eyes [*Continued on page 45*]

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Made in both Cake and Powder form
"Hasn't scratched yet!"
Bon Ami
Bon Ami
Powder
for Polishing and Cleaning

The Third Generation

[*Continued from page 16*]

to his hostess: "Mr. Hoover will catch you if you give such good dinners."

She waved aside the name with an outraged gesture. "These American women, with their eleventh hour economies! Saving is an art that must be acquired slowly and diligently. Today we dine well, because as a child I was taught thrift."

"What a country this would be if there were only German organization, German enterprise, no waste, no retracing of steps ——" von Weibel began, when Adelaide interrupted him with:

"And neat little signs saying '*Verboten*' everywhere. '*Verboten*' will never be the national motto of America, Captain von Weibel, as it is of Germany."

A profound discouragement gripped the officer. Why had he been sent on such a hopeless mission? One might as well try to stir up a revolution among feather beds.

It was not the first time that he had felt a chill current that seemed to come from the whole world — the wretched, unorganized peoples that had not kept pace with Germany and were jealous of her. When the All Highest had said to his armies: "Forward with God!" and they had marched to carry the torch of civilization into France and Belgium, neutrals had been blind to the glory of the German troops, and had seen only the grim necessities of war. In their jealousy, they called the God, the All Highest invoked, a God of plunder, murder and rape! The sacrilegious swine! Yet, sometimes, it seemed as if the German God was deaf or sleeping — as at Verdun, the Marne, Jerusalem.

He shook off the numbing influence of such reflections and followed the daughter of the house to the music-room. He must win this girl over. There was no telling how much her bitter and rebellious attitude was influencing her family whose wealth was needed.

"You would love the Fatherland, Miss Engelhardt, if you knew it; it's a thousand pities you were not educated there."

"I was — and Germany lost a patriot, but gained a reporter. My mother and father have robbed themselves of a country, for a land that no longer exists. The Germany they love — the land of music, literature and beauty — has disappeared as completely as the lost Atlantis. In its place, we have Kruppland with its *Schrecklichkeit*."

He smiled as he answered: "But your brother does not believe these calumnies, triumphs of a subsidized press ——"

"I do not know what my brother believes. He has become so strange and silent since he left Germany ——"

Her father called from the adjoining room: "Adelaide, we have had a wire from Ernst. He says he will be here at eleven, and not to bolt the front door."

"I shall believe in my brother till he tells me he has become a traitor," she said to von Weibel, as she returned to the drawing-room. He followed. The atmosphere of that rose-and-gold apartment had become electric. The young knight was about to return from his quest — if he came as a patriot to his sister, he would come as an alien to his parents. What had been the mysterious mission, in regard to which his father had protested ignorance? His mother and sister knew nothing, that was evident.

BUT von Weibel knew all about the affair, even if he were uninformed in regard to Ernst's connection with it. Adelaide recalled his change of manner, his almost respectful surprise, when her father had told him his son had been sent for by the neutral ambassador at Washington.

It became increasingly difficult for the boy's family to preserve even a semblance of poise. Too much was at stake. Only the officer, who felt sure of the issue, was calm. Uncle Hasselberg rose and bade everyone good-night. Whatever was going to happen, tomorrow would be time enough for him to know. Only by such decisions did the faithful brother-in-law succeed in remaining the shock-absorber of the firm.

No one at home knew much about Ernst, who had been twelve when they had sent him to school in Charlottenburg. He had completed his primary work and entered the *Oberrealschule* and remained there till the United States had broken off relations with Germany, when his father had cabled him to return home at once.

He came, a great strapping fellow, handsome in the same challenging fashion as his sister, but with a constitutional silence that disconcerted the family.

His father had put him in charge of the shipping department of one of his factories; no fault could be found with his industry, but it was plain his work did not interest him.

And then a fellow student from the *Oberrealschule*, an American-born boy like himself, had come to the house and Ernst had begun to fly about like a comet. From morning till night mysterious and important errands awaited him, regarding which he maintained his constitutional reticence. When Schultz had said he must go to Washington Ernst had asked permission to go, too, but it was Schultz that had told the object of their visit was the neutral ambassador: Ernst, as usual, had kept his own council.

It was the officer, awaiting the return of the son of the house, who cut the silence that had been settling down on the rose-and-gold drawing-room like a fog, by saying: "May I look at the telegram you have just read?"

HE regarded the yellow sheet attentively for a few minutes, made a calculation, then said: "It is as I feared. This message has been held up twenty-four hours."

They looked at him speechless. "You will see, if you examine the date, this wire was filed over twenty-four hours ago. It ought to have reached here yesterday."

As they verified his discovery, the grip of a common solicitude brought out a sudden and unexpected family likeness. "Why should my son's telegram be held up?" demanded Engelhardt.

"Do not alarm yourself. At the embassy he will be given full instructions how to protect himself." And to their continued blank staring: "Nothing could be surmised from his telegram."

"Perhaps America has begun to yawn and awaken," Adelaide said. Her parents stared at her as if she were a sybil speaking prophecy.

Mrs. Engelhardt knitted her plump hands. All the pretty air-castles she had been building about her son's going to Germany, buying an estate and marrying into the junker class, stole away like shadows. Instead of these roseate fulfilments, suppose he was already in the grip of the law? A primal maternal instinct flamed, and made her hate the magnificent stranger who took so casually the risk her boy was running; made her almost hate her husband, who, from the boy's first dawning consciousness had extolled the glory of the Fatherland, to the detriment of America. Mama absolved herself completely from the Prussianizing of Ernst; her husband had set the pace and, like a good wife, she had felt obliged to follow. But she felt it was none of her work.

A frivolous gilt clock on the mantelpiece — a whirl of pudgy cupids, upholding a dial — began to hand out leaden minutes. "It is but fifteen minutes past eleven," von Weibel reminded them. "Too soon to watch the clock."

Adelaide took refuge in the music-room and put her emotion into Chopin; von Weibel followed and fell into an attitude of charmed receptivity. This girl would not only command attention in Berlin; she would, with her arrogance, beauty and gifts, be a great success. Where the devil had she got it? Not from that round polled *schweinhund*, her father, nor from that simpering fool, her mother. It must be attributable to something mad, reckless, haphazard in the atmosphere. There must be some law for it. When he returned to Berlin, he intended to discuss it with an expert in eugenics.

The mother and father sat in the pompous drawing-room avoiding each other's eyes; the cupids, petrified in their golden abandon, handed out another hour, then a quarter — yet Ernst did not come.

Then through the house with long-drawn whirring and staccato metal clicks, ominous in its very commonplaceness, the telephone bell rang. Engelhardt broke into a clumsy run, knocking things out of his way as he hurried. The thudding of his heart could be picked up in his jerked-out answers: "No, he is not here. Yes, he is out of town. I don't know — I'm expecting him any moment ——"

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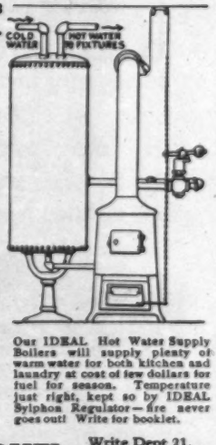

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officer at Engelhardt's side and the deft turn of the wrist with which he had the telephone out of his host's hands, and the receiver hung on the hook. Engelhardt looked at him for explanation, but the officer's only reply was a finger held to his lip. Again the telephone bell rang, and von Weibel answered with delightful courtesy.

"No, you have the wrong number. This is not the residence of Mr. Engelhardt. . . . Yes, certainly, don't mention it." Then he wheeled on Engelhardt: "Would you be so imprudent as to discuss your son's absence over the telephone? It is madness. Now if the bell rings again, don't answer."

"Since you seem to be the only one here who knows — perhaps you will tell us what has become of my brother."

His shrug of disavowal was almost Gallic. "All I know is that several very promising young men were called. To whom fell the honor of the mission I do not know. I didn't even know, till you told me, that your brother was among them."

"And this mission — what was it?" Adelaide demanded.

"I may discuss that with no one." The arrogant features of von Weibel fell into chill and glassy composure.

Adelaide turned white with fury. "The honor of giving Ernst to the Kaiser ought to sustain us, even if we may not be trusted with the boy's disposal." She left the room without a second glance at the officer.

Wholly unembarrassed, the demi-god resumed his vigil. Barricaded behind his chill composure, he had the air of one prepared to wait till doomsday, if necessary. He lingered in the hope that something might develop to throw light upon the success or failure of the undertaking.

And the stricken parents, though his glamour had faded, did not question his divine-right attitude. The pudgy gold cupids kept at their tasks of handing out dragging moments. Even the assurance of the officer seemed to flag at times. Occasionally he walked the floor in exasperation — exasperation lest the scheme had miscarried on account of bungling.

By two o'clock, the atmosphere of the rose-and-gold drawing-room had become as tense with foreboding as the small business-like chambers in penal institutions when the electric-chair awaits an occupant. The tumbling fat cupids dispensing moments that in their pain were like pressure on bruised flesh, had become a mockery.

Then Ernst came.

Why had he been so late? Accusation rang in their inquiries; now that he was alive and well, they resented the rack on which he had kept them.

"Be grateful I'm here at all," he laughed.

His mother and father looked at him closely; it was their Ernst all right, but without a trace of boy left. During his brief absence he seemed to have shot up into a colossus. And now that he was well, whole, and held his head so high, his mother again took up the thread of her dreams. Again she saw her son in the promised land, marrying the beautiful blond *Fraulein* of the junker class and founding the aristocratic house of von Engelhardt.

Von Weibel's voice, suggestive of the drill, in its ring of authority, cut across the maternal cooings, and the father's noisy demonstrations.

"I congratulate you on being chosen for the honor."

"That was, indeed, my lucky day," Ernst assured him.

"It was the lucky day of all good people," von Weibel announced formally.

"There is no use in asking if the undertaking was successful?" the father inquired.

"Magnificently successful!" Ernst swaggered a bit.

"Am I to die in my own parlor of curiosity?" begged mama.

"*Bitte*," graciously commanded the officer, as the one having authority to give permission; and Ernst began:

"There were four of us sent for by the ambassador, all gymnasium boys like myself, of German-American stock. The diplomat talked to each of us, separately. He asked me what I had studied, who my instructors had been, and if I had had any political quarrels. He took my feeling about the war for granted, never asked which side I was backing — thought me too young for convictions, I suppose, but felt I'd be Johnny-on-the-spot when the big risk came. He asked what languages I knew, and seemed more impressed when I told him I'd picked up a little Polish in my father's jute mill, than anything else I had said.

"Next day I got a line from him asking me to call. Then he told me I'd been picked out of the four — not for my good German, or poor French, or anything else, but for the smattering of Polish. My instructions were to go to Hoboken, tog up as a coal heaver and get a job on a certain troop ship that would sail shortly with three thousand soldiers."

"*Gott!*" Engelhardt followed his son's recitative with an angry frown. He did not seem to relish the beginning of the adventure. Mama made a little shrinking gesture; the neat veneer of civilization fell completely from von Weibel, who needed only a club to suggest primitive man, as he followed the account breathlessly.

"The Polish did the rick. I was taken as a coal passer and reported my luck to a man whose address had been given me, in Washington. This man gave me a little machine concealed in a lump of coal, or rather what would pass as a lump of coal. I was to place it in one of the coal bunkers when I got the chance. It was an infernal machine all right, a real Frankenstein — I had the damnable thing in my possession for hours before I could dispose of it. You see I was convinced that there was a Department of Justice man among the coal passers, keeping tabs.

"Back and forth I carried the damned thing, in the container going down, in my pocket coming back, and every time I tried to drop it where it belonged, I found someone regarding me with flattering attention. At last the chance came: a man further along the line dropped from fatigue and cold. That broke the rhythmic chain we had been keeping, fortunately. It was near dusk at the time. I felt the gods were with me, gods of humanity and justice — I know something of the way David must have felt when he lifted his arm to hurl the stone at Goliath. I lifted mine and hurled with all my might, and all my strength, the Kaiser's bomb, not into the coal bunker where it would blow up my countrymen, but into the waters of New York Bay — then next day I enlisted in the United States Army."

The officer started toward him, then stopped, pulled up sharp by the impact of the other's gaze. "That's how the third generation feels about the thing you stand for, von Weibel!" Ernst cried. "Both my grandfathers had to quit Germany in 'forty-nine — kicked out because they demanded a little liberty. My mother and father, American born, rob themselves of a country to worship a fairy-land that doesn't exist; but the third generation is American to the core."

AND this is the traitor you have brought up, the boy you educated in the Fatherland?" von Weibel demanded, choking.

"The generation that was sent back, knows its Germany, knows the magnificent system and efficiency — but to what end is this care and forethought exercised? That the Kaiser, with a scratch of his pen, may order his well-fed, well-cared-for legions to the Hohenzollern slaughtering-pens where they may be stuck like hogs, at his pleasure!"

The officer made an automatic gesture of bringing his right hand over the hip in search of something he expected to find there.

"You're in the wrong country for that gesture, von Weibel. Like everything you stand for, it's obsolete."

Von Weibel, very tall and straight, barricaded behind the mask of German officer and aristocrat, listened attentively. The mission had failed, but this young madman's talk was not without value. It should be duly reported at the secret bureau as valuable inimicable evidence. But even as he listened, the demi-god found himself assisted rapidly out of the house, while his ears rang to the bolting of the great doors behind him.

"Blind madmen," exclaimed Captain Graf von Weibel as he hurried along the street, "not to see the benefits of Prussian civilization!"

When Ernst returned to the drawing-room, he found his parents standing, hand in hand, in the attitude of a pair of lost children.

"Ernst, I've been a fool," his father said. "Your grandfather couldn't stand it — it's the same with you who spent your youth there. The country that your mother and I loved is not Germany; it is the land of the heart's desire — and we're going to try and find it with our children, nearer home."

"You're not telling us all, Ernst," his mother said, "what about the delayed telegram and the telephone call?"

"The Department of Justice is wide awake on its job. The telegram was held up, while I did a little necessary explaining — they had a couple of agents on the troop ship. But the 'phone call was from Schultz. Father was so rattled he didn't recognize his voice. Schultz feels as I do — you see, he's taken the cure, on German soil, for *Deutschland über Alles!*"

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Float In Milk

For luncheons or suppers float in bowls of milk. For hungry children after school, crisp and lightly butter. Let them eat th grains like alted nuts.

The Milk Bottle and the War

Four Million Cows Are Needed to Help Win the Fight

by Mabel Dulon Purdy

"WHAT are we to do about milk?" This in the minds of many of us presents, perhaps, one of the most tangled phases of the whole food conservation problem. At the present time there are only 22,000,000 milch cows in the United States.* At least 26,000,000 are needed to supply the milk and dairy foods now required. We are short, in other words, the amount of milk which 4,000,000 cows would produce. What are we to do about it? When we are asked to conserve meat, or wheat, or fat, it means — broadly and very simply — *not to use* these products. When, on the other hand, we are asked to conserve milk, we are urged — in the same breath — *to use* milk. And the result is, naturally, confusion. What are we to do about milk?

In answer to this vital question, asked over and over again, the Food Administration makes the following summary:

Use milk — but appreciate its full food value; learn how valuable and necessary it is.

See that whatever supply is available is distributed in the best possible way, so that all — particularly young children — may be fed according to their relative needs.

Do not waste or throw any milk away; use all skim and sour milk.

Use butter on the table, but not in cooking.

Do not use cream as a luxury; it is a food and should take the place of food.

MILK is one of our most valuable foods. Its use insures a good diet; it saves meat; t requires no cooking, therefore saves fuel and ime. Because of its value, even when comparatively high in price, it is a cheap food. As the Food Administration says:

"No substitute for milk as a food has ever been found. . . . Its importance in the diet of children under ten cannot be overestimated. . . . Experts say that every child under six years should have a quart of *whole milk* every day. . . . Whole milk for the children is playing safe — no matter what the price, we cannot afford to let them go without it."

More specifically, milk contains all the food principals, in some proportion, required by the body — balanced proteins, carbohydrates, fat, mineral matter, and accessory factors. Quoting again from the Food Administration:

"Its protein is most adaptable to uses by the body, in building and renewing tissue.

"Its sugar is easily utilized by the body.

"It supplies lime; the lime salts which are abundant in milk are also important in building the body and keeping it in good condition; there is no other common food from which lime salts can so readily be obtained; it would take, for example, 8½ eggs to provide the same amount of calcium as is contained in one glass of milk.

"Butter fat contains something (a growth determinant) absolutely necessary for children, and probably for older persons as well. There is no substitute for butter from this point of view."

To which Dr. E. V. McCollum adds:

"Milk is an indispensable article of the diet of any people who wish to achieve. . . . Milk is worth much more than its energy value or its protein content would indicate. It is the great factor of safety in making good the deficiencies of the grains which form and must continue to form the principle source of energy in our diet. Without the continued use of milk, not only for the feeding of our children, but in liberal amounts in cookery and as an adjuvant to our diet, we cannot as a nation maintain the position as a world power to which we have arisen. The keeping of dairy animals was the greatest factor in the history of the development of man from a state of barbarism. We are now in a critical time when the dairy industry is in jeopardy. I feel it my privilege to point out that we are still dependent upon the dairy industry for our continued prosperity. Let us appreciate the debt we owe to the milk producer, and reward him according to the service he renders."

In order that we shall continue to have, therefore, this very essential milk to meet our absolute needs, in order that the number of our herds — which very truly represent the strength of a country — shall not be decreased, the demand for milk as a food must be increased. The dairyman must be encouraged, milk production must be stimulated by *increased use*. Because of the immediate actual milk shortage, however, this increased demand for milk must be accomplished without waste, or careless or unfair use. The subtle complication is apparent, and can only be unraveled, step by step, somewhat as follows:

Milk consumption in the United States should not fall below one pint of milk per capita per day.* From one pint to a quart of *whole milk* a day for each child, and from one-half to one pint for each adult is a wise allowance. A general demand for this amount would react favorably on the dairying business.

At the present time, however, with our population of over 100,000,000, "we produce only 39,354,116,300 quarts of milk a year. Of this 4.3 per cent. must go to feed calves, while 6.6 per cent. is used for ice cream and condensing. 89.1 per cent. is left for butter, cheese, and consumption in fluid form. This gives each of us not more than 350 quarts of milk a year," or one quart a day *for everything* — butter, cheese, whatever milk is used as milk, as well as the butter we must ship to the Allies. This at best means only one-half pound of butter apiece a week, a limited use of cream, and no milk wasted, if there is to be enough whole milk left, in fluid form, for the children.

Until our milk equilibrium can be restored, therefore, and while we must keep in mind increased consumption in order to encourage the producer, a fair division of whatever milk is immediately available must be made, every drop of milk must be used to advantage, and all children — particularly those under six years of age — should be protected, and receive their needed and just measure of unskimmed milk. It is to insure this that we have been asked by the Food Administration to refrain from the use of butter in cooking, and cream as a luxury — unless, of course, a fortunate and abundant local, personal supply might otherwise justify its use. Butter for cooking and cream for pleasure are *unessential*, and must not be purchased — "because I can pay for it" — at the cost of table butter for another, or whole milk for a child. These latter are *essential* — and cannot go.

DR. L. B. MENDEL tells us:

"In deciding whether any food is high or low in price, we must ask not merely how much we must pay for a pound or a quart, but how great is the return in actual food value. . . . In buying milk at 12 cents a quart one gets protein as cheaply as in meat at 25 cents a pound, or eggs at 35 cents a dozen, or fresh cod at 20 cents a pound; and one gets energy more cheaply than from any of these other materials. Even at 18 cents a quart of milk would be almost as cheap a source of protein and a cheaper source of energy than meat at 35 cents a pound, it would be a cheaper source of both protein and energy than eggs at 60 cents a dozen. Because of these facts dieticians advise families who must make every penny count to cut down on their meat before they do on their milk."

*Kellogg and Taylor, The Food Problem, Chapter VI.

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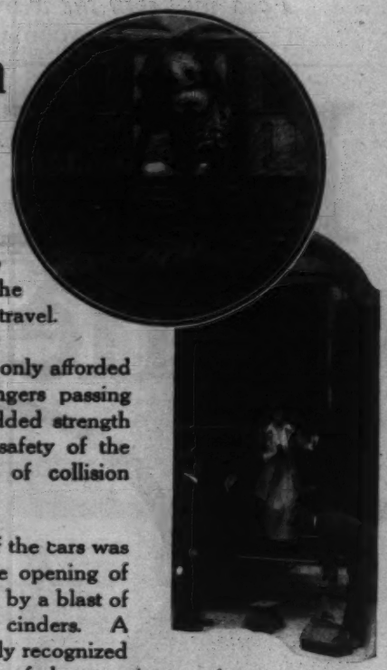
The Pullman Vestibule



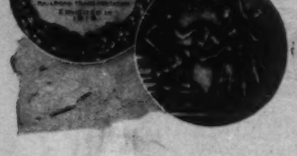
THE invention of the enclosed vestibule by the Pullman Company in 1886 marked a radical advance in the comfort and safety of railroad travel.

The Pullman vestibule not only afforded comfort and safety to passengers passing from car to car, but gave added strength to the car ends, increasing the safety of the occupants of the car in case of collision or other accident.

In addition, the cleanliness of the cars was facilitated, for no longer was the opening of the forward door accompanied by a blast of wind heavy with smoke and cinders. A further improvement was instantly recognized by the public in the reduction of the swaying motion of the cars when moving.

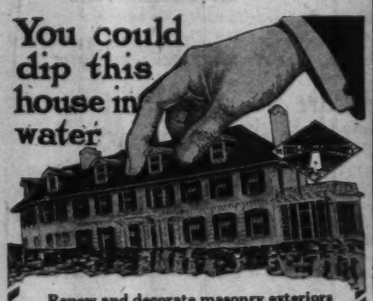
When the heavy steel frame came into use, first on wooden and later on steel cars, it became necessary to strengthen the vestibule frames to provide additional protection, and the Pullman Company again solved the problem.

This consisted of two heavy "I-beams," embodied in the structure of the vestibule. In case of collision these beams take up the most serious part of the shock and in a large measure prevent one platform from sliding over another in a manner known as "telescoping."



For this invention the Pullman Company was awarded in 1917, by the American Museum of Safety, the Scientific American medal for the most efficient safety device invented within the preceding three years.

THE PULLMAN COMPANY
Chicago



Renew and decorate masonry exteriors —stucco, concrete, or brick—with the liquid cement-coating, Trus-Con Stone-Tex. Formulated **specifically** for masonry surfaces; becomes an inseparable part of the wall, sealing all pores and filling hair-cracks. Unlike paints, it dampproofs as well as beautifies. Therefore, cannot chip, flake or peel off.

Furnished in many pleasing colors. Applied to new or old walls. One of the famous Trus-Con waterproofing and dampproofing products—sufficient assurance of quality.

If your brick, stucco, or cement building is disfigured, or damp and unsanitary, use Stone-Tex. Write for full information, telling your needs.

The Trus-Con Laboratories,
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We specialize in unusual paint requirements. Write for advice.

Renew Masonry Walls With
STONE TEX

The Rowe Bed Hammock is an ideal resting place for all the family. Conveniently big and roomy to stretch at full length—a bed and hammock combined. A substantial addition to porch or piazza. A safe "cradle" for baby's afternoon nap; a settle to entertain visitors; a constant comfort to the convalescent and the well—**a practical investment that pays generous dividends in health and pleasure by making it an object for all to spend more time out of doors.**

Made by old Gloucester sailmakers from genuine, non-fadeable, 21-oz. khaki—a popular shade that will not mildew or crock—that blends and harmonizes with every background and outdoor furnishing.

Sanitary, soft-top mattress with moisture-proof slip cover.

The hammock for wear—always in style—used extensively at select summer resorts, camps, bungalows, etc.

Costs a few dollars more but will outlast ten one-season hammocks.

The only hammock you can afford to buy.

Send for 1918 Folder and mention this magazine.

We Prepay Charges

E. L. ROWE & SON, Inc.

Makers of Tents and Hammocks for the U.S. Government
26 Water Street **Gloucester, Mass.**

Slandering the Red Cross

[*Continued from page 20*]

grafting officials and sell it at an advance. The thing was obviously impossible, yet the rumor must be explained lest it go on forever.

The universal prevalence of such attacks I think you will see is extremely suggestive, especially when directed boldly at the central organization. During the first sudden expansion of the work when we entered the war, one heard many complaints of the enormous expense accounts, and especially of the excessive salaries paid the officers and workers of the Red Cross. Some, we heard, were paid from $15,000 to $25,000 a year.

What is the truth? Luckily the official report alone can refute the charges. Although the membership has doubled in four months, the salary list has been greatly reduced.

The membership has grown to approximately twenty-two millions, but this extraordinary development will entail little if any increase in the number of paid employees. By a far-sighted reorganization to cope with its tremendous bulk of work the tendency indeed has been for salaries to decrease both in number and in average size.

The important posts in the Red Cross are filled, it must also be remembered, almost without exception, by men and women serving without pay. Others have left high-salaried positions to receive a merely nominal remuneration.

Another misconception, if not a wanton vilification of the Red Cross pictures it as seeking to establish a monopoly of war relief and to stifle the enterprise of other smaller organizations. It has been called a Relief Trust.

The fact is, however, that the main purpose of the Red Cross is to organize and coordinate all forms of war relief upon business principles so that there should be no wasteful over-lapping or duplication of effort. How necessary it is to have efficient and economical methods of production and distribution was shown abroad at the beginning of the war. In England, so many independent societies endeavored to furnish relief that great confusion ensued.

The transportation problem in America would alone demand a unified system of control. The efficient procuring and assigning of cargo space is too difficult a matter to permit of special deliveries to individuals or small unrelated groups.

For this and other obvious reasons the President of the United States has expressed the desire that all the philanthropic activities of the war be exercised through the direction of the Red Cross. Many, in fact, most important relief organizations do so cooperate. Among them are the National Surgical Dressings Committee, the American Fund for French Wounded, the Emergency Aid of Pennsylvania, the War Service League of the Salvation Army, the American Clearing House, the American Society for the Relief of French Orphans, the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, the Needlework Guild of America, and many others.

Another lame but popular libel on the Red Cross has been the assertion that supplies shipped to the National Clearing House have been neglected and lain in the storerooms so long that they have become musty and rat and moth eaten. Does that seem plausible when you know that in the months of last September, October and November alone, 33,000 tons of war relief supplies were shipped to Europe?

Nor has the personnel of the society been spared in these malicious rumors. Now you would hardly expect that a minister of the gospel would consent to assist in spreading such ridiculous stories, especially without having taken the least pains to corroborate them. What do you think, then, of a clergyman who would assert from the pulpit that one thousand Red Cross Nurses — and officially appointed Red Cross Nurses are universally admitted to be the pick of their profession, mentally, morally and physically — were so frivolous and indiscreet as to have to be sent back from France! This correspondence in the Red Cross files was, I think, the most remarkable of all. The parson's explanation was that the wife of the principal of the High School at — we'll call it Pudding Centre — had got the report from a Mrs.— suppose we say Sharpnose — living in, say, the town of Brummagem, had overheard a strange woman telling the story to another stranger in a department store in Philadelphia! Yes, except for the names, that, I give you my word, was his exact confession!

Are you not beginning to suspect, by this time, that all these stories are a part of a deliberately planned campaign to injure the Red Cross in the opinion of its supporters.

Well, then, who would be most interested in interference with the relief work of so powerful an organization? What do you think yourself? If our soldiers freeze to death for want of woolens, if they suffer or die lacking surgical dressings, if they become dissatisfied and discouraged by neglect of those at home, if our allies are also stinted — who will profit most? There is only one answer. Germany. There is only one inference as to the origin of such scandals so persistently scattered. German or pro-German propaganda. Can you doubt it?

Were the story of the ten-dollar bill, for instance, the only one that obtained circulation and credence, one might perhaps think it had been carelessly or mistakenly started, and had simply increased and multiplied in its travels as does a comic anecdote. There was probably some one particular person who first told the now classic story of the giraffe. You know — the country woman who on seeing it said, "They ain't no sich an anamile!" But the Red Cross stories, like Ford Car jokes, are innumerable and all deprecatory. Only, not being so funny, being, in fact, invariably vicious, one naturally suspects an animus. And that animus can come only from an enemy.

But take notice also; there is still another class that is benefited, though in, of course, a lesser way — a class that will, therefore, play easily into the hands of the enemy. To start such stories is not difficult, but to keep them going so fast and so far and so long needs more help than even pro-Germans can supply. There must be others glad to push the libel along for their own selfish ends. Now we know that Teutonic efforts to slow up the war are greatly assisted by Socialists, Pacifists and others who desire a peace at any price. So with the Red Cross calumnies; there are many who are glad to help. Where shall we look for them? Who beside Germans would be benefited? Obviously the great hypocritical family known colloquially as Tightwads.

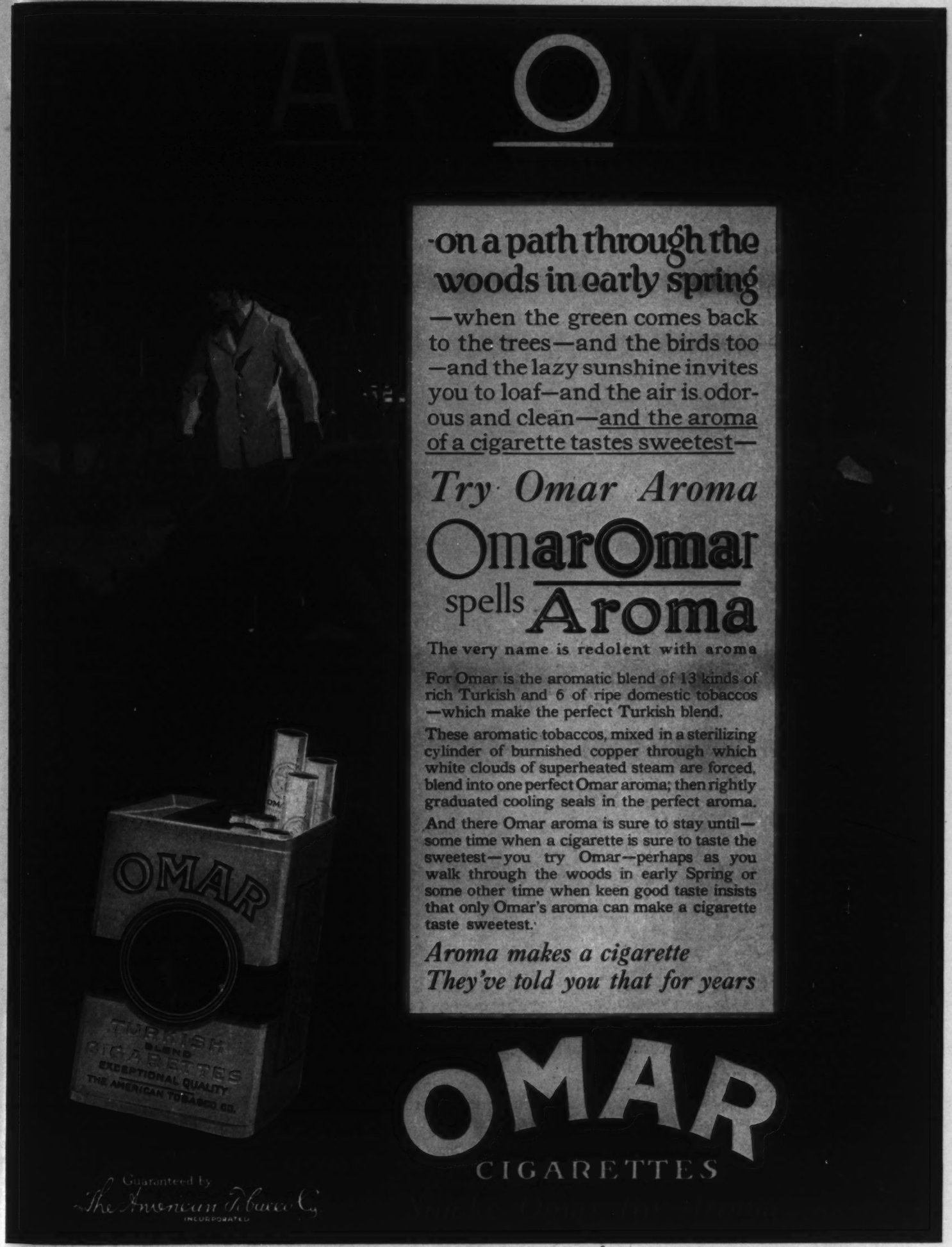
When, therefore, you find a person repeating slanders on the Red Cross, you will probably see in front of you one who is not a member, who gives no help or service, who has never subscribed; one who, in fact, is extremely loath to part with his money for any form of friendship or charity whatsoever. Pleased he is indeed to hear that the Red Cross squanders its funds — it gives him a beautiful excuse for keeping his money tight inside his pocket. And you can always trust him to repeat the tale with unction whenever a Red Cross drive is on. "No, it isn't the money, it's the principle of the thing. They're a bunch of crooks. Why, a man told me a fellow said he heard that—" Haven't you met him? You will.

And so, when somebody tells you that someone said so-and-so had a letter from a supposititious soldier son in France who had to pay two dollars for a muffler, while some soldiers received five and six sweaters apiece free; when you hear of graft in the wool supply or of waste of materials or money in the Red Cross, what is your duty, as a member and a loyal American? Make your own investigation and report.

"How do you know this story is true? Can you give the names? Have you tried to confirm the tale? If not, why are you circulating such hearsay libels?" Ask your informant that. Beware lest you too are made the tool of German propagandists.

If the charge, however, can seem to be corroborated, report it to the Headquarters of the Red Cross in Washington. It will be glad to hear of any alleged irregularity, and if proved, to correct it.

For it is proud and jealous of its honor as the greatest and most efficient work of charity that the world has ever known. No movement in history has ever so successfully, so enthusiastically mobilized the volunteer altruistic spirit of a whole people as has the American Red Cross.


-on a path through the woods in early spring
—when the green comes back to the trees—and the birds too—and the lazy sunshine invites you to loaf—and the air is odorous and clean—and the aroma of a cigarette tastes sweetest—
Try Omar Aroma
OmarOmar spells Aroma
The very name is redolent with aroma
For Omar is the aromatic blend of 13 kinds of rich Turkish and 6 of ripe domestic tobaccos—which make the perfect Turkish blend.
These aromatic tobaccos, mixed in a sterilizing cylinder of burnished copper through which white clouds of superheated steam are forced, blend into one perfect Omar aroma; then rightly graduated cooling seals in the perfect aroma.
And there Omar aroma is sure to stay until—some time when a cigarette is sure to taste the sweetest—you try Omar—perhaps as you walk through the woods in early Spring or some other time when keen good taste insists that only Omar's aroma can make a cigarette taste sweetest.
Aroma makes a cigarette
They've told you that for years
OMAR
CIGARETTES
OMAR
TURKISH BLEND CIGARETTES
EXCEPTIONAL QUALITY
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

Marvelous Wireless Toy

Looks Impossible

Here is the outcome of years of experimenting to produce a Wireless Toy, and now a few thousand of them are ready. This perfect Wireless Dog, "O-Jiffo" is the sensation of the age. You simply place the dog in the dog-house—nothing to wind, no strings—you can stand away from it as far as you like up to fifty feet and merely call **"O-Jiffo"** and out runs the dog. Looks absolutely impossible—mystifying. Not only is O-Jiffo the greatest toy invention, but its scientific principles will cause thought and intense interest.

Many great inventions are to come from this principle of sound waves. The first of these O-Jiffo's have cost many thousands of dollars, but with the completion of new equipment for big production, **"O-Jiffo"** can be sold for $1.50. We, therefore, offer this first lot at only $1.50 each, delivered anywhere prepaid. Guaranteed to work perfectly or money refunded.

No Wires—No Strings—Just Voice Currents, Sound Waves, Bring the Dog Out of His House—No Winding—Just Call "O-Jiffo" and Out Comes the Dog

Simply Call O-JIFFO And Out Comes The Dog!

Dog house is solidly made of beautifully painted, selected wood and stands 7 inches high. The dog is of composition, a perfectly proportioned likelike bull dog. The sound wave equipment is of best steel, practically indestructible. Guaranteed five years. Comes in securely packed corrugated board box.

A Million Laughs—Greatest Toy Invention of the Age—Scientific—Absolutely Wireless

Children simply go wild over this wonderful Dog. They never grow tired of it. Grown-ups never cease to wonder how it is done. Those of inventive turn of mind see tremendous possibilities for a wide range of inventions. O-Jiffo is indeed the toy sensation of the hour. It is never shown but that it attracts attention of everyone. We want to get this first lot in the homes quickly. From the first five samples sold, 300 orders were received and orders are increasing daily. Soon our factory output will take care of orders for any quantity.

DEALERS—AGENTS

Dealers, line up your 1918 supply now. Our increased capacity is rapidly being sold up and you surely want to come in on the biggest toy seller of the times.

Agents, here is an article that sells itself, show it anywhere, to young or old; crowds gather; sales made quick. Write for full particulars.

Send us $1.50 today and we will send you one of these O-Jiffo Wireless Dogs and Dog Houses prepaid. If you do not say it is the greatest toy you ever saw, if you are not satisfied with your purchase, send it back and we will refund your $1.50 immediately.

MANDEL TOY CO., 1451 West Congress Street, Chicago, Ill.

Here Is John M. Browning

The Inventor of the Machine-gun

The Chattering Destroyer

by **Waldemar Kaempffert**

WHO is it that brings the machinery of fighting to ghastly perfection? Not the swashbuckling, blood-thirsty, spur-clicking major, but your mild-mannered, peace-loving civilian. Your army or navy officer dabbles in military inventions pedantically. He adapts and improves; he rarely startles the world with a way of dealing death, more terrible than any previously conceived. Who gave us the iron-clad battleship? Not a naval officer, but Ericsson, a marine engineer. Who planned the submarine? Not a Hull or a Nelson, but Robert Fulton, an artist. Who invented the flying machine that now hovers over every European battlefield? Not an army man, but the Wright Brothers, two bicycle makers of Dayton, Ohio. And who gave us the machine-gun which squirts death on a dozen European battle-grounds every day? Not a colonel or a captain, but Hiram Maxim, a brilliant American mechanic. Verily, the mechanisms of warfare are the inventions of romantically imaginative but lamb-like private citizens.

There are machines that make one laugh with the sheer gratification of beholding them in action. The Maxim is one of them. What can be more ingenious, more startling, than to make the recoil of a gun place a cartridge in the chamber, fire the cartridge, eject the empty shell, and re-load?

IT is uncannily human—the Maxim. The first shot is fired when the gunner presses the trigger. "Ah," observes the gun, "I must now recoil." And recoil it does. At the end of its travel it says, "I must open the breech now." It does so and at the same time draws a loaded cartridge from a belt and extracts the empty case from the chamber. "That's about all I'll want of you," it comments to the empty case as it throws it on the ground, proceeding at the same time to lower the loaded cartridge in line with the chamber. And then the gun gives an order to a spring which the movement of recoil has extended: "Push that fresh cartridge home." The spring contracts and obeys. Meanwhile the firing pin has been cocked, and unless the gunner has removed his finger from the trigger, the gun is discharged again. It has taken you perhaps a quarter of a minute to read this brief description. The gun has performed all these operations in one-tenth of a second.

As soon as Maxim had successfully introduced his gun into the British army, other inventors engaged in the designing of similar automatic weapons. They dared not infringe the Maxim patents, and so they hit upon what is known as the gas-operated gun. As the name indicates, the pressure of the powder gases is made to operate the loading and firing mechanism.

It was Kitchener who first showed the world what a frightful weapon the machine-gun really is. When he commanded the British troops in Africa, he took with him some Maxims. Omdurman still stands out as the bloodiest of one-sided slaughters. Of what avail were javelins and savage frenzy against a heartless thing of steel that spat six hundred bullets a minute? Parliament was so horrified that it actually debated whether or not the use of the Maxim should be continued. Even officers hardened to the horrors of war are appalled at the machine-gun's ghastly efficiency. In his report on the Gallipoli campaign, General Sir Ian Hamilton referred to the machine-gun as "the invention of the devil."

DRIVING an automobile is child's play compared with handling a machine-gun in action. A belt or clip of cartridges must be inserted at frequent intervals; if there is a jam — and there always is, sooner or later — the cause of the stoppage must be discovered. And all this under fire! The machine gunner may not be a nervous weakling. He must have the coolness and courage of a fighting aviator, the mechanical sense and natural liking for machinery that one expects of a locomotive engineer, the patience and skill of a crack sharpshooter. There is an art in handling a machine-gun, and in the hands of a desperate artist a single machine-gun is the equivalent of fifty to eighty rifles. When infantry casualties exceed twenty-five per cent, it is time to retreat. But fifty per cent of the men who man machine-guns may be lost, and yet the organization may still maintain the fire of all its guns. It is easy now to understand why Germany succeeded so long in holding the Western front against enemies that outnumbered her two to one.

When you read in press dispatches of the havoc wrought by machine-gun fire on an advancing line of Germans, you picture to yourself death literally streaming from the barrels of machine-guns. To your mind's eye it is as if the gunner's task is something like that of a fireman who directs water from a hose on a burning building. They do call the machine-gun "the hose of death," but the term is misleading.

An ordinary rifle becomes hot after it has been fired perhaps a dozen times. But what shall be said of a weapon which can fire six hundred shots in a minute? There is no time between shots for the barrel to cool. An intensely hot flame is continuously applied to the steel. In fact, the heat generated by the powder gases is measured by four thousand degrees Fahrenheit, which is far hotter than the blue flame of a kitchen gas-stove. No wonder that the steel of the barrel is softened; no wonder that it is so easily washed away by the blast of high-pressure gases. The steel has not yet been made out of which a machine-gun can be fashioned which will squirt death hour after hour. Even if but a few thousand shots were fired without interruption the gun would scarcely live an hour — so utterly impossible is it as yet to keep down the temperature.

Therefore, a machine-gun is fired in spurts. It stutters and stops, stutters and stops. You hear a ra-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat. Then silence. Ra-tat-tat-tat-tat again. Another silence. And so we have a kind of intermittent but unmistakable chatter.

The first rattle of shots jars the gun off the mark. That is another reason why a machine-gun does not fire as continuously as water is discharged from a hose. Because the weapon must be "relaid," (in military parlance,) the gunner must of necessity stop at the end of perhaps twenty or thirty shots. It is for this reason that the Germans use machine-guns in pairs, and fire the two in a pair alternately. The stream of bullets is fairly steady, and, what is more, over-heating is avoided.

In both gun and automobile engine, the temperatures of explosion are about the same. The automobile engine, as you know, is cooled either by water or by air. So is the machine-gun. In the modern Maxim (the Vickers) seven pints of water surround the barrel. After six hundred rounds have been fired the water boils. At least one and one-half pints of water evaporate for every one thousand rounds. The steam — will it not betray the gunner's position? It will. Therefore a little tank or pail must be carried along in which the steam is condensed.

AND now, after having found out what a machine-gun is and how it sprays death, the question arises: Who is this man Browning, whose machine-gun has been officially adopted by the United States army? How does he rank with Maxim, Lewis, and the score of men who have made the machine-gun so horrible an instrument of destruction? In all the bitter controversy that was waged over the Browning machine-gun during the searching investigation which Congress conducted to discover what ailed the Bureau of Ordnance, [*Continued on page 43*]

As a Food For Children

Grape-Nuts has long enjoyed popularity.

Its sweet, nut-like flavor appeals to the growing child's appetite, and its wholesome composition of wheat and malted barley make it a "builder" of highest grade.

Grape-Nuts

is so processed that it provides the greatest nourishment in the most compact form.

It is easily digested and furnishes those wonderful phosphates of iron, phosphorus, calcium, etc., so essential for health, steady nerves and keen brains.

Grape-Nuts is attracting special attention these days, for it is considered by many as the ideal blend of wheat and other grains and is thus in tune with the times as a wheat-saver, while its self-developed sugar, from the grains, makes it of added value as an economizer.

"There's a Reason" *for* Grape-Nuts

You Are Invited to Be Present — *Continued from page 10*

when his daughter and her companion bore down upon his left flank.

Mr. Alf Reesling was a few paces behind them.

As they came within earshot, young Schultz was saying in a suspiciously earnest manner:

"You better come in and have anodder sody, Susie."

Just then their gaze fell upon Mr. Crow.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Susie, startled.

"By cheminy!" fell from Otto's wide-open mouth. He blinked a couple of times. "Is — is that you?" he inquired, incredulously.

"You mean *me?*" asked Anderson, with considerable asperity.

"Sure," said Otto, halting.

"Can't you see it's me?" demanded Mr. Crow.

"But you ain'd here," said the perplexed young man, getting pinker all the time. "You're aroundt in Sickle Streed."

"Alf!" called out Anderson. "Look here a minute. Is this me?" He spoke with biting sarcasm.

Mr. Reesling regarded him with some anxiety.

"You better go home, Anderson," he said. "This sun is a derned sight hotter'n you think."

"Didn't we see you a minute ago around in Sickle Street, Pop?" inquired Susie. "Looking in that hair-dresser's window?"

"Maybe you did and maybe you didn't," replied Mr. Crow, shrewdly. Then, with thinly veiled significance: "I'm purty busy lookin' into a good many things nowadays." He favored Otto with a penetrating glance. "Ever sence the U. S. A. declared war on Germany, Mr. Otto Schultz."

"How aboudt that sody, Miss Susie?" said Otto, in a pained sort of voice.

"You'd better be saving your money, Otto," she advised, with such firmness that her father looked at her sharply.

"Oh, spiffles!" said Otto, getting still redder.

Mr. Crow was all ears. Alf Reesling burned his fingers on a match he held too long in the hot, still air some six or eight inches from the bowl of his pipe.

"Well, getting married is no joke," said Susie, shaking her pretty head solemnly.

OTTO took a deep breath. "You bet you it ain'd," he said, with feeling. That seemed to give him courage. He took off his straw hat, and, as he ran his finger around the moist "sweat-band," he blurted out: "I don't mind if you tell your fadder, Susie. Go and tell him."

"Tell him yourself," said Susie.

"As I was saying a few minutes ago," said Otto, ingenuously, "the only obchection I had to your tellin' your fadder was that I didn't want everybody in town to know it before I could get home and tell my mother yet."

"Don't go away, Alf," said Mr. Crow, darkly. "I'll need you as a witness. I hereby subpoena you as a witness to what's goin' to happen in less'n no time. Now, Mr. Otto Schultz, spit it out."

Otto disgorged these cyclonic words:

"I'm going to get married, Mr. Crow, that's all."

Mr. Crow was equally explicit and quite as brief.

"Only over my dead body," he shouted, and then turned upon Susie. "You go home, Susan Crow. Skedaddle! Get a move on, I say. I'll nip this blamed German plot right in the beginning. Do you hear me, Susan ——"

Susan stared at him. "Hear you?" she cried. "They can hear you up in the graveyard. What on earth's got into you, Pop? What ——"

"You'll see what's got into me, purty derned quick," said Anderson, and pointed his long, trembling forefinger at the amazed Mr. Schultz, who had dropped his hat and was stooping over to retrieve it without taking his eyes from the menacing face of the speaker.

It had rolled in the direction of Mr. Alf Reesling. That gentleman obligingly stopped it with his foot. After removing his foot, he undertook to return the hat without stooping at all, the result being that it sped past Otto and landed in the middle of the street some twenty feet away.

"So you think you c'n git married without my consent, do you?" demanded Anderson, witheringly. "You think you c'n sneak around behind my back an' ——"

"I ain'd sneakin' aroundt behind anybody's back," broke in Otto, straightening up. "I don't know what you are talking aboud, Mr. Crow,— and needer do you," he added gratuitously. "What for do I haf to get your consent to get married for? I get myself's consent and my girl's consent and my fadder's consent — Say!" His voice rose. "Don't you think I am of age yet?"

"IF you talk loud like that, I'll run you in fer disturbin' the peace, young feller," warned Anderson, observing that a few of Tinkletown's citizens were slowly but surely surrendering squatter's rights to chairs and soap-boxes on the shady side of the block. "Just you keep a civil tongue in ——"

"You ain'd answered my question yet," insisted Otto, with increased vigor.

"That's sufficient," he said, accepting Alf's testimony with a profound air of dignity. "There ain't no law against anybody marryin' a woman old enough to be his mother."

"Everybody in town give Gertie up long ago," added Alf, amiably. "Only goes to show that while there's life there's hope. I'd 'a' swore she was on the shelf fer good. How'd you happen to pick her, Otto?"

"She's all right," growled Otto uncomfortably. Then he added, with considerable acerbity: "I'm goin' to tell her you said she was forty-two, Alf Reesling."

"Well, ain't she?" demanded Alf, bristling.

"No, she ain'd," replied Otto. "She's twendy-nine."

"Come, come," put in Anderson sternly. "None o' this now! Move on, Alf! No scrappin' on the public thoroughfares o' Tinkletown. You're gettin' more and more rambunctious every day, Alf."

WATCH out for "Thingumajee Thingumabob Jones" — something new in gentlemen — who will make his bow in the June McClure's. Here is a war story by Achmed Abdullah, against a brilliant background. The Allies fight it out with their enemy, not in Flanders this time, but where "the dawn comes up like thunder, outer China 'crost the Bay!" A resplendent story, resplendently told

"Here's yer hat, Otto," said Alf Reesling in a conciliatory voice. He was brushing the article with the sleeve of his coat. "A horse must 'a' stepped on it or somethin'. I never see ——"

"Ain'd I of age, Mr. Crow?" bellowed Otto. "Didn't I vote for you at the last ——"

"That ain't the question," interrupted Anderson sharply. "The question is, is the girl of age?" He favored his sixteen-year-old daughter with a fiery glance.

Otto Schultz's broad, flat face became strangely pinched. There was something positively apoplectic in the hue that spread over it.

"Oh, Pop!" shrieked Susie, a peal of laughter bursting from her lips. Instantly, however, her two hands were pressed to her mouth, stifling the outburst.

Otto gave her a hurt, surprised — and unmistakably horrified — look. Then a silly grin struggled into existence.

"Maybe she don'd tell the truth aboud her age yet, Mr. Crow," he said huskily. "Womens always lie aboud their ages. Maybe she lie aboud hers."

Anderson flared. "Don't you dare say my daughter lies about her age — or anything else," he roared.

"Whose daughter?" gasped Otto.

"Mine!"

"But she ain'd your daughter."

"*What!* Well, of all the ——"

Words failed Mr. Crow. He looked helplessly, appealingly at Alf Reesling, as if for support.

Mr. Reesling rose to the occasion.

"Do you mean to insinuate, Otto Schultz, that ——" he began as he started to remove his coat.

By this time Susie felt it was safe to trust herself to speech. She removed her hands from her mouth and cried out:

"He isn't talking about me, Pop," she gasped. "It's Gertie Bumbelburg."

"Sure," said Otto hastily.

Mr. Crow still being speechless, Alf suspended his belligerent preparations, and, cocking one eye calculatingly, settled the matter of Miss Bumbelburg's age with exasperating accuracy.

"Gertie's a little past forty-two," he announced. "Born in March, 1875, just back o' where Sid Martin's feedstore used to be."

The marshal had recovered his composure.

"He ought to be ashamed of himself, speakin' by a lady when he knows he's in such a condition," said Otto, turning from the unfortunate Alf to Miss Crow. "Ain'd that so, Susie?"

"Don't answer, Susie," said Mr. Crow, quickly. "This is no time to side in with Germany."

"I'm as good an American as you are already," cried Otto, goaded beyond endurance.

Mr. Crow smiled tolerantly. "Git out! Let's hear you say 'vinegar'."

"Winegar," said Otto triumphantly. "I can say it as good as you can yet."

Anderson nudged Mr. Reesling, and chuckled.

"That's the way to spot 'em," he said significantly.

"There's a better way than that," said Alf.

"How's that?"

Alf whispered in the marshal's ear.

Anderson shook his head. "But where are you goin' to get the weenywurst, Alf?"

"Come on, Otto," said Susie, impatiently. "I have an engagement."

They moved off rapidly, passing the ice-cream parlor without hesitating.

"D'you hear that?" said Alf, after a moment. "She said she was engaged."

That night Anderson Crow, town marshal, superintendent of streets, chief of the fire department, post-commander of the G. A. R., truant officer, dog-catcher, member of the American Horse-thief Detective Association, member of the Universal Detective Bureau, chairman of the Tinkletown Battlefield Society, etc., lay awake until nearly nine o'clock, seeking a solution to the astonishing problem that confronted Tinkletown and its environs.

LATE reports, received by telephone just before retiring, ran the number of prospective marriages up to twenty-eight. His daughters, Susie and Caroline — the latter the eldest of a family of six and secretly approaching the age of thirty-two — confided to him that they had had eleven and three proposals respectively. A singular feature of the craze was the unanimity of impulse affecting men between the ages of twenty and thirty, and the utter absence of concentration on the part of the applicants. It was of record that some of them proposed to as many as five or six young women before being finally accepted. Rashness appeared to be the watchword. The matrimonial stampede swept caution and consequences into a general heap, and delivered a community of the backwardness that threatened to become a menace to posterity.

As Anderson Crow lay in his bed, he tried to enumerate on his fingers the young men who remained unpledged. Starting with his thumb he got as far as the third finger of his left hand and then, being sleepy and the effort a trying one, he lost track of those already counted and had to begin all over again, with the maddening result that he could go no further than the second finger. One of the eligibles had slipped his mind completely. The whole situation was harrowing.

"Fer instance," he ruminated aloud, oblivious of the fact that his wife was sound asleep, "what is a feller like Newt Blossom goin' to keep a wife on, I'd like to know. He c'n hardly keep himself in chewin' tobaccer as it is, an' as fer the other necessities of life he wouldn't have any of 'em if his mother wasn't such a dern' fool about him. The idee of him tryin' to get our Susie to marry him — an' Carrie too, fer that matter — w'y, I git in a cold sweat every time I think of it."

He shook his wife vigorously.

"Say, Ma," he said, yawning, "I just thought o' somethin' I want you to remember in the mornin'. Wake up."

"All right," she mumbled, sleepily. "What is it?"

But Mr. Crow was now fast alseep himself.

EARLY the next morning he entered the kitchen, where he found Caroline helping her mother with the breakfast.

Mrs. Crow paused in the act of paring slices from a side of bacon. She eyed her husband inimically.

"See here, Anderson, you just got to put a stop to all this foolishness."

"Don't bother me. Can't you see I'm thinkin'?" said he.

"Well, it's time you did somethin' more than think. That Smathers boy was here about ten minutes ago, red as a beet, askin' fer Susie. Carrie told him she wasn't up yet, and what do you think the little whipper-snapper said?"

Anderson blinked, and shook his head.

"He said, 'Well, I guess you'll do, Caroline. Would you mind steppin' outside fer a couple of minutes? I got somethin' I want to say to you in private.'"

Caroline sat down and laughed unrestrainedly.

"Well, by geminy crickets!" gasped Anderson, aghast. Then he added anxiously: "You — you didn't go an' do anything foolish, did you, Carrie?"

"Not unless you'd call throwing a pail of cold water on him foolish," said Carrie, wiping her eyes.

"Somethin's got to be done, Anderson," said his wife, compressing her lips.

Susie came in at that juncture. She was the apple of Anderson's eye — the prettiest girl in town. Mr. Crow hurried to the kitchen door.

"Go back upstairs," he ordered, casting a swift, uneasy glance around the back yard.

"What's the matter, Pop?"

Mr. Crow did not respond. His keen, roving eye had descried a motionless figure at the mouth of the alley.

Caroline explained.

"Can you beat it?" cried Susie, inelegantly, but with a very proper scorn. "I told him yesterday he ought to be ashamed of himself, trying to coax Fanny Burns away from Ed Foster."

"Ed Foster?" exclaimed Mr. Crow sharply, turning from the doorway. "Why, he's not goin' to be married till after the war, an' that's a long ways off. Ed's around in his uniform an' says the National Guard's likely to be called 'most any day now. He ——"

"That's one of the arguments Joe Smathers put up to Fanny," said his youngest daughter. "He said maybe the war would last five years, and he thought she was a fool to wait that long. What's more, he said, if Ed ever does get to France he's likely to be killed — or fatally wounded — and then where would she be?"

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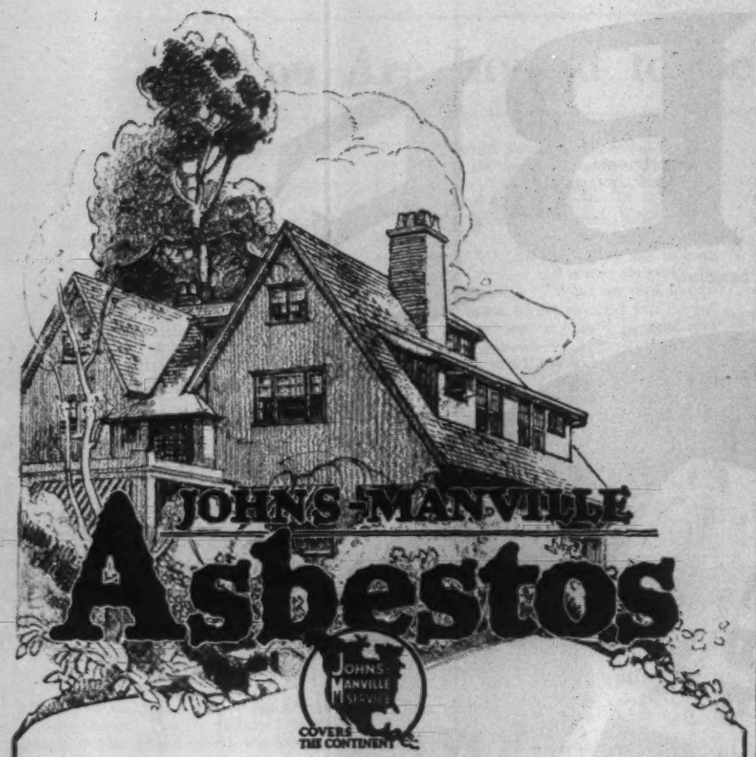

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Automobile Editor of McClure's Magazine

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Anderson suddenly lifted his right leg and slapped it with great force.

"By the great Jehosaphat!" he shouted. "I've got it! I've solved the whole derned mystery. Come to me like a flash. Of all the low-down, cowardly ——"

Mrs. Crow interrupted him. "Do you mean to say, Anderson Crow, that you never suspected what's got into all these gay Lotharios?"

He was instantly on his guard. "What are you talkin' about, Ma?" he demanded querulously. "You surely can't mean to insin'yate that I ——"

"What is this mystery you've just been solvin'?" she asked relentlessly.

He met this with a calm tolerance.

"Nothin' much. Just simply got to the bottom of a German plot to stuff the young men of America so full of weddin' cake they won't be able to git into the trenches, that's all."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Crow, who, as a dutiful wife, never failed to be impressed by her husband's belated discoveries.

"Eggin' our boys into gittin' married, so's they can't be drafted," went on Anderson, expanding with his new-found idea. "It's a general pro-German plot — world-wide, as the sayin' is. Now, I'll tell you somethin' else. Shut the door, Susie. Like as not some spy's listenin' outside this very minute. They know I'm onto 'em." He lowered his voice. "You'd be surprised if I was to tell you that the whole derned plot originated right here in Tinkletown, wouldn't you? Well, that's exactly what I'm goin' to tell you. Started right here and spread from one end of the land to the other. Sort of headquarters here. I don't know as there is any more prominent or influential Germans in the whole United States than Adolph Schultz, the butcher on Main Street, and Heiney Wimpelmeyer, the tanyard man, and Ben Olson, the contractor, and ——"

"Ben Olson is a Swede," interrupted Carrie.

"He *claims* to be a Swede," said her father severely. "Don't try to tell me anything, Carrie. I guess I know what I'm talkin' about." He paused to mentally repair the break in his chain of thought. "Um — ah — what *wuz* I talkin' about?"

"About the Swedes," said Carrie, snickering.

"Breakfast's ready, Pa," said Mrs. Crow. "Call the boys, Susie."

"How are you going to stop it, Pop?" inquired Susie, after they were all seated.

"Never you mind," said he. "I've got the thing all worked out. I'll stop it, all right."

"You can't keep people from gittin' married, Anderson, if they're set on doin' it," said his wife.

"You bet if I was old enough I wouldn't be gittin' married," said fourteen-year-old Hiram, in a somewhat ambiguous burst of patriotism.

Immediately after breakfast Mr. Crow set out for the town hall. He was deep in thought. His whiskers were elevated to an almost unprecedented level, so tightly was his jaw set. He had made up his mind to preserve the honor of Tinkletown. Meeting Alf Reesling in front of the post office, he unburdened himself in a flood of indignation that left the town drunkard soberer than he had been in years, despite his vaunted abstemiousness.

"But you can't slap all the Germans in jail, Anderson," protested Alf. "In the first place, it ain't legal, and in the second place — in the second place —" He paused and scratched his head, evidently to some purpose, for suddenly his face cleared. "In the second place, the jail ain't big enough."

"That ain't my fault," said the marshal grimly. "We've got to nip this thing in the bud if we have to ——"

"What proof have you got that the Germans are back of all this? Got to have proof, you know."

"Gosh a'mighty, Alf, ain't you got any sense at all? What are all these fellers gittin' married for if there ain't somethin' behind it? They ain't ——"

"They're gittin' married because every blamed one of 'em is a slacker," said Alf forcibly.

"A what?"

"Slacker. They don't want to fight, that's what it means."

Anderson pondered. He tugged at his whiskers.

"They don't want to fight *who?*" he demanded abruptly.

"W'y — w'y — nobody," said Alf.

"They don't want to fight the *Germans*," said Mr. Crow triumphantly. "That ought to settle the matter, Alf. What better proof do you want than that? That shows the Germans are back of the whole infernal plot. They are corruptin' our young men. Eggin' 'em into gittin married so's ——"

"Well," said Alf, "there's only one way to put a stop to that. You got to appeal to the women and girls of this here town. You simply got to talk to 'em like a Dutch uncle, Anderson. These boys of our'n have just got to remain single fer the duration of the war."

"That puts an idee in my head," said Anderson. "S'posin' I put up an official notice from Washin'ton that all marriages contracted before the draft are fer the duration of the war only. How's that?"

"Thunderation! No! That's just what the boys would like better'n anything."

"But it ain't what the *girls* would like, is it?"

Mr. Reesling was silent for a long time, letting the idea crystallize, so to speak.

"Supposin' they hear about it in Washin'ton," said he doubtfully, but still dazzled by the thought.

"President Wilson don't know this town's on the map," said Anderson, a most surprising admission for him. "An' even if he does hear about it, he'll back me up, you c'n bet your boots on that — even if I am a Republican. Come on, Alf; let's step around to the *Banner* printin' office."

Shortly before noon a hastily printed poster, still damp and smelling of ink, appeared on the bulletin-board in front of the town hall. A few minutes later a similar decoration marred the façade of the Fairbanks scales in front of Higgins's Feed Store, and still another loomed up on the telephone pole in front of the post office.

With the help of the editor, who was above all things an enterprising citizen and a patriot, the "official notice" was drafted, doctored and approved in the dingy composing-room of the Tinkletown *Banner*. The lone compositor, with a bucket of paste, sallied forth and, under the critical eye of the town marshal, "stuck up" the poster in places where no one could help seeing it.

The notice read:

OFFICIAL!!!
War Proclamation No. 7!!!
The Undersigned by Virtue of the Authority vested in him by his fellowmen hereby gives
DUE NOTICE
to the Citizens of Tinkletown that the President of These United States
and
Congress in solemn conclave
have uttered the following decree, to become effective immediately upon publication thereof:

All marriages entered into by Male Citizens of the United States of America between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one on and after this date, the 31st of May, 1917, shall be in force for the duration of the War only. This measure is taken at this time for the purpose of making things as easy as possible for our young heroes, who, in the grave hour of battle, must not be worried with thoughts of the future.

Men so marrying shall have precedence over all others in the

SELECTIVE DRAFT
for the National Army Immediately to be Called
Such men shall be the first called to the Colors.

TEMPORARY WIDOWS
of any and all such Soldiers shall not be entitled to
PENSIONS
in the Event of the Death of said Provisional Husbands, and shall revert upon notice thereof, to the State of Single-blessedness from which they were

LURED!!!

By order of
ANDERSON CROW,
Marshal.

As the first of these desolating posters was put in place, the Rev. Mr. Maltby, pastor of the Congregational Church, happened to be passing the town hall. He halted and, in astonishment, read the notice.

"My dear man," said he to Mr. Crow, "this cannot be true."

"Does seem a little high-handed, don't it?" said Anderson guiltily.

"Can it be possible that the President has issued such a revolutionary ——"

"Listen a minute, Mr. Maltby," said the marshal, taking him by the arm and fur-

tively glancing over his own shoulder. "It ain't true — not a derned word of it. Now, wait a minute. Don't fly off the — Mornin', Father Maloney, mornin' to you."

The sunny-faced Catholic priest had joined them. He adjusted his spectacles and peered at the notice.

"Well, well, bless my soul!" he exclaimed, staring blankly at the Congregationalist. "What's all this I see?"

"Come inside," said Anderson hastily. "Alf, if you happen to see Mr. Downs, the Methodist preacher, and Justice Robb, bring 'em here right away, will you?"

"Shall I go ahead and paste any more of these, Anderson?" inquired the compositor, shifting his quid.

"Certainly," said the marshal.

Later on the marshal left the town hall, followed by several smiling gentlemen of the cloth, Justice Robb, and the editor of the *Banner*.

"Bless your heart, Marshal Crow," said Father Maloney, "we're with ye to a man. It's a glorious lie ye're telling, and ye've got the church solid behind ye."

"Naturally *we* shall not be obliged to falsify," said the Rev. Mr. Maltby, still a bit shaken. "We can simply say that the matter is news to us. Eh, brothers?"

"Sure," said Father Maloney. "We can do that much for the good of the country. Indeed, if I'm closely pressed I may go so far as to say that I caught a glimpse of the official despatch from Washington. This is no time to deny the President, gentlemen, no matter who issues his proclamation." He added the last with a whimsical smile and a wink that rather shocked his Methodist brother. "Especially when the whole matter is vouched for by our respected town marshal, who, to my certain knowledge, possesses the veracity of a George Washington. Have you ever been caught chopping down a cherry tree, Mr. Marshal?"

"No, *sir*," said Anderson promptly.

Father Maloney beamed. "There ye are!" he exclaimed heartily. "I told ye so. The epitome of veracity. There isn't another man of his age in America who would have answered no to that question, with no one in a position to contradict him."

The editor had his note-book. "Gentlemen, would you object to being interviewed on this important message from Washington? Giving your views on the situation and anything else ——"

"You may say for me, Mr. Jones, that I warmly indorse the President of the United States in any act which he may deem wise and expedient," said Rev. Mr. Maltby, rising nobly to the occasion. Father Maloney and Rev. Mr. Downs promptly acquiesced.

"And that I am prepared to issue marriage certificates for the duration of the war to all females so desirin' 'em," said Justice of the Peace Robb. "It ain't cuttin' me out of any fees," he went on, addressing the marshal. "Fer as I c'n make out, they all want to git married fer nothin'."

"I will be very careful how I word your remarks, gentlemen," said Editor Jones, putting up his note-book. "Now, I'll start out and interview a few of the prospective brides. It ought to make good reading."

Long before nightfall the sleepy village of Tinkletown was in a state of agitation unsurpassed by anything within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. . . . Along about supper time one could have heard animated arguments rising above the clear stillness of the air, penetrating even to the heaven which was called upon to witness the unswerving fidelity of two opposing sexes. There was a distinct difference, however, in the duration of this professed fidelity. Masculine voices pleaded for the immediate justification of undying constancy, while those of a feminine quality preferred a prolongation of the exquisite agony of suspense. In short, the brides-elect were obdurate. They insisted on waiting, even to the end of time, for the realization of their fondest, dearest hopes. Several heart-broken gentlemen, preferring anything to procrastination, threatened to shoot themselves.

"What's the sense of doing that?" argued one middle-aged widow of a practical turn of mind. "You can save funeral expenses by letting the Germans do it for you."

The next day the merchants of Tinkletown — notably the Five and Ten Cent Store and Fisher's Queensware Store — did a thriving business. From one end of the town to the other came people returning presents that fortunately had not been delivered, and others asking to have their accounts credited with presents already received.

Of the twenty-odd weddings announced for the week ending June 3, 1917, only one took place.

Mr. Otto Schultz was married on Saturday to Miss Bumbelburg. He was the only candidate in town who was worth suing for breach of promise. Miss Bumbelburg, having waited many years for her chance, was not to be frightened by a Presidential proclamation. The duration of the war meant nothing to her. She had unlimited faith in the Kaiser. When the war was over he would come over to the United States and revoke all the silly old laws. And she was so positive about it that, after a rather heated interview in the home of Mr. Schultz, senior, that gentleman admitted it would be cheaper for her to come and live with them after the wedding than to present her with the thousand dollars she demanded in case Otto preferred war to peace.

Mr. Crow, on the 5th of June, strode proudly, efficiently, up and down Main Street, always stopping at the registration booth to slap former fiancés on the back and encourage them with such remarks as this:

"That's right, son. If you've *got* to fight, fight for your country."

To Mr. Alf Reesling he confided:

"I tell you what, Alf, when this here Kaiser comes up ag'inst me he strikes a snag. He couldn't 'a' started his plot in a worse place than here in Tinkletown. Gosh, with all you hear about German efficiency, you'd 'a' thought he'd 'a' knowed better, wouldn't you?"

The Uncivil War — *Continued from page 14*

impersonal as a famine. Neither youth nor age, good nor bad, women nor boys, old men nor maidens, neither works of beauty nor labors of love it spares—a thing relentless, inhuman, unhuman, that would grind the world beneath its iron wheels and leave it but a bleeding pulp.

"So the German Idea. Do you begin to see the wonderful, the amazing completeness?

"But in all the colossal, the marvelous, the amazing completeness of their preparations, the Germans overlooked one bet. On one thing they did not figure.

"It is sentiment.

"Can you find within the German teachings, or documents, or pronunciamentoes, or journals, or writings of the last generation, any sort of human sentiment whatsoever? Is there anything of love, or pity, or compassion, or sympathy, or tenderness, or sorrow?

"Not so you could notice it! It is Germany must have this, and Germany will have that. The German people are the chosen people of God, who has absolutely no interest whatsoever in any other branch of the so-called human race.

"In the spiritual obsession that has come upon them every tenet, every creed of honorable warfare has been lost. Anything, any means, no matter how horrible, how bestial, to win! The absolute elimination of sane sentiment.

"This, then, is their great mistake.

"For, be it known, life is half practical, half sentimental. And in the fair middle ground that lies between must one live who would live life as life must be lived.

"Sentiment is soul. Sentiment is the earthly manifestation of spirituality.

"When may not another ruler come, like the Kaiser, to debauch a nation into a gang of murderers? When may not another plot against the peace of the world be hatched, and planned, and sprung, mightier than the forces organized to suppress and control it?

"But one thing we do know. Washington said to this, the country that he upbuilt, 'In time of peace, prepare for war.'

"We should have Universal Military Training and Service. Not the training and service that of necessity mean war. But the training and service that mean protection from war; that mean national spirit; that mean health and strength and honor and realization to our boys and our men, to our girls and our women; the training and service that, for the first time, have really made our melting-pot actually melt!"

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Millions of people who brush teeth daily find that brushing fails to save them. Teeth still discolor, still decay. Tartar forms, and pyorrhea often gets a start.

The reason lies in a slimy film which causes nearly all tooth troubles. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth and hardens. It gets into crevices and stays. The ordinary dentifrice has little effect on it.

Brushing teeth cannot protect them if it lets that film remain.

That film is what discolors —not the teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food particles which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth— the cause of decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And many serious internal diseases are nowadays traced to those germs.

So that ever-present film, which every old method has failed to combat, is the teeth's chief enemy.

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Science now has found a way to daily combat that film. For general use it is combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The purpose is to dissolve the film, which is albuminous.

The way seems simple, but it long was impossible. Pepsin must be activated, else it is inert. The usual activator is an acid, harmful to the teeth.

But science now has found a harmless activating method. Already five governments have granted patents on it.

That discovery made a pepsin tooth paste possible. Then able authorities, for three years, proved it by clinical tests. In thousands of cases they watched its effects. And now that they have approved of it, we offer it and urge it to every tooth brush user.

Send the coupon for a One-Week tube. Use it like any tooth paste, then watch the results. Note how clean your teeth feel without that slimy film. Note how they whiten as the fixed film disappears.

One week will show you that Pepsodent does what nothing else has done. The results will be a revelation to you. And they will win you, we believe, to this scientific dentifrice.

This is of vast importance.

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Name .....

Address .....

"Higher Up" — *Continued from page 12*

I was a woman, and Labadie — Labadie is the Master! Yet the French consulate did not know where I was; no guards surrounded me save the wits of Yolande Chautard! But those wits — ah, well, they had brought me from Liége, through the German lines, to the Aisne, with information that had made Joffre turn at the Marne, and, turning, strike! I must trust those wits again.

I HAD dined well. My hotel had a Dutch name, but its chef was a Frenchman with the soul of a poet. Oh, yes, one attends one's stomach, if one is wise, no matter what danger impends.

I stopped at the telephone desk; but there had been no message for me while I dined. Had there been I would have been paged in the dining-room. *Ma foi!* But I knew that well enough. It was mere restlessness that made me inquire. I walked to the clerk's desk. No letter had been brought me; none had inquired for Mlle. Marie Richard. I went to my room.

It was dark, and I reached for the electric button in the wall, close to the door. I turned it — and held back a scream. For my nerves were overstrained, and this misshapen intruder who lounged in a Morris chair — I had not expected him.

But I am Yolande Chautard, and I lose control of myself but seldom and never for long. I might have known that Labadie's agent would come like this.

"*Bon soir, m'sieu,*" I said. "But you have taken your time, eh?"

The hunchback's teeth flashed.

"Ma'mselle has the good nerve, eh?" he laughed. "To be not surprised."

French — but of the gutter — he spoke. My hands itched for his shrunken throat. Save for the Master himself, this was the first of my countrymen whom I had met — men, I say; I do not count the she-cat of the *Laurentia* — who had sold himself for the boches' gold. And I, Yolande Chautard, a woman, who have endured much that France might live, I think in terms of death when I think of traitors. But to yield to just wrath — that was not to help France.

I shrugged my shoulders. "One was to come," I answered him. "Does it matter how?"

"Ma'mselle is of a coolness," he leered. "Ma'mselle bears a message?"

"It is possible," I said.

"From one known as 'J'?"

I felt sick. Here was the living link between those traitors in France and Labadie. I had risked much, had planned much, and — here sat the hunchback, his hand outstretched. I would give him the strip of paper; he would go, and . . . I had planned, but achieved no course of action. What to do? I could not tell in advance, and so I had waited for the moment to bring decision. The moment was here; in another moment it would be gone, and this agent of Labadie would be gone; the message would be gone. . . .

Follow him? It is to smile! Labadie had played the game for long. His agents followed his agents; his spies followed his spies. I felt caged; trapped. But I smiled as I handed him the strip of paper.

And then my smile became mechanical, fixed, though I fought to put *sang froid* into it. For the eyes are the mirror of the soul, and revealed in the hunchback's eyes, suddenly, was the warped and twisted soul of him that fitted his body. Murder gleamed from his eyes.

Had this, then, been the plan? To use a spy and then rid themselves of her who, perhaps, knew too much? The dead betray no secrets. Had I done the real Marie Richard a service in consigning her to jail? Had I saved her from death?

"*Merci, ma'mselle,*" said the hunchback.

He rose to his feet. "Ma'mselle will remain here, eh? In this hotel? In this room —yes? And consult a dentist, yes?"

And with the word he leaped at me. And I knew, even as I slid aside, that I had not been mistaken when I had thought I saw triumph in the eyes of Marie Richard. A dentist! One thing she had kept back from me, and in the keeping back had sent me, so she thought, to death. As part proof that she was the genuine messenger, she was to produce the paper from the false tooth. And I — I had not questioned her on this matter; had never given it a thought. To have found the message; that had been enough. Yes, it is the little details that, overlooked, trip one to one's death.

But the hunchback had given me warning. The gleam in his eyes had told me what he planned to do. And though I had not guessed the reason — to guard against violence it is not essential that one should know the reason for the violence. I had been warned, and when Yolande Chautard has been warned, she has little fear.

He was quick, and I knew that in his long and heavy arms lurked the strength of a giant. But — have I told that in my youth I was apprenticed to a family of strolling acrobats? Well, I am not ashamed of it. I learned much from them; the free-masonry of the open-air players has since aided me well. It was a juggler who came to me in Liége and told me the German plans that I told Joffre.

Men are not perfect anywhere, although they come nearest to being so in France. And, sometimes, men will accost a girl who happens to be of the stage. It is well, then, that she know certain things. A woman's fist — ah, it breaks too easily. But the back of the arm, just above the elbow, when one's muscles are strong. . . . It was with that, with the motion learned not too many years ago — for I am young — that I sent the hunchback to the floor. Below the ear, as he lurched by, I struck him. And as he lay unconscious I bound him, hand and foot, with towels. Then I threw water in his face, and knelt above him, another towel in my hands.

"For your mouth, ill-formed pig," I told him, as his eyes opened. "One cry and I gag you."

Labadie was a wolf, and this was a jackal that served the wolf. His mouth slavered, and his eyes were twin flames of hell; but he did not cry out.

"Listen," I said. "I find you in my room. I do not know you. You are a burglar. You try to kill me. It means twenty years in jail. It is for you to decide. Who sent you here?"

"What do I know of names?" he muttered.

"Was it Labadie?" I asked.

Oh, but I watched his eyes!

"I do not know the name," he answered. And what use to describe Labadie to him? Labadie who never looked twice the same!

"Who, then?"

"I say there are no names. One and Two gave me my orders."

"And those orders were? You do not have to speak," I added, as he hesitated. "It is of little importance. Speech or jail — it is you that are most interested."

"To do what I have done."

"To kill me?"

"Only if I suspected that you were a spy."

"Do the others suspect?"

He shook his head. "Two days your every move has been watched. We waited; to see if any whom we knew to be of the British or French consulates came here. We decided you were true; and that you were not suspected to be bearing word to us. So I came. But the message was to have been withdrawn from the mouth of the bearer, and —— "

But I knew that — now. "And what after you had received the message?"

"To take it to — Name of a million perditions! How do I know that you will not turn me over to jail? Or that One and Two —— "

"Against them you must protect yourself," I answered. "As for jail — you have the word of Yolande Chautard!"

"So! You are she! *Ma foi, ma'mselle,* I do not feel so badly. To have been conquered by a woman — eh! But when the woman is Yolande Chautard . . . I will tell all. But it is little. I met — I am a thief, ma'mselle. And so I know — thieves. One brought me, on a day not long ago, to those who — but you know what they do, ma'mselle. Ma'mselle, you do not plan that I testify, in open court —— "

He was terrified. I reassured him. "When I am safe, you shall be freed," I promised him. "You do not know them? What they plan?"

"Only what they have done. Munitions factories blown up, railways ——"

I waved his words aside. "This message? Its meaning?"

"I do not know; I was to take it to them —— "

"Where?"

And he told me the name of a little Italian restaurant down upon your East Side.

For an hour I thought. This man told the truth, I believed. Yet what he had told me — what was I to make of it? Only this: that I must go to the restaurant and meet One and Two And if either of them were Raoul Labadie. . . . Well, life is short at its longest. Many have already died for France, and many more will do so. Did it matter, in the Great Scheme, that Yolande Chautard were one of these? Truly had I reasoned, after all, that decision would come to me in the moment. I would go to the restaurant and deliver the message.

From my bag I took a hypodermic needle and a bottle. I measured enough of a narcotic to assure that my hunchback slept. And I laughed at his protestations, that lasted not very long. . . . And then I left him . . . . And I visited a dentist.

SPAGHETTI and a glass of wine. I toyed with them while I waited. Frankly I looked about me. That I was eager I made apparent. And I did not wait long. Two men that had eyed me left the room. In a moment a waiter placed a paper on my table. I read:

"Come at once to room seven."

The waiter told me where to find the room. I went there. I entered; and the two men who had eyed me in the restaurant stared frowningly at me. *Ma foi!* Was one of them Raoul Labadie? God knew, but I — how could I tell? Yet, instead of fear, I showed anger.

"You are Marie Richard?" said one.

"Name of a fool, yes!" I cried. "And the blundering imbecile you sent to me! You must think lightly of the message I bring you."

"Why?" asked the second man, quickly.

And neither voice, so far as I knew, who had heard him speak in different voices, was that of Labadie.

"Why? Name of a question! Did he not come to my room, ask the message, and — imbecile! — have a fit? You ask me why!"

"Where is he?" demanded the first speaker.

"Where but in my room? I am compromised!"

They laughed. And I — well, I remembered that I was Marie Richard just now, and that it was amusing that she should resent being compromised. Yet I pretended indignation.

"I am a lady, messieurs," I told them.

"Pardon, ma'mselle," they said in one breath.

I bowed, graciously. "And suppose that he had had his fit after he left me? You were careless, to trust a hunchback, prone to attacks like that."

"We were, ma'mselle," said he who had spoken first. "But — the message."

And I — well, at the dentist's I had bought a tooth, and had had him hollow it out with a little drill, and that tooth I took from my mouth. For I have lost a back tooth, and — was it possible that they knew Marie Richard's false tooth was in the front of her mouth? If so . . . But they did not! They unrolled the strip of paper; they read the message.

"It is his handwriting," said one.

They looked at me. "Ma'mselle, you will leave us now."

A thousand disappointments! I had hoped — what had I hoped? I hardly knew, save that I had not expected to be so dismissed. Yet, what could I do? Outside the restaurant I stood a moment, hesitating. Evil was planned; mighty evil that might affect the destinies of France, of all the Entente Powers. Yet what it was . . .

"Taxi, lady?"

What could I do?

"The Amsterdam," I told him, and stepped into the machine.

And then, sacred name of Luck, while my chauffeur cranked his engine, the two men emerged from the restaurant. Into an automobile, a high-powered car awaiting them, they stepped.

"Across the Williamsburg Bridge," said one. And he added the name of a Long Island town.

They had not seen me; I was hidden in my taxi. They did not know I heard, and — at the first corner I spoke to my driver.

"The Pennsylvania Station," I said.

For the roads were bad this night; better time might be made by the train; and I must be at the Long Island town before them. For it was almost the twentieth; in an hour it *would be* the twentieth of the month; and if these two men were starting for Long Island now — well, it meant only that the early morning of the twentieth was the time when they planned to strike.

How did I know? A thousand stupidities! I should have known before. For Ferguson — well, Ferguson is your greatest banker. And the date — well, it must be that on the twentieth some blow, a blow that would injure France, was to be launched at your so great financier. But until I heard them mention the Long Island town where was the country home of Ferguson, I, stupid, had not guessed. And so — I raced to the station. . . .

Why should Labadie strike at Ferguson? Why should a particular date be selected for the striking, and selected, not in New York by Labadie, but in Europe by those who employed the Master?

These and a hundred other questions I asked myself as I sped through the night. But when I reached my destination, when I

I Hear the Drums

by Mary Stewart Cutting

I, a woman, salute the Flag
And all the love and sacrifice it stands for!

WE know not how soon this War may strike our homes — we know not how soon this War may tear our hearts, we women!

Let us feel then, how priceless and dear are the hours of the last days in which the men we love — the sons and the brothers and the husbands — are still safe near us.

Let us not defile the moments in being irritable over little things. We must remember above all things not to dim the sacred sunshine for anyone today.

We must put away from us, resolutely, the terrible forebodings, the imaginings that stop the breath — that unfit us for competent living, here and now. When we have faced alone, with God, upon our knees, the Great Surrender anyone of us may be summoned to make, we will arise strangely steadied and comforted — nay, strangely rejoicing! — to do our part.

We are called to great things, we women. Hark! can you hear the drums?

Oh, we will send our men away proudly, we women! when they leave us to fight for our Country — our beloved Country — and for those whose need and sufferings are greater than we can picture; but we must send them from homes and hearts filled with a calm and noble spirit; with the spirit of selflessness; O God, with the onward marching spirit of our unfailing love and courage, that they may be panoplied with the Armor of Light before they stand in the Place of the Battle.

I hear the drums!
And with all the joy and sacrifice it stands for,
I, a woman, salute the Flag.

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This big and human record of the Newfoundland dog's return to the wild is a narrative that grips both young people and their elders—many critics think it London's finest work—certainly it is the finest dog story in literature, and without a rival in its picturing of the frozen North. The home that does not possess the story of Buck's change from a civilized canine to the leadership of the pack wolves of Alaska is lacking indeed. With this offer, we put it in everyone's reach.

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5th Ave. & 13th St., McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, New York City

had been grudgingly permitted to enter the reception-room of the banker's country home, I had found no answer to them.

"It matters not what your master has told you," I said to the servant who admitted me. "Show him this card."

And finally I persuaded him to do so. And Ferguson came to me, twisting in his fingers the card on which was written simply the name of the French Ambassador.

"What can I do for you?" he asked curtly. True, I possessed the card, but — it might have been stolen.

And I — I could tell him little. And yet — that little impressed him. Impressed him so that he took me to a library, where were a group of men, introduced them to me, and — I understood.

FOR two of those men — well, I will not name them. Let it be enough that one was French and the other of our so gallant Allies, the English. And they were men of finance. And they conferred with Ferguson to find out how favorably a loan to the Entente would be looked upon in this country.

Fools think that that loan meant much, financially, to the Entente Powers. Let them learn now, three years later, its real reason. When doubt assails nations fighting for their lives, they are like children. They must be encouraged. And what greater encouragement could be given the people of the Entente than to know that America not only sympathized with them in their struggle, but believed they would win, and was willing to back up her belief with a loan?

And how it would depress our enemies to know that America was willing to lend money to the Entente! Psychology plays a great part in war. The money — pouf! Half a billion, a billion — a month would eat it up. But the psychological effect. . . . And those who employed Labadie wanted no encouragement to reach the Entente peoples. And so — every day counted. These preliminary negotiators — they had come secretly, knowing that they ran risk; when they returned they would publicly announce that the Entente intended to try and raise the loan. And the peoples would know that the loan would not be mentioned unless it was known that it would be granted. But if these emissaries were killed. . . . there would be so much delay in strengthening the hearts that had grown — oh, not weak — but depressed.

And so — there in the study we waited for Labadie, the Master! His blow against the Entente, a blow that he would not have launched but for treachery in some chancellery, treachery that told him of the financiers' coming — we would be ready for his blow, ready to capture or to slay — or both. . . .

He is no coward, this Ferguson of yours! I, Yolande Chautard, who have seen men die upon the field of battle, I tell you that this financier is of a recklessness! Into the very study Labadie and his men penetrated. It would have been easy to have leaped upon them as they reconnoitered the house, but — "They might take alarm; they might be frightened away," protested Ferguson.

To capture them alive! To make them confess whence came their information, what high place held a traitor; these were the aims of Ferguson. Labadie was the Master, but above Labadie — what financier sold France for greater gain? What politician surrendered honor for the hope of power?

Labadie had lived the Master! He would not live a lesser thing. His last shot he saved for himself. Yet he, who feared not a sudden death; he, who in desperation as men surged into the study, had emptied his revolver save for the last cartridge — even Labadie, when the gates of Hell were opening, even as his eyes glazed, whispered a name to me!

YOU have read the news of recent months. Three years it took to get the evidence. On suspicion, no matter how strong, one does not arrest a man who has been a minister of France. But when the evidence has been gathered, France does not hesitate. It was this minister's name that Labadie whispered to me before he died. And from his high place I, Yolande Chautard, have dragged him to meet the justice of France.

How would you like to be kidnapped? Doesn't that smack of adventure and old pirate days? Still, in the June McClure's, Harold MacGrath will tell of a perfectly modern kidnapped senator and a perfectly modern pair of young people, who, urged by exultant patriotism, take the law into their own hands

The Chattering Destroyer

[*Continued from page 35*]

John M. Browning, was invisible and silent. And yet he, of all men, was most competent to speak of machine-guns. Even technical and military journals, the editors of which ought to have known better, wondered what spell had been cast over General Crozier that prompted him to select the Browning machine-gun. "It is an untried arm," they argued. "Why adopt it in the face of the success made by the Lewis and Maxim guns on the Western front?"

At the request of the Bureau of Ordnance, Browning invented three machine-guns for three different military purposes. The first is a water-cooled gun which weighs twenty-six pounds; the second is an air-cooled gun, still lighter, for fighting aviators; and the third is a fifteen-pound automatic rifle, a machine-gun which can be fired from the hip or the shoulder and which is without a rival today. Before it was officially tested the water-cooled Browning fired twenty thousand shots at the factory without damage to itself. At the Government trials it fired twenty thousand more shots and was stopped only twice by faulty ammunition. That record is unparalleled. As an American, you have reason to be proud of Browning.

To the country at large Browning is still an adjective—not a noun. We have heard of the Browning machine-gun, but not of John M. Browning. Yet in all the world — and this is no rhetorical exaggeration — John M. Browning stands the supreme machine-gun expert.

He is the son of a gunsmith — this mysterious, self-effacing, extraordinarily ingenious man. Before he was fourteen he had invented breech mechanisms. The famous Winchester rifles, which did as much as the railroad to civilize the Western prairies, are largely what he made them. If you will examine the patent records, as I have examined them, you will find that for over thirty-five years John M. Browning has been inventing rifles, shotguns, pistols, and machine-guns. It would be impossible to write a history of modern firearms without mentioning Browning's name on almost every page.

In the early nineties Browning began to experiment with gas-operated arms. Out of these experiments was developed the Colt machine-gun. Perhaps you never heard of the Colt. Ask the men who carried the Colts up Mount Dajo and they will tell you of the effective work that they did in the Philippines. Ask the Marines about the Boxer uprising in China, and they will tell you how the Browning-Colt machine-gun saved the foreign legations.

Army officers the world over and men who know something about firearms have long held the Browning automatic pistol in high esteem. It was in the late nineties that John M. Browning invented that arm. It was manufactured at Liége in Belgium. It was such a small, handy, trustworthy weapon that over a million Browning pistols were made in Belgium up to 1914.

It was with a Browning automatic pistol made in Liége that a Serbian assassinated the Austrian Archduke. Because of that pistol, Belgium, the Austrian Archduke who was assassinated in 1914 and whose untimely death precipitated the bloodiest of wars, and Browning, are all curiously inter-related, The Browning pistol was the match, as it were, that ignited the fuse leading to the European powder-barrel. There is a poetic fitness in assigning to Browning the task of producing a machine-gun with which the army of Liberty is to be equipped. Who knows but the Browning machine-gun may prove the means whereby the European conflagration may be quenched.

The Men are Away but the Home is **Protected**

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LEPAGE'S GLUE HANDY TUBES

MEND - DON'T SPEND

"This Is the Life!" — *Continued from page 26*

We started with the weather, and he cursed out the southern climate from which he had recently parted.

I was arranging in neat piles the very latest booklets sent out from headquarters, "'Dolled Up' Booze," by Vance Thompson.

"When you go back to barracks, would you mind taking a few of these to the boys who are not here tonight?"

He glanced at the title and grinned.

"Sure, I'll take 'em."

"Mr. Thompson has lived many years in Paris and knows the game."

"That so?"

He stuffed a dozen leaflets into his pocket.

"And here are some very lovely verses—perhaps you'd like to slip them into your next letter to your mother."

"Ma's dead—but I got a sister."

The leaflet of religious verse followed the temperance tract. My courage mounted.

"Have you one of these?"

I offered the 1918 Calendar of the Enlisted Men's Bible and Prayer League, a compact little volume, bound in khaki-colored paper and embossed with the emblems of the army and navy. He regarded it curiously and I showed him a sample page—on one side, seven brief prayer suggestions for the week, on the other twice as many blank lines for personal notes.

"Lord, may I never disgrace the uniform of my country."

The little book was talking for me.

"Going overseas, if you should get to thinking about storms, submarines, or danger of any sort, you can just pray to be saved from fear—and then on this line opposite the prayer you will write, 'We had a bad storm last night,' or 'We sighted a periscope and stood by the life boats—but I was not afraid.'"

His sombre eyes were beginning to glow. He turned to a boy who was slouching toward the counter.

"Come here, Pink. Say that over again for *him*, will you?"

At the conclusion of the second explanation, spoken a little more firmly, the first-comer, ignoring my existence, turned to his pal.

"Listens good, don't it? What d'ye say?"

"I'm for it!" He thrust his hand into his pocket. "How much?"

"These are free—and the Testaments which go with them."

"All right! Fit us both out, will you?"

Shoulder to shoulder they made their way through the crush round the stove and out into the night.

In our section of barracks housing about 3,000 men, six Y. M. C. A. secretaries, a Protestant chaplain, a Catholic social worker, and an enthusiastic athletic leader were working in perfect harmony for the physical comfort and the spiritual uplift of that military district.

Visitors from "back home" are a big and thrilling problem to the boys they come to see, the military authorities and everyone connected with camp life. The guard thrown around an embarkation camp is strict. And exceptions to rules are seldom made. Because of imminent sailing orders few men are given leave to meet relatives who are stopping in New York hotels, and the facilities for entertaining friends nearer the military reservation are meagre.

The main dependence of the soldier is the Hostess House, opened by the Y. W. C. A. as a meeting place for the fighting men, and their women folk. Put, with only two such houses attached to a camp whose floating population is twenty thousand men or more, and these houses re-modeled from typical suburban homes, the boys, their parents, wives or sweethearts must meet and converse in a crowd sometimes equal to that found in the lobby of a popular picture theatre.

And so many questions arise in addition to the mere meeting place.

For instance, there was Fred —— of the —— Infantry, just an every-day sort of boy, with no distinguishing feature to challenge your second glance. Yet as he stepped up to the counter, I sensed the unusual in the dog-like appeal of his gray-blue eyes and the twitching of his lips.

"My folks are here from S ——" (an unimportant town in Michigan), "dad, mother and my sister. Mother's got a notion she wants us four to have our pictures taken together. They're going back tonight. I can't get leave, even to go down to the village. And mother keeps saying it over and over again, 'We must have our pictures taken.' Gee, it's fierce. Can't you help me? Ain't there some way I can get a pass just to the village—to please mother?"

There was no way—because his regiment was sailing in the morning, though the boy did not know this!

I looked at the secretary serving with me. He nodded. In five minutes a taxicab had arrived from the nearest village. The Michigan boy and I jumped in. At the Hostess House I dropped him, and the taxicab plunged on down the hill, stopping with a nerve-racking jerk in front of an unpainted photograph shack suggesting Coney Island at its crudest.

I explained gently the urgency of the situation and suggested that under such circumstances, he would probably be paid extra for his services.

Eventually we piled the scowling photographer and a camera into the taxicab and dashed back up the hill. The boy and his family were waiting in the picket house. And against the background of the rough little building, the four were photographed. The mother insisted that several plates be made, and when it was over, she sighed as if a mighty load had rolled off her heart.

THEN there was Pietro.

Pietro suggested a big blue-bottle fly, bobbing against a screen door. His hair was blue-black, and his eyes shone like the jet ear-rings which the women of his country affect.

He waved a letter at us.

"Ma brudda—Giovanni—from Philadelph—he come veesit me—all'way from Philadelph. How I tell heem getta here?"

The secretary-who-typewrites had already possessed himself of the letter from "Brudda Giovanni," and was framing a reply. Pietro talked on, his face one glow of olive-tinted joy.

"Lady, you readda dees to me?"

In words of one syllable, I translated the message which instructed Giovanni in the most direct route from "Philadelph" to the camp and how to meet Pietro at the Hostess House, Picket No. 2.

Pietro expressed his voluble thanks, then leaned across the counter confidentially:

"Lady, deesa brudda mine ees one damfina man. Eef he havva no bambino, he fight for deesahere country, too. Mebbe da police, day letta him coma in camp—see da soldier I go France weeth—see ma barrack. How I mek dem letta heem in?"

"Pietro, you go to Military Police headquarters, take your brother's letter and this telegram, and tell the Captain on duty just what you have told me. Perhaps ——"

Pietro did not wait for the rest, and about noon on Sunday he presented himself at the Hut, accompanied by a most unromantic-looking Giovanni, short, pudgy, over-fed—just the sort of Italian you will find at almost any fruit or vegetable stand, and who affects striped suits and magenta ties.

"Deesa ma brudda Giovanni from Philadelph. We come to mek many thanks that fina telegram—then he sees camp."

Rooming at the same house with me in the village was the young wife of a corporal who had come all the way from Wisconsin to see her husband before he sailed. Their first meetings had been at the Hostess House, but as his men settled into the routine of the embarkation camp, there were times when Corporal F —— secured a night's leave and spent it with his wife at our rooming house. Finding them sitting cosily beside the kitchen stove one particularly cold night, I congratulated him on his leave. His wife shook her head.

"It's me that's glad. He'd rather be in barracks. Seems like he cares a lot more for his men than for me. He'll lie awake tonight listening for the alarm-clock."

The tall, angular corporal flung me an appealing glance.

"Ain't I gotto be there for reveille? I sure have! She don't understand, but I got a twenty-four-hour job. I gotto keep my men right up to G—ain't I? Say, one of my boys said he was too sick to go to mess this morning, and whad'ye think—his pal brings him three boxes of them rotten-sweet fig newtons and he eats every last one of 'em. You can't trust 'em out of your sight. That's what!"

Do you catch the spirit of a true officer in this? And we have thousands of them in America's new army, thank God!

Men who have seen service in the regular army or with the old National Guard on the Mexican border, are close-mouthed, yet when they do talk, they interpret the true spirit of this new American army more correctly than inexperienced, unseasoned, if enthusiastic youngsters. A small group of such men sat round the fireplace one stormy afternoon, while I caught the runs in an ex-cowpuncher's sweater. In Washington, the forensic battle for and against a War Council was at its height. Charges and countercharges were being made.

To me the thought came that these men around the fireplace were the bone over which the legislative dogs were fighting. I wondered how they felt. Though they were of more than average intelligence, they seemed unmoved by the news from Washington.

"Let 'em yap!" said one chap, stretching out his long legs. "My regiment's got what we need. It's largely up to our own officers, whether we get food and equipment. Some officers raise the devil with the Q. C. for what their men need and get it. Others sit around and cuss the Government. All I ask is a chance at the Huns."

Another man knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"I see war as a hideous waste of men, energy, gray-matter. If we had organized our man-power in America for industries, commerce, merchant marine, as we have for war, we'd soon be the greatest nation in the world. Still ——"

He paused and the little circle waited.

"Still, we've got to see it through. We can't make peace with Germany until she is ready to make reparation in full, until the freedom of the seas is re-established."

Every man in the circle nodded or grunted his approval, and puffed hard at his "smoke."

So, not only are they fighters, but they are thinking, also. They know what the war is about, and they have opinions as to how the game should be played. Some of them may not know the exact geographical location of their cantonment, but they know why they're there.

On the afternoon before I left camp, I asked a group of boys idling before this same fireplace what message I should send to the women of America through the magazines. What did they need most? Socks? Sweaters? Comfort kits? Smokes?

They looked at one another and grinned. Then one of them spoke:

"I tell you what we want most, lady. Ships to bring us food and ships to bring us home."

An answer worthy of a soldier!

Wanted—Team Work

"It ain't the guns nor armament
Nor funds that they can pay,
But the close co-operation
That makes them win the day.
It ain't the individual,
Nor the Army as a whole,
But the everlasting team work,
Of every bloomin' soul."

—*Kipling*

Two Wives — *Continued from page 27*

which looked as though they could be very good-humored and gay.

"How will you have your tea?" Ethel asked.

"Clear with lemon."

She poured the tea with a trembling hand and meanwhile she was answering the questions, though thrown out in a casual voice.

"Yes, my home was in Ohio. Such a dear old town," she said. But the next moment she bit her lips, for she had come so near to adding, "I wish I were back this very minute!" What was her visitor saying? She frowned and leaned forward attentively. Something about a small town in Vermont and the funny local politics there. "Where is she leading by that remark?" Oh, yes, suffrage! *That* was all right!

"Yes, indeed," declared Ethel eagerly, "I'm for suffrage, heart and soul! I marched in the parade last fall! Wasn't it glorious!"

"How long have you been married?" her visitor was asking.

"Let me see. Four years? No, two," she replied, with a quick smile. "Time does so fly along in this town!"

"It does indeed. It seems hardly any time at all since the days when your husband and I were friends."

"Oh, yes, he has often told me about you!" And Ethel shot a swift, anxious look. "I know you don't like him," she wanted to add. "But if you'll only give me a chance I'll show you what I have made of this man!" Mrs. Crothers was telling now of the old group down about Washington Square, and Ethel was listening hungrily.

"What gorgeous times you must have had," she exclaimed, "in those old days!" The next moment she turned crimson. "I've said it now. 'Old'! I knew I should!" She caught Sally's good-natured smile and felt again like a mere child.

From this moment on she would take care! She avoided personal topics, and growing grave and dignified she turned the conversation from Joe to music, concerts, the opera.

So much better! No more stupid breaks, but a modern, intelligent woman of parts. And a glow of hope rose in her breast.

Mrs. Crothers had risen and was holding out her hand. And as Ethel stared in dismay at her smile, which displayed such an easy indifference to her and all her views of life, her only woman friend in New York said, "I'm so sorry I've got to run. I hope you'll come and see me."

From the door in the hallway Ethel came back in a sort of daze — till her eye lit on the blue china clock on the mantel.

"Seventeen minutes!" she exclaimed. And then after one quick look around, she flung herself on the sofa in tears. "I bored her! How I bored her! How stupid I was, and comic — a child! And then solemn — *too* solemn — all music and art — and education and — how in the world do I know what I said? Or care! I hate the woman! I hate them all! Seventeen minutes! Isn't that just like New York?"

Chapter XXIII

"NOW the one thing," she told herself, "is to keep your nerve and be sensible. For this may decide your whole life, you know. . . . All right, what next? What's to be done?

"I hate Sally Crothers," she began, "but I may go to see her nevertheless." She asked me to. Didn't mean it, of course; she was plainly bored. . . . No, I won't do it! I loathe the woman! . . . All right, my dear, but who else can you go to? Mrs. Grewe? She's doubtless at home — but there may be that detestable hat, tall, rich and shiny, in her hall. It looked as though it owned her soul! No, thanks — not yet — not for me! . . . Though she told me you soon get used to it. . . . Well, how about going back to Ohio, to the little history prof, and hating all men — one and all? . . . I won't do it, though — because if I do, it means I'm beaten here — and I'd lose Susette and the baby! . . . Quiet, now. . . . And then there's Dwight. He'll probably call up soon to ask how Sally and I got on. I could go to him this very night! How perfectly disgusting! And yet it's just what Joe deserves! What right had he to believe *that* of me? . . . If I go to Dwight I become exactly like Mrs. Grewe — and I'd have to give up the children. . . . I'd have to give them up!

"No, it's back to Joe on my knees, to beg him to let me stay right here. And I'll succeed — I know I will! But won't I be under Fanny's thumb? And won't I take back Amy's friends? You bet I will! Like a good repentant scared little girl! And eat their rich meals and chatter as they do, and dance and grow old — and push Joe on to make more money — more and more — so that I can get fat — fat and soft — like the rest of these cats!"

Chapter XXIV

MRS. CROTHERS lived in a small brick house on a side street close to Washington Square. As Ethel looked out from her automobile, how dear and homey it appeared, with such a quiet, friendly face. "Now for the plunge!" She went up the low steps and rang the bell. Thank heaven it was a rainy day, for when the maid came Ethel went right in, and the rain made that seem natural. At least no door had been shut in her face.

"Is Mrs. Crothers at home?" she asked. The maid was not sure. Ethel gave her a card and was shown into a long cosy room with an old-fashioned air, where a small coal fire looked half asleep. She began to look around her. The walls were lined with bookshelves, with only a picture here and there. There was but little furniture, and plenty of room to move about.

The maid reappeared, and said, "Mrs. Crothers asks you to excuse her. She's sick with a headache this afternoon."

"Oh, what a lie!" thought Ethel. She stood for a moment irresolute, her heart in her mouth. "I will, though!" She took out another card. "Then take her this little note," she said. And she wrote: "I know I am being quite rude — but if the headache is not too severe will you see me just for a little while? I would not bother you — honestly — but it is something so important — and it must be settled today."

The maid took the message upstairs, and came back in a few moments.

"Mrs. Crothers will be down in a moment."

"Thank you!" Ethel had wheeled with a start; and, again left alone, she stood without moving.

"Come here by the fire and sit down." Mrs. Crothers's voice was suddenly kind. "Now tell me how I can help you," she said.

"Thank you. Why, it's simply this. I've had trouble with Joe, my husband — just lately — in the last few days. And the trouble is so serious that — it's my whole life — one way or the other. At least it — certainly feels so! And I have no women friends I can go to. They're all *his* — *hers*, I mean."

"Hers?"

"Yes. My sister's. She is dead — but very much alive at times through the friends she left behind her. I've been fighting them all my life, it seems — ever since I married Joe!"

"Why were you fighting them?"

"Because they — well, they were all just fat — the women, I mean — and the men were just making money for food and things to keep them so. Do you know what I mean — that kind of New Yorker?"

"I do," said Mrs. Crothers. "Was that the cause of your trouble with Joe?"

"Partly — yes. You see, when I tried to shake them off, they wouldn't be shaken — they hung on — because Joe was growing rich all of a sudden. Oh, I got pretty desperate! But then I learned of other friends that Joe had had here long ago — before he married *her*, you know. And I hunted for them — one by one. I could feel they were just what he needed, you see. I mean that back among such friends I hoped he'd stop just making money and get to work — on things he had dreamed of! You understand?"

"I think so — but not fully. Go on in your own way, my dear. Don't try to think. Keep talking."

"Thank you. I was in love with him. There was nobody else, man, woman or child — except Susette. She was Amy's little girl. You see, Mrs. Crothers, when Amy died I was there — I had just come to town. So I stayed with Joe to look after Susette. Then later on I began to feel that he was beginning to care for me. And I didn't like that — on Amy's account, for I worshiped her then. So I broke away and took a job. . . . Oh, what in the world am I getting at?"

"Don't try to [*Continued on page 54*]

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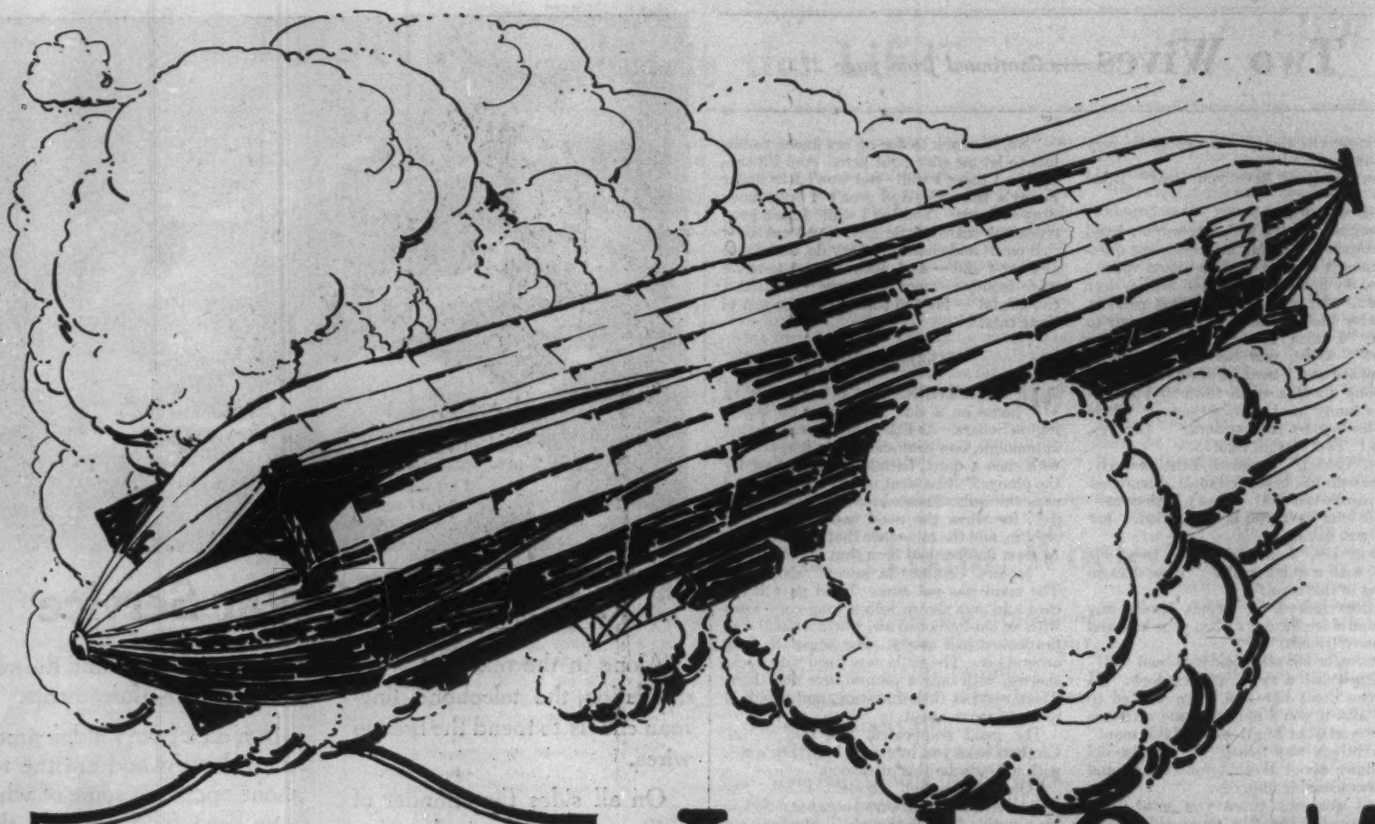

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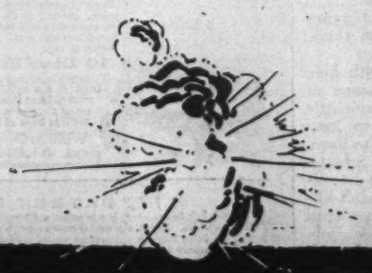

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Wild Apples — *Continued from page 17*

drab. "Making good wages, heh? Well . . . you'll never run any car again, Jule . . . but your own. . . . You'll be a — very — rich man."

"As you wish," Julian bowed his head. "If that pleases you, father."

"Yes, I'm leaving you the Alaska properties. Your mother knows. She and I had divided the property years ago. She gets the factory. She'll have plenty. My car — you'll like it. It's a ——"

"Oh, dearest, how can you speak of money — and cars — things like that — now!"

The cry seemed to break down what little composure the sick man had.

"Antoinette," he gasped. "Go! Go out of the room."

"And Julian?"

"Leave him here. I've got to speak to Jule."

"What could your father have to say to you — that he wouldn't want me to hear?" Julian's mother accused him. "Oh, go — go — go!" the spent tones rose so that the nurse looked in, alarmed. "Don't quarrel with him here, Nettie. Wait till I'm dead."

She went then, eying Julian bitterly. The door closed behind her. His father motioned toward it, whispering:

"See if it's shut tight. My papers," the tone was stronger, more composed. As Julian turned back to the bed he saw his father fumbling under the pillow, to bring out a little memorandum, and offer it, with, "Take that and see if you can read it."

It was a list of places where his private papers were. The writing was shaky, but plain enough.

"I can read it," Julian said.

"Y' see what it covers — stuff in the house here; third floor; library; old desk over 't the factory; m' office at the bank."

He lay still a moment, looking at the ceiling.

"I wouldn't have your mother go through my papers. — With a lawyer — as she would, of course — Jule, I couldn't die till I'd had your word that you'd take charge of 'em all. Burn things that ought to be burned. Go through 'em. Close 'em up. I can trust you."

His voice ceased, and there was a long silence before Julian said slowly:

"I'll do anything I can for you, sir. But — shall I be allowed? You saw — tonight."

"Yes. I've fixed it. You're my executor — with Hardwick — my lawyer. What's the matter? Don't you want to do it?"

"Oh, yes — I'll do it, sir," Julian hurried to agree.

"All right. You'll stay here, then, and see it through? My desk in the library — God knows what I've got in it. Letters; some photographs, I guess; memoranda. All those years — living under one roof but separated — practically a bachelor.

"In the last year and a half — since — you know — since your mother and I have been together — there hasn't been anything that wouldn't bear inspection. Old stuff — all old stuff. Yet since I've been so sick . . . couldn't remember what I had down in black and white . . . always been the fool about getting things down in black and white — keeping 'em sticking around. . . . Run things as though I expected to live forever. 'S way a healthy man always does, I guess. Anyhow — to be knocked out — right in the middle of things — like this. . . . Didn't want to be put out of the game — yet. Why, confound it," with a sudden flare that was almost like strength, "I'm not fifty — and I've made a million. . . ."

There was nothing Julian could say; and presently his father began on a different note.

"THAT matter of yours — those people went east, to Lynn, Massachusetts. It may be that you'll find something about it in my accounts or receipts. I had several letters from the mother."

Julian's hand which held the papers shook. The sick man noticed it.

"I don't think you can blame yourself in that affair, Jule. . . . A kid. . . . Your mother had made a mess of bringing you up. As far as the girl was concerned ——"

"I should have married her."

"You couldn't. Kid of that age — We had you."

"Because I let you. It was all up to me. I should have married her — somehow — anyhow — whatever happened."

"Well. . . . I was liberal with them. She"— he lifted a sudden gaze to Julian's face — "she was a pretty little thing. Married by this time, to that fellow in Lynn — and the better off for what happened to her. Looked at in one way . . . you gave her a chance she never would have got otherwise."

"Married by this time!" When Julian would have asked further his lips were dry — his throat shut down on the words.

"Hurts you — yet — to talk about it," the sick man said gently. "I didn't know you cared as much as that." He rolled his head a little on the pillow; the burning eyes searched Julian's face, then glanced wearily away. "I guess you'll just have to forgive me. I didn't know."

"Did you — did you have any reason to think — Lynnie — married?"

"Married?" The eyes opened and looked wonderingly all about the room. "Oh, the little Willis girl. Yes . . . last letter I had from her mother. . . . She'd have been married months by this time."

Julian sat there, mechanically folding and straightening the papers his father had given him, finally putting them in the breast pocket of his coat. The sick man seemed asleep. He rose and stood uncertainly by the bedside, then tiptoed toward the door. There his father's voice stopped him.

"Going, Jule?"

"Yes."

"You'll be right here in the house. Take my old rooms — the third floor. Thank you for coming. I believe I can sleep."

"LYNNIE was married — had been married for months." With this one fact benumbing him for the moment to everything else, Julian closed his father's door behind him, and looked along the lighted hall. Up there near his mother's room, two women stood talking in murmurs. When they saw him one of them, the nurse, came hurrying silent-footed past him and went in to her patient. The other, a younger figure, hesitated forward in seeming embarrassment, and Paula Pollard, looking as though she might have stepped out of the old machine at the gate of "Restlands," said haltingly:

"Oh — er — how do you do, Julian?"

They went downstairs together. She stopped at the hall table, and began turning over the letters that lay on it.

"I'll go through these now; I attend to your mother's mail. We live just next door, you know." She seemed to be declining by implication his unoffered escort home.

Julian passed out to the porch. Thatch Dye, sitting on its steps, his head dropped almost to his knees, got up, blinking.

"How is he?" the futile query always put at such a time; Julian answered:

"No worse. Seemed better when I left him. Sorry I forgot you, Thatch."

"Oh, never mind me. You're going to stay?"

"Yes."

"Well, thank God for that. Wired for them trunks yet? No? Don't bother about it, then; I'll 'tend to it for you." Thatch stood a moment emitting little sounds of sympathy. "Do you know what he's leaving you, Jule?" wistfully.

"The Alaska properties."

Thatch whistled.

"Jule McCulloch!" he exclaimed. "It'll make you a multi-millionaire. You know what the war's done to copper. A multi-millionaire."

Julian stood and watched the departure of that stocky, self-reliant figure.

"Julian, a minute, please." Paula was talking to the Jap in there. "I'm having the boy take your bag up to your room — is that right? Your own room."

"To my — oh, no! Pardon me, Paula." Then to the boy, "Carry that up to the third floor."

"I — I didn't mean to be officious, Julian. You see, I've got so in the habit of attending to small things here, that I ——"

The moment Julian's glance came round so that she met it, she put a hand out, breaking off with,

"I couldn't help hearing Thatcher Dye. I — I can't tell you how glad I am that it's all made up again between you and your parents. It's been ——"

He had to take her hand. He was aware of her going on with a good deal of that sort of talk. He even realized dimly, at the last, that what she wanted now was for him

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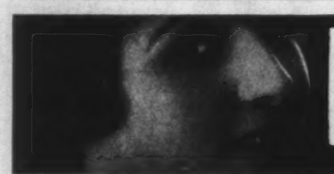

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to walk with her over to her door. Rather crude and hasty — even for Paula. Possibly she felt something of this herself, for she left in rather a flurry.

Chapter XXV — Marking Time.

THE time that followed his father's death — was a time confused, to Julian's mind, by something obscure, something concealed, that moved beneath its obvious surface.

He remembered how he was waked in the small hours by the nervous hammering on his door of the usually calm, impassive night nurse.

"Mr. Julian!" she called. "Your father — it's come — he's dying!" And as he pushed past her, dragging on his bathrobe, she added, "Oh, I ought to have called you at the first! Hurry — do hurry."

He should have been called at the first! He ran downstairs; but as he got almost to his father's door it flew open and Cass Hardwick came bolting out, McCurdy at his shoulder, snapping angrily.

"Don't talk to me. It's indefensible. *No* business was important enough. You and the madam ought to have known better. You've finished him — you've been the death of him."

Julian stopped short. There was an apologetic mutter from Hardwick that sounded like "sent for you ——"

"Yes," McCurdy cut him off, "when my patient was in a state of collapse from your infernal business interviews. And my own nurse let you by — to him — without notifying me."

McCurdy glanced around, saw Julian, and gestured him in with a jerk of the thumb, and,

"Go in, Jule. I don't mean you. It was you he wanted."

Strange inside the room, too; his mother there, still confident, believing his father had only fainted, sharply demanding of the nurse why McCurdy didn't come and do something for him; at sight of Julian, hastily catching up from bed and floor what seemed to be several telegrams, crumpling them, stuffing them into the sleeve of her robe. His father never regained consciousness.

Death had come; and for all the weeks of dread and preparation, it arrived at last as a blow. For the moment his mother was benumbed by it. He left her in the nurse's hands, and went up to his own rooms. It was nearly nine o'clock when he came down and found Hardwick waiting.

The place was beginning to fill with rustling, low-voiced groups who sat in the parlors and talked in respectful undertones.

"I suppose you know that you and I are executors under the will," the lawyer said briefly.

"I'm ready to go with you now and seal the receptacles of private papers."

Perfectly straightforward; exactly what his father had prepared him for; and yet, as they went through the prescribed forms, first in the house here — the third floor and the library — then by means of Hardwick's car to the factory and the bank, neither of them speaking much, Julian found himself watching the man beside him, wondering what those messages could have been which he would bring to his dying client in the middle of the night, and which Julian's mother would hide in her sleeve.

In the time that followed, some form of this question asked itself continually in Julian's mind. Often he was sent for by his mother. She seemed eager to see him — he wondered why — examining him when he came in, swiftly, half furtively, asking him a multitude of little, trivial questions — what was he doing? Where had he been, whom had he seen?

When the day of the funeral came, the wide, tree-lined avenue poured out its near-at-hand people, who came walking slowly, speaking in subdued tones.

The sorting of those private papers was not to be arrived at peaceably. When his mother assumed that of course she would be present while the work was done, the lawyer shuffled, evaded, and would plainly have permitted her. It was left to Julian to defend their instructions.

"Wow! That was a near thing," said Hardwick, as he and Julian went up to the third floor, leaving her standing tall and angry at the foot of the stairs.

Most of the letters from men began "Dear Steve," or "Dear Mac," hasty notes — occasionally a telegram — making appointments, fishing, hunting, to see ring or track events. Very many concerned business favors, assistance, borrowed money.

They turned out correspondence, memoranda, some photographs, scribbled stuff on theatre programs or café menus, some seemingly trivial matters that had been kept for years. "Old stuff — old stuff," his father had called it, and so it was; but among it plenty to have made his mother furious with jealousy, even now.

When these were all burned, and Hardwick had pocketed the few things they had come upon that concerned business or the estate, they started down for the library. As Julian opened the door he heard the lawyer draw a quick breath, and his mother got up from the top step where she had been waiting for them.

She darted a glance at their faces, then went past Julian and said something in a low tone to the other man.

"Excuse me, Julian," she spoke over her shoulder. "I want a few words with Mr. Hardwick. Go on, please."

He left them whispering urgently; nearly fifteen minutes later Hardwick joined him in the library without comment, and they took up the work again.

They finished at the house that day; then came the factory and the bank. They had met Zoe Consadine coming out of the bank as they went in. She flipped a jaunty greeting to Hardwick, then found Julian, with a child's sudden sobering in speaking for the first time with one whom death has recently touched.

"How do you do, Julian?" offering her hand. "I — I'm so sorry, you know."

As they broke the seal on the desk now, the lawyer grinned a bit sheepishly and ejaculated:

"Little devil! Be after you next, I suppose. Spares neither the cradle nor the grave."

The next day, with a safe-deposit box yet to be gone through, Julian was met at the place of appointment by a messenger with a note: Hardwick had been called to San Francisco; he hoped not to be detained long. That was all. As he read, Julian realized that the telephone had purposely not been used, so as to escape argument or reply. Hardwick gave no San Francisco address, and day followed day without any word from him.

This inactive time of waiting was hard to endure. Julian wanted to be off to Alaska. He had already begun his arrangements for the Alaska trip. His mind was not yet made up whether to stay with the proposition up there, or come back after a time and find a place in the Aviation, or the American Ambulance Corps abroad.

It was the next day, in at Thatch's, getting some air in a tire, that a voice hailed him from the office,

"Hey! I see they got your old boss in the cooler," and Thatch came out grinning.

"Fertig?"

"Guessed it first time."

"Stole one car too many?"

"Worse'n that. Seems Mr. P. Fertig's been carrying these German consuls and their hired men on their private errands. Take an incendiary bomb along when it was needed to burn crops or start forest fires — haul explosives for blowing up bridges and tunnels. Oh, he's been the busy worker."

JULIAN began to be stirred and awakened as to what the part of an honest man, an American, was in the world just now. If Hardwick would ever get himself back and wind up things so that he could be free, he'd be in Alaska by the first boat that sailed. And once there, he'd make sure that no copper was smuggled from his smelter for enemy uses, if he had to put a cordon of his own hired police and detectives around every foot of his possessions.

Three or four restless days after that Julian learned late one afternoon that a specially called meeting of the Las Reudas League for Peace was to be held in the McCulloch parlors that evening. He quietly started in the new speedster for San Vicente, intending to dine there and return late enough to duck the whole matter. As he passed the Country Club there was Zoe herself, dressed as she generally was during daylight hours in riding-breeches. She instantly hailed, then left her crowd and ran across to the curb to stop him. As he drew up she called back over her shoulder:

"Barney, have my horse and the dogs sent to the house; Mr. McCulloch's driving me home. She swung herself in, asking nonchalantly, "Going somewhere special for dinner, Jule?"

"No."

"Wish you'd come and eat at my house, then. It'd be a pious act. I'm darned lonesome.

"You're a good old scout, Jule, to come like this. Hortense'll rustle us something to eat."

All through the cozy little meal in her den, Zoe kept grumbling.

"Darn these small towns and their small-town ideas! Lot of bone-heads — bore you stiff. Only fun you can get out of 'em is to shock 'em — rattle their back teeth. My old crowd's about done with me. What did Calkins have to say? That man's a dead mystery."

"Nothing."

"Lie like a gentleman, don't you?

"What are you thinking about when you scowl like that?"

"Nothing in particular."

"Yes, you are, too. I know. You've been warned against me."

"I have not."

"Don't believe it. Trade slams with you. I've been put on notice about you, all right."

"By whom?"

"Oh — nice ladies."

"Nice ladies," Julian echoed.

"You'd call your mother that, wouldn't you — and — Pol Pollard? For cat's sake, don't look so innocent."

She waited a moment, but Julian only said:

"You've got the floor, Zoe."

'Well, it's this way; I'm the town scandal — I guess you know that. Your mother's been hardly speaking to me for — aw, ever since I got my decree. But the other day Pol Pollard came around here and asked me to go and call — said Mrs. McCulloch needed cheerful young society. I'm young, you know if I ain't so cheerful. So I went. Pol was on hand, of course; but she got out of the way pretty soon, and your mother began to talk to me about you."

Julian sat and looked at her with raised brows.

"That all?"

"No; I haven't got started yet. See here, Jule; before I got out of that room your mother as good as told me that you and Pol Pollard were going to be married. Don't believe me? I tell you she did. It made me hot. When I came downstairs I tackled Pol herself. I asked her flat if what your mother said was true — and she said it was."

"Well?"

"Aw, Jule — have a heart! Don't sit there and say 'Ugh,' and 'How,' like a red Indian. Is there any truth in their talk? Come across."

"Not a word of truth in it."

"Any danger of such a thing?"

"None whatever. So far as I know Paula's engaged to Bench Prentiss."

"You mean Benchy's engaged to her. Don't think for a minute that'd stop Pol." She pitched the cigarette stump into the grate. "No danger? 'S all you know. There's always danger. Stick around here in Las Reudas and San Vicente and give Pol Pollard a chance at you — with your mother backing her — and between them they'll get you into a position where you'll have to ask her to marry you — or seem like a cad if you don't."

"Zoe," said Julian, "what made you think I'd mind seeming like a cad?" And she screamed with laughter at him.

[*To be continued*]

Matching Submarine Wits

[*Continued from page 22*]

an oil-tanker, which means a ship with a free-board of about six feet, a length of four hundred feet and a beam of about fifty-five feet. A superstructure, comprising a bridge and a conning tower, occupies the central portion of the hull. As she travels on the surface, only the practised eye of the mariner would recognize her as a submarine; even at a moderate distance his sailor's eye might easily be deceived into mistaking her for a low-lying merchant ship. In a dry-dock she appears quite unlike any craft afloat — even a submarine. She has two staunch, independent hulls, tied together by a suitable framing as well as by her superstructure. In her two hulls a cargo of 7,500 tons can be stowed, nearly ten times as much as the *Deutschland* carried. In other words, her carrying capacity is in every way comparable with that of the standardized ships which we have set out to build in great numbers.

That double-hulled ship is quite different from the *Deutschland*. My second type, outwardly, at least, is more like the German vessel. Like the *Deutschland*, she has a single hull, but her carrying capacity is also far greater. This single-hulled vessel of mine, of lesser displacement than the double-hulled type, has a hold in which 7,000 tons can be stowed.

The double-hulled and single-hulled submarine cargo-carriers are not mere dreams. To be sure they exist only on paper as yet; but there is not a submarine designer and builder who would not approve of the plans that I have drawn. It is not likely that the ships would meet the fate of the *Bremen* and founder at sea. They are provided not only with the safety devices to be found in the submarines of any great naval power, but with others that have never before been installed in a submersible vessel.

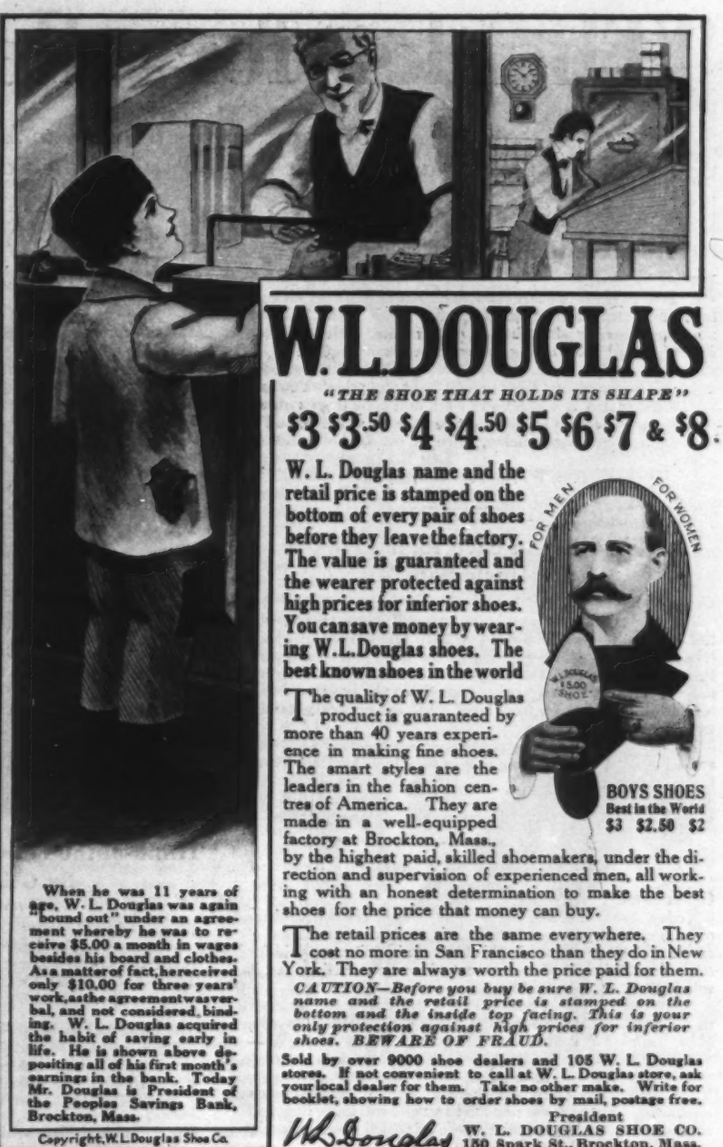
The chief difficulty which is encountered in building submarine cargo-carriers of 7,500 tons capacity is not so much one of ship-building as of propelling machinery. My old wheeled *Argonaut* was the first submarine ever driven by gasoline engines similar to those now generally adopted for driving motor-boats and automobiles. Gasoline was afterwards used for surface propulsion in almost every navy that had submarines. Nowadays Diesel engines are generally used.

The Diesel engine consumes not gasoline but heavy oil. It is a very ingenious but a highly complicated piece of machinery. The fuel is not converted into a vapor, mixed with air and then ignited by an electric spark, as in the familiar automobile engine. As the piston of a Diesel engine travels forward it squeezes air in the cylinder until a pressure of about seven hundred pounds to the square inch is attained. By the mere act of compressing it into a very small space, the air is intensely heated. Just when the pressure is greatest, a little oil is squirted into the cylinder. It catches fire at once — in fact, with explosive rapidity. The sudden heat thus generated expands the compressed air, and the piston is forced back. This periodic compression of air, injection of oil, and the explosion-like expansion takes place hundreds of times in a minute.

In submarine cargo-carriers of 7,500 tons capacity, vessels larger than any submarine that even the Germans have built, the Diesel engine would prove very unsatisfactory. Therefore, I would use the well-tried, traditional marine steam engine. This is not an original idea of mine. My *Argonaut* was built side by side with John Holland's *Plunger*, and the *Plunger* was to be driven by steam. Holland never succeeded in adapting the steam engine to the submarine, nor did those who emulated him in Europe.

The steam engines which I intend to use are of 3,000 horsepower and are not different from those to be found in any ocean-going tramp. My task consists in adequately insulating the boilers, so that the crew will not be parboiled and so that the water in the boilers will be kept steaming hot for hours, much as coffee is kept warm in a vacuum bottle. Steam is raised by oil fires. When the vessel is submerged the oil is simply turned off like so much water in a kitchen pipe. The steam engine is the most trustworthy of power plants for a ship. That it has not hitherto found a place in the military submarine is due not so much to the difficulty of insulating the boilers as to various military requirements that must be observed, among them the necessity of obtaining great radius of action. The Diesel engine is extraordinarily efficient, for all its faults. It consumes about one-third as much oil fuel as a steam engine of equivalent power. In a cargo-carrier I have no rigorous military requirements to consider. I need not instal inordinately powerful engines that consume fuel extravagantly in order to attain the high surface speed of seventeen knots now demanded of a navy submarine. Ten or twelve knots is fast enough for a freighter that can submerge in two minutes when she is in danger, as the *Deutschland* proved. That low speed can be made with a very moderate fuel consumption. Indeed, my submarines should be able to cross and recross the Atlantic without replenishing their oil tanks.

In a war which is costing Europe sixty million dollars a day, costs are hardly considered. Suppose we do consider them. The double-hulled submarine that I have roughly described could be [*Continued on page 58*]



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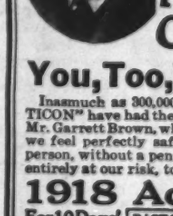

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"It Makes the Hours Pass Quicker"

DEAR FRIENDS:

Your package of cheer came to me, and I can't say enough for it, I had smoked my last cigarette when I got up, and did not know where or when the next was coming, as the mail was somewhat tied up, it being so heavy and someone had to be short of packages from home, I was one. It did not cost much but you could not have bought it for any price. You can say for me that it is a wonderful work and hope it goes on, as tobacco is very scarce and you just can't get it at times, and it makes the hours pass quicker, when we smoke and dream of home.

LEE E. THORNTON,
S. S. W. No. 509, Couvois Automobiles,
Par B. C. M., A. E. F., France.

"Willing to Give their Lives for Uncle Sam"

DEAR FRIENDS:

Just a few lines to let you know how well pleased I was with the tobacco you sent, as you probably know that American tobacco is worth gold here. This is the main part of a boy in France. I hope that the people in the States will keep up their good spirit in this work. Sometimes the boys get blue, realizing how far we are from home and your smokes certainly were a package of cheer.

I will now close, hoping you will continue the good work you are doing for the boys willing to give their lives for Uncle Sam.

DENIS GALINAS, JR.,
101 U. S. Eng'r., Co. F,
American Expeditionary Forces.

An Answer to Critics

GENTLEMEN:

Today, every member of our company received a package of smokes from you and I wish to express my appreciation of same. When we arrived in this town we hadn't been paid for some time and most of us were out of smokes. Believe me, it was pretty tough for awhile.

While reading an old Boston Post of November 10, the other day, I read a piece about some woman in Philadelphia who didn't approve of sending smokes to the boys over here. Well, I wish she would tell me what we would do if we didn't smoke. (Sit down and knit socks or something, I suppose.) Before the Y. M. C. A. was established here we had to smoke French tobacco. If you have ever smoked any you will know how bad off we were. All that French tobacco is is dried wood. Thanking you again for the smokes, I am

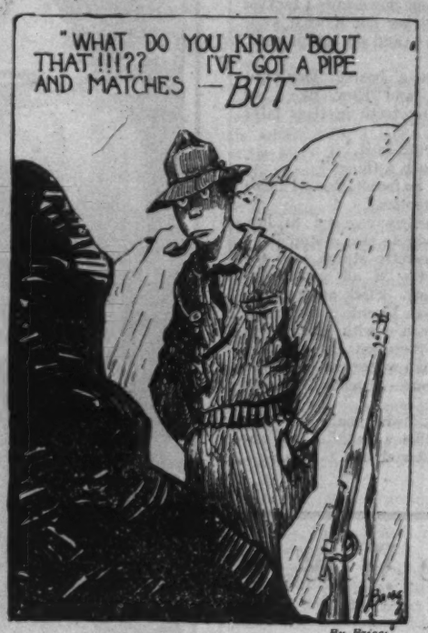
Yours truly,
PRIV. F. G. KANE,
M. G. Co., 104 Regt., U. S. Inf.,
American Expeditionary Forces.

An Airman's Gratitude

MY DEAR SIRS:

I received the tobacco and I am very thankful to both the workers and the giver to such a good cause as it sure was a treat to receive some "Honest to goodness" smokes as it is very hard to get tobacco "over here" from the States.

M. L. BACH (C. E.),
U. S. Naval Aviation Forces, Foreign Service.



"Think of the Fellows Who Sailed Away"

By Gelett Burgess

of the Vigilantes

Whenever you're throwing your butt away,
Whenever you're lighting a new one,
Just think of the fellows that sailed away
And how you would like it, if you were they,
And some one at home sent YOU one!

You finish the package, the devil you care!
There are shops—and you've got the money.
It's a damned sight different "Over there."
It's a damned long journey to God Knows Where,
Yet THEY fight, and YOU don't. That's funny.

For a War is a mixture of various Hells
From vermin and rats to stenches;
But it isn't damnable German shells,
Nor the mud or the blood or the gas that tells
The most on the men in the trenches—

It's the ice-cold nights without ever a smoke—
It's the fire-hot days that are meaner;
And a hospital ward ain't so much of a joke
And there's only one thing that can always provoke
A smile—that's Miss Nicotina!

Did you ever refuse him a cigarette
When your pal hadn't any? I doubt it!
TODAY YOU HAVE THOUSANDS OF PALS! And yet
Tobacco is scarce at the Front. I'll bet
You'll see they're not going without it!

They Captured London!

DEAR FRIENDS:

Being one of the many boys who received a Red Cross bag and box from "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund," and wishing to let you know the joy it gave every one of us boys to be able to sit down to a good smoke with real tobacco in our pipes, I am taking this opportunity to thank you.

We were one of the first Regiments to leave home and did not have any time to stock up with American tobacco before leaving and as we were on board the ship a few days coming across you can be sure that we were al hungry for tobacco long before we got anywhere near land. We landed on August 12th, and on the 15th we were one of the regiments who had the honor of marching through London under arms and nothing can give us any more joy than being the first American soldiers who ever marched through London and the first foreign soldiers to march through there since the days of William the Conqueror.

From about August 1, until September 10, no one can ever know how we longed for the only real tobacco that could give us comfort, and when the mail arrived from home with some of it for us, only the boys here can ever tell how grateful we were for our thoughtful Mothers, Fathers, Sisters or Brothers who had remembered us and sent what each man really needed most of all at that time. We did not arrive in France until August 17th and it was not many days after that when we received our Baptism from the "Jerrys" or "Fritzys" as some call them over here.

Since we have been here we have all done our share of real hard work and as we are in luck in getting real good American tobacco from our folks and friends back there we are all happy and very contented. We get good plain food, have a Helen Gould mattress, five good heavy army blankets to lie in at night and have a comfortable hut with stoves to live and sleep in. The only thing that we needed was the tobacco and every one of us boys are sincerely grateful to all for what they are doing for us over here.

Sincerely your friend,
PRIVATE A. A. GUYETTE,
Co. B., 14th Engrs. (Ry.),
A. E. F., France.

"Singing, Smoking, and Very Happy"

DEAR REGULAR FELLOWS:

Thousands of thanks for the Smokes. How could one find words to show you how deeply we boys appreciate the smokes you sent us. Your shipment came at a time when it was most needed and unexpected. The boys in my billet are seated near the fire singing, smoking and very happy. I am sure it was your smokes that made New Year's Day so happy and pleasant for us. It has been snowing for the last few days and is very cold over here. We are drilling almost every moment and you will see in some near future day that the boys from the good old U. S. A. are fighters to be proud of. In closing I wish to say we are allowed to write very little so I am therefore very sorry I cannot tell you lots of things that would be very interesting. So once again thanking you. With very best wishes, I am

Very truly yours,
EDDIE C. RUTH,
Co. H, 102 U. S. Inf.,
American Expeditionary Forces.

YOUR "WAR BIT" FOR TODAY IS TO MAIL THIS COUPON

A postcard of thanks comes back to you from the soldier who receives your carton of cheer.

"OUR BOYS IN FRANCE TOBACCO FUND"
25 West 44th Street, New York

GENTLEMEN:—I want to do my part to help the American soldiers who are fighting my battle in France. Since tobacco does it—I'm for tobacco. (*Check below how you desire to contribute.*)

I send you herewith.....,
my contribution toward the purchase of tobacco for American soldiers. This does not obligate me to contribute more.

I enclose $1.00. I will adopt a soldier and send you $1.00 a month to supply him with "smokes" for the duration of the war.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

TAKE THOSE FIFTY-CENT CIGARS BACK. THEY'RE HALF A SHADE TOO LIGHT
I'D BE HAPPY IF I ONLY HAD A PINCH OF TOBACCO FOR THE OLD PIPE
AT THE CLUB.
IN THE TRENCHES.
By Galdbert

It's all wrong, Sammy—it's all wrong!

The "My America" League

This League, which was organized in the other McClure publication, The Ladies' World, nearly a year before we went into the war, has now Leagues in every state in the Union. It is not a separate war relief organization but it acts as a huge clearing-house for war work for all its sixty thousand members. There are no dues and no obligations. Write today for your membership button and patriotic circular to the "My America" Editor, McClure's Magazine, 25 West 44th Street, New York City.

Citizens in the Making

OUT in California a judge of the Superior Court of that state heard about the "My America" League, and it occurred to him that here was a splendid opportunity for a kind of patriotic work which has not received all the attention its importance demands. This work is the making of newly-naturalized citizens Americans in loyalty and purpose as well as in name.

This judge asked for a supply of "My America" buttons, and these he pins on the coat of each new citizen to whom he gives naturalization papers. The two words on the button — "*My America*" — are at once a welcome and an inspiration to loyal service to the man who receives it. He has sworn the oath of allegiance, and now, for the first time, he can say proudly: "*My* America."

But this duty of making citizens does not rest with judges alone. Look about you in your offices, factories, shipyards, and munitions plants. Talk to your employees — your fellow-workers. Are they all Americans at heart? Do you ever hear words of discontent even if you hear nothing more serious? Are these men and women contributing their share to the cause of America, or are they contenting themselves with grumbling over changed conditions, and being a moral dead-weight about the necks of those who are trying to be patriots? According to the answer you must make to these questions, you are being offered your big chance for service to your country, and will yourself be a very real factor in determining how soon we are going to win this war.

Form a "My America" League among these men and make citizens of them in the truest sense of the word. If there is active disloyalty let your League's influence unearth it and bring it full into the light of day for the ugly, menacing thing it is. If there is merely apathy, and ignorance of the meaning of the high ideals we, as Americans, stand for, wake them up and teach them the A B C of their citizenship. Remember that here at home we have the enemy to fight just as surely as have our men in the trenches in France. Let us go "Over the Top" together against ignorance, enemy propaganda, and selfishness, with all their attendant disloyalty of thought and action, and let the "My America" Leagues over the entire country adopt one slogan of battle: "MAKE CITIZENS!"

Write to the League's headquarters, in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, for all the assistance we can give you in organizing and carrying out this fine work. Tell us the special problems that confront you. We have helped other men and women to meet similar difficulties, and we are anxious to help you.

A Reminder

LAST month we offered our "My America" members a number of good suggestions for patriotic work, which are still open to them.

If you have not yet made arrangements to have the Four Minute Men speak in your local motion picture theatre will you not write to us and let us put you in touch with your State Chairman at once?

The little 3% Service Banks, in which busy people can drop three cents out of every dollar spent on clothes and luxuries, can still be obtained free of charge upon application to the "My America" Editor.

The need of knitted garments for soldiers and sailors is as urgent as ever.

Our appeal for "Eyes for the Navy" we wish to emphasize again. If you possess telescopes, spy-glasses, binoculars, sextants or chronometers your country is asking for them. The war has cut off the usual channels of supply from us, and yet the lookouts on battleships, convoys and transports have never had such desperate need of these instruments, enough of which spells safety for all on board. The name and address of owners should be placed on each article in order that it may be returned if possible at the end of the war. Address all packages to Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, care of the Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C.

Last, but not least, we ask you to remember the necessity for warning against careless talk in public which may give information to spies in our midst, and we repeat our suggestion about the forming of Slogan Clubs in every town and city throughout the country. Appropriate slogans will be furnished upon a request to the "My America" Editor.

Our French Baby

IN the March number of McCLURE'S we told our readers and "My America" members about the League's adopted baby, little Hélène Thibault, and we asked you all to send us at least a three-cent stamp for her. For those of you who did not happen to see our first appeal for her, we want to repeat the few pitiful facts of her story.

She lived in a tiny French village behind the firing lines, and in the excitement of a shell attack upon the town by night her old grandmother was forgotten when the rest of the family fled to shelter. That is, she was forgotten by all the family except the youngest member, who though only eight years old, played a part that would not shame the bravest soldier which any one of us has sent across the seas with Pershing's army. Probably the terrified refugees did not realize until it was too late that the oldest and the youngest members of that particular family had been left behind. But left behind they were, to bear as best they could the hunger and cold and terror of a siege, and were finally rescued by kind hands days later when the German army had gone on its way.

The "My America" League wants to put this brave little French heroine in a simple, good school somewhere out of reach of shell fire and night alarms, and have her taught to support herself (and perhaps her old granny) when she is old enough. The three-cent stamps have come pouring into the office of McCLURE'S in response to our appeal and they are continuing to come with every mail. But, surely, you who read this can afford to send us one more stamp to make sure that the fund is large enough to do its work. Our little Hélène has earned a good education, and a good home — let us give it to her, through our "My America" League!

Our Soldiers' and Sailors' Service Editor will be glad to make any reasonable purchases for officers or enlisted men of our army and navy serving either here or in France, who do not find it convenient to shop for themselves. Send requests and money to

McClure's Service Editor
McClure's Magazine
25 West 44th Street,
New York City.

Note: On account of the uncertainty attendant upon the crowded condition of the mails we cannot assume responsibility for packages, but all possible care will be taken to insure safe delivery.

Gardens to Win the War

HAVE you made your war garden yet?

We want big crops all over the country—bigger even than last year's. And no matter whether you are a man, woman, or only a school child, you can take your full share of this duty which not only your country, but the world, is looking to you to fulfil.

In addition to this garden-making, the women and girls are being asked to give their serious attention to the question of canning and drying the surplus vegetables and fruit. Organize canning clubs in your community, and see that all the women are interested—not just the faithful few who are always to be counted upon for the steadfast performance of public duties. This is a duty which reaches into every home. Let your "My America" League take this for its special summer campaign.

In connection with this work, we suggest that you cooperate with a plan advanced by the "Food for France Fund." This is an organization which has undertaken to supply food to the French military hospitals, and to the French and Belgian refugees. The committee has asked people all over the country to set aside a portion of their gardens, and to donate the produce raised on it to this object. Dried and canned vegetables are particularly required, as these are easy to pack and ship abroad. But the committee also asks for jams, and preserves—not to send to France, but to be sold in shops here in town, and the money thus raised will go to the purchase of condensed milk, chocolate, cereals, etc.

If you send jars of jam or preserves, write your name and address plainly on a tag and attach to each jar. In this way, if the person who may buy your jam likes it so well that she wishes to order more of it next year, the order will be taken by the society and forwarded to you. If you then care to undertake it, you are asked to donate 25% of the profits to the "Food for France Fund," and the remainder will be for your own pocket.

We shall be glad to give you the address of the committee, and directions for packing and shipping your contributions.

Also we can supply you with a list of the most helpful Government bulletins upon the growing of crops, and garden truck. Write to the "My America" Editor, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, 25 West 44th Street, New York.

Washington Bags

THE Chicago Chapter of the American Fund for French Wounded is getting out small comfort bags for the homeless refugees of France. The Martha Washington Bags, as they are named, are for women, the George Washington Bags for boys and girls.

These poor refugees, driven from their homes by the advance of the German army, were able to carry away with them literally nothing but the clothes they were wearing at the time of their flight. After the long days of tramping in search of shelter they find themselves in a most pitiful condition of need for the barest necessities, the simple decencies of life. These bags are to supply their most pressing wants. They contain stockings, a complete change of underclothing, comb, soap, towel, wash-cloth, and a little sewing kit with needles, thread, etc. They are fashioned of a heavy, durable material and are 25 inches long by 18 inches wide, with a draw-string run below a two-inch hem from the top. The bags thus serve to carry the refugees' small store of worldly possessions in their wanderings.

The underwear must be made of strong material and should be cut according to the pattern to which these women have been accustomed all their lives. Patterns for these garments will be supplied by the Chicago Chapter of the American Fund for French Wounded, whose address we will be glad to send you upon request.

Too much cannot be said in favor of the comfort and relief these small bags will bring to the suffering women and children.

The Florsheim SHOE

SELECT shoes according to quality, not price—that's the way to get satisfaction—the sure way to make your shoe money go farthest. The name *Florsheim* identifies shoes of superior quality—dependable today as heretofore.

Eight to ten dollars; reasonably priced, value considered.

Ask for The Florsheim Shoe—see the Styles of the Times. Booklet of Military scenes on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

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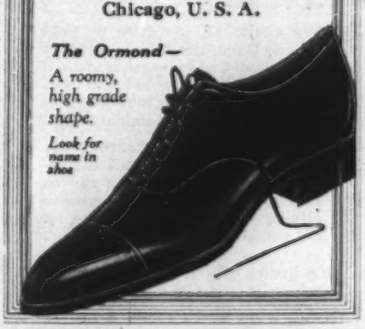
A roomy, high grade shape.
Look for name in shoe



How to Put on Flesh

I can improve your figure—build up your strength—fill out your neck, chest, etc.

I KNOW I can because I have helped over 35,000 women gain 10 to 35 pounds.

One pupil writes: "One year ago I weighed only 100 pounds—now I weigh 126, and oh, I feel so well and SO rested!"

I can help you attain your proper weight. In your room. Without drugs. By scientific, natural methods such as your physician approves.

If you only realized how surely, how easily, how inexpensively your weight can be increased, I am certain you would write me at once.

Tell me your faults of health or figure.

I respect your confidence and I will send you my booklet, free, showing you how to stand and walk correctly.

Susanna Cocroft
Dept. 95, 624 S. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
The Antiseptic Powder to Shake Into Your Shoes

Soldiers use Foot-Ease

And sprinkle in the Foot-Bath. One war relief committee reports, that of all the things sent out in their Comfort Bags or "Kits," Allen's Foot-Ease received the most praise from the soldiers. The American, British and French troops use it, because it takes the Friction from the shoe and freshens the feet.

The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning. Why not order a dozen packages to-day to mail to your soldier friends in training camps and in the army and navy. Sold by Druggists and Dept. stores everywhere, 25 cts.

Cuticura For Baby's Itchy Skin

All druggists; Soap 25. Ointment 25 and 50. Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston."

To the 100,000,000 People in America

THERE are now more than 10,000,000 bond holders in the United States, as against only 300,000 a year ago. The sale of the three Liberty Loans has made this a nation of bond-buyers — most of them lacking experience in investment and without facilities for safekeeping their securities.

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4. We advise all investors to hold Liberty Bonds until maturity. However, should an emergency make it necessary to turn bonds into cash, we will sell them for the owners at the market price at a nominal charge.
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We invite all investors to make subscription for Liberty Bonds through us and to call at any of our offices and let us explain our Liberty Bond service in further detail. If unable to call, write us today for particulars.

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Words and Deeds

And How They Can be Translated Into Victory

by Paul Tomlinson

The McClure Financial Booklet

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of ten cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. A very attractive library edition bound in leather may be had at a dollar per copy.

Paul Tomlinson

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made for this special service. The Financial and Insurance Department cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44th St., New York.

THERE is an old, true saying that "actions speak louder than words." At this time, when the whole world is racked by the greatest war in history, when civilization is fighting for its life, it might not be amiss for Americans to apply this saying to themselves. Let every one of us ask himself the question, "Am I doing my part, or am I spending my time in criticism of those who are trying to do theirs?"

America is like a big family. We squabble sometimes among ourselves, but when an outsider interferes, we present a united front. The difficulty just now is that all of us do not realize how much interference Germany can furnish. Ours is a large country, and in spite of certain discomforts, as yet the war has not greatly affected many of us. We are still wrangling among ourselves over various matters. There is an abundance of words; but deeds are the things we need.

Certain newspapers in Germany habitually refer to Americans as "windbags." It is true that we "talk big." But our country is big, and we think in big terms. We are used to big things. It may also be true that it has been our custom to boast a little for the benefit of foreigners, just as sometimes we love to criticize at home.

DURING the second Liberty Loan campaign, many banks offered the bonds to their patrons on the instalment plan. A dollar down and a dollar a week were the terms for a fifty-dollar bond. One bank had the experience of having nearly a thousand people that had agreed to buy bonds on this basis, make their first payment and then never make another. In other words, nearly a thousand people repudiated their contracts. Perhaps they showed the receipt for the first payment and boasted that they were doing their bit, that they were "loaning their money to the Government." When the first enthusiasm had worn away, however, and there remained only the unromantic duty of paying their dollar every week, they failed miserably. The time for deeds had come, but these particular people apparently believed only in words.

If one bank had this experience, it is probable that others also had similar ones. If some of our people are not patriotic enough to save a dollar a week for the Government, is it right that they should be allowed to criticize those who are giving their best to the country, are making a real sacrifice? As a general rule, too, the people who do the least are those who talk the loudest.

Now, it is the inalienable right of every American citizen to criticize. It is part of our life, a heritage handed down to us through many generations. And in certain ways it is a good thing. Discussion and even criticism of what is taking place in the world, particularly in our own country, is enlightening and educational, and it may serve to correct existing faults. It is barely possible, however, that not all of us are in a position to criticize. To be in such a position, it seems to me, there are two requisites: do we know what we are talking about, and have we done our own part?

PROBABLY there is a very small proportion of our citizens who would not resent any imputation that they are not patriotic. We demand that the war be fought to a successful conclusion, and we protest strongly when we think our armies are not being transported rapidly to Europe. We are loud, too, in our censure of delays in the building of ships and the manufacture of munitions. These people talk, but if they will perform deeds, their money will supply the words. The further along we get, the more clearly it appears that war work must be substituted for non-essential work. War work should be encouraged by the investment of our money, and non-essentials discouraged by the withholding of our financial support. Money is plentiful in the country today. The readers of this magazine have money to invest, for inquiries flow steadily into the financial department concerning this or that stock or bond. Unfortunately, many of these inquiries refer to schemes which only by a great stretch of the imagination can be considered legitimate, and in no wise are they helpful to the successful prosecution of the war. It is no aid to the Government to throw money away in wildcat mining and oil ventures. People who would promote such schemes in these perilous times, are most assuredly of the sort that should not be entrusted with money which the Government so badly needs.

A man may like to buy mining stock at a dollar a share, because it sounds good when he tells his neighbor he "bought a hundred shares." The neighbor may say nothing about his one share in a legitimate company, or the hundred-dollar bond he had purchased at an equal outlay of money. It may sound too small to mention; but let five years elapse, and which man will be privileged to talk about his investment? The chances are that the one who bought the mining stock will then prefer to say nothing.

Think of it! Here we are in this great war, and every ounce of strength we have and every penny we own are needed. We are urged to buy Government bonds; any number of high-grade investments are going begging at bargain prices. Seldom have such opportunities for profitable investment been offered, and yet some are still trying to get rich over night through the purchase of Rainbow's End Preferred at fifty cents a share. If Rainbow's End Preferred were worth anything, it is extremely doubtful if the dear public would ever have had a chance to share in the fabulous profits which are "sure" to come.

The late James J. Hill is credited with the remark that a man who would not save, did not possess the first essential qualification of success. We are asked to save our money as an aid to the Government, and to make our conduct of the war a success. Saving is thus a necessary element, not only of our own prosperity but also of the well-being of the country.

WHAT could be easier? Is it any hardship to give up luxuries and by so doing accumulate dollars? If it is, then we are not worthy of success. We all want peace, but what are we doing to deserve it? Are we talking about what ought to be done, or are we doing it? Are we starting to do our duty, and then when the romance is gone and we are face to face with hard facts, are we failing like the thousand people who promised to buy Liberty Bonds?

Most of our citizens are no doubt honestly trying to do their best; the slacker is the exception. But are we trying hard enough? Are we "windbags," as the Germans say we are, or are we people of action? There is certainly no easier, and certainly no more important, way to act just now than to save money. All our energies should be devoted to the stupendous task of winning the war, and we can, every one of us, aid in the work most effectively, by restricting our private consumption which, if allowed free rein, must certainly hamper Government operations. By saving money we automatically cut down consumption and to that extent the Government's needs can be supplied.

The enormous wealth of this country should be pledged first of all to the successful

McClure's Financial Booklet

Eighth Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
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Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent. and Safety
Bonds, Stocks, and Mortgages
List of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
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Booklets will be sent for ten cents in stamps. See announcement above. Address all communications to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44th St., New York.

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Two Wives — *Continued from page 45*

think. Just tell me. You took a job. What was it?"

Ethel told of Greeslueimer, and then of coming back to Joe, of his poverty and of her nursing Susette, of dreaming of children, of falling in love, of marriage and the birth of her boy.

"But all the time Amy had been there. Do you understand? Like a spirit, I mean! She had had Joe first! She had shaped him!"

"Yes——"

"And so when he loved me even more, I do believe, than he ever loved *her*—still he did the thing *she* would have wanted. Amy had taught him to show his love by loading money on his wife. And that was what started everything wrong. For he got rich—for *my* sake—and the money brought Amy's friends back in a horde! Oh, now I'm repeating! I've said all that——"

"Please say it again! You're doing so well!"

Ethel told about Fanny and the rest. "I tried to like them—honestly! But I simply couldn't!" she cried.

"Why couldn't you? Tell me plainly just what it was you wanted."

"What I wanted? Plainly? Oh, dear—I can't, exactly. I wanted men and women who—well, who were seeing something big—and beautiful and real in life! Life is so hard and queer in this town—so awfully crowded and mixed up—and empty, somehow. You know how I mean? But they see something in it all. Not clearly—it's way off, you know. And they're busy, of course, and by no means saints. They have their worries and their faults—and pettiness—they're human, too. But they're looking for something really worth while! Oh, I can't express it—I really can't!"

The talk went on, with interruptions for dinner and Sally's two small children, far into the evening. And Mrs. Crothers did her share—filling in for Ethel the picture of Joe's old life, his work and dreams, and his first marriage. She told of several meetings with Amy. And all the time she kept watching, probing into this young second wife, skilfully raising Ethel's hopes, her vivid freshness and her youth, her hunger for a life she saw only in dazzling glimpses.

"Do you want my advice about meeting Joe? Then here it is," she said at the end. "I needn't say don't go on your knees——"

"You needn't!"

"I thought so—you're not that kind. And I wouldn't explain too much about Dwight, and those little things you did with him. Make Joe take you on faith or not at all. Have a long talk and make him listen—don't give him a chance to say a word. Talk right on and give him the picture of his two wives, and then let him choose—between letting you go while he takes *her* friends, or dropping them and keeping you and finding what he had before. I can help you in that—but before I do, I think you've got to lay a ghost. She's in the way of everything. She has been in your home long enough. And her strength is the fact that you and Joe never mention her name to each other. I wonder if you realize how great a danger that has been? At any rate I'm very sure that you must break the silence now. It has been like a spell between you."

Chapter XXV

THE next afternoon she sat waiting for Joe. She had telephoned to Joe to come, and he had replied abruptly, "All right, I'll be there about four o'clock." It was just that now.

In a moment she heard Joe's key in the door. She heard him taking off his coat and then coming slowly into the room. With an effort she turned and looked at him. His face appeared even more tense and gray than it had two days before; the nerves seemed quivering under the skin.

"Well, Ethel, I'm here now," he said. "What have you got to say to me?"

She began as she had intended, for she had gone over it all in her mind.

"I'm not going to talk much of myself. It won't do any good—I'm sure it won't. I love you, Joe, and I can see you still love me. We need each other. And if we can just be sensible now—and you can only believe in me——"

"God knows I want to, Ethel. I'm sick of this, I'm not myself. Maybe I acted like a fool." He stopped, and went on bluntly: "Some of that stuff from Fanny Carr doesn't hold together—it's too thin. But some of it does. What I don't understand is why you never let me know."

"The reason I didn't," she answered, "goes way back into the past. And it's not only about you and me—it's about—about somebody else." She stopped and her throat contracted. She set her teeth. "We must talk about Amy for a while."

"Why?" he asked.

She swallowed hard. "Because we never have before. We've lived two years without speaking her name. I had no idea how bad that might be." She broke off, for her voice was trembling so. Soon she went on in a quieter tone. "I don't know how much you've learned in that time—about Amy, I mean—but I've learned a good deal, and you've got to hear it. You must, you see, or you won't understand what I've been doing lately. I couldn't have explained before, without speaking of her—and I didn't do that. But I should have, Joe, and I will now—if only you'll be patient and let me do the talking."

"All right, Ethel—please go on."

"Some of it goes so very far back." She leaned forward with a queer little smile. "Amy was good to me when I came—and I had always worshiped her. I thought she was nearly everything. She was beautiful, and she loved you—she had ambition, she urged you on. But what kind of ambition was it, Joe? What did you have before you met her? You were coming up to do big things—but you married her and your work all changed. You threw over ideals to make money for *her*. And when your partner tried to hold you, Amy tried to break up the firm. Didn't she? Don't you remember?"

"Where did you hear of that?" he asked. "Has Bill been talking?"

"Yes, I made him. Amy set herself against him—and against all your other old friends. Not at first—I want to be fair to her, Joe—don't think I'm blaming just her for all this. I'm sure that at first she was different—she wanted your friends to take her in. Remember those dinners you took her to, and that week-end party up in Vermont?"

"Who told you of that?"

"Sally Crothers," said Ethel. "She was there."

"Sally Crothers? You know her?" he demanded. She smiled at the startled look on his face.

"Why, yes," she replied. "You see, I've been hunting so hard for you, Joe, among those friends you used to have. And I did it without ever letting you know. Dwight, too—he was only one of them." She frowned, and added briskly, "Just incidental, so to speak. But I don't care to talk of him now—I'm speaking only of Amy. And from what Sally Crothers has told me, poor Amy must have had some hard times. They weren't fair to her! If they'd given her time and a real chance, everything might have been different. But they didn't, they turned her down. And feeling hurt and angry—and feeling besides how she'd have to grow—in her mi d, I mean, and her interests, to take any place among people like that—I think she hesitated. You might have helped her then, perhaps—but you didn't—and Amy was lazy, Joe—that had always been a part of her. So she wouldn't make the effort. Instead of coming up to you she made up her mind to pull you down."

"That isn't true!" he said bluntly, but there was an uncertain look in his eyes. "And if you've been taking for gospel truth what Sally Crothers told you——"

"Stop! Please!" cried Ethel eagerly. "I didn't mean what I said just then—I put it badly—oh, so wrong! She didn't *say*, 'I'll pull him down.' She told herself your friends were snobs! And she said, 'I have friends who are human, and they're quite good enough for me!' So she went on with Fanny Carr. And others came, the circle grew. And it was all done day by day, and week by week. It happened—and you never knew. Nor did she. It was all so natural. But within a year she was going with people, and so were you, who cared for nothing you had wanted—women with no growth at all. They were all—oh, so common, Joe!"

"That's a bit snobbish, isn't it?"

"You can call it what you like! But I say

10 Housekeeping Helps

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Here are 10 of the "handiest" brushes you ever saw.

Whether you are preparing the vegetables for dinner, or washing the dishes, or blacking the stove, or brushing off the stairs and between the banisters; whether you are cleaning the registers or radiators or bedsprings, or the waste pipe of your refrigerator, or washing the baby's bottles, or your fruit and jelly jars; whether you are putting the bathroom in order, or dusting the books, or getting into those many difficult corners and crevices that every house contains, you will always find in this set of 10 brushes just the one you want for the purpose.

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Every brush in the set is made by the twisted wire principle. No glue or cement of any kind is used in fastening the bristles; instead they are held in place by a tight twisting of non-rustable wire, and they are guaranteed never to come out.

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4. Refrigerator Waste Pipe Brush—made of imported black horsehair. You know how important it is for the health of your family to keep the refrigerator clean. This brush, with its long, pliable wire handle, removes every accumulation from the waste pipe in a jiffy.
5. Bath Tub or Basin Brush—of white Tampico. This is a big, bushy brush designed to clean the bath tub or wash basin, and with it you can scrub the sides of the tub thoroughly in a moment's time.
6. Toilet Bowl Brush—of stiff Palmyra fiber. With its curved shape this brush will reach the trap and connecting tubes, and the disagreeable work can be done easily without using acids or any substance which may injure the porcelain.
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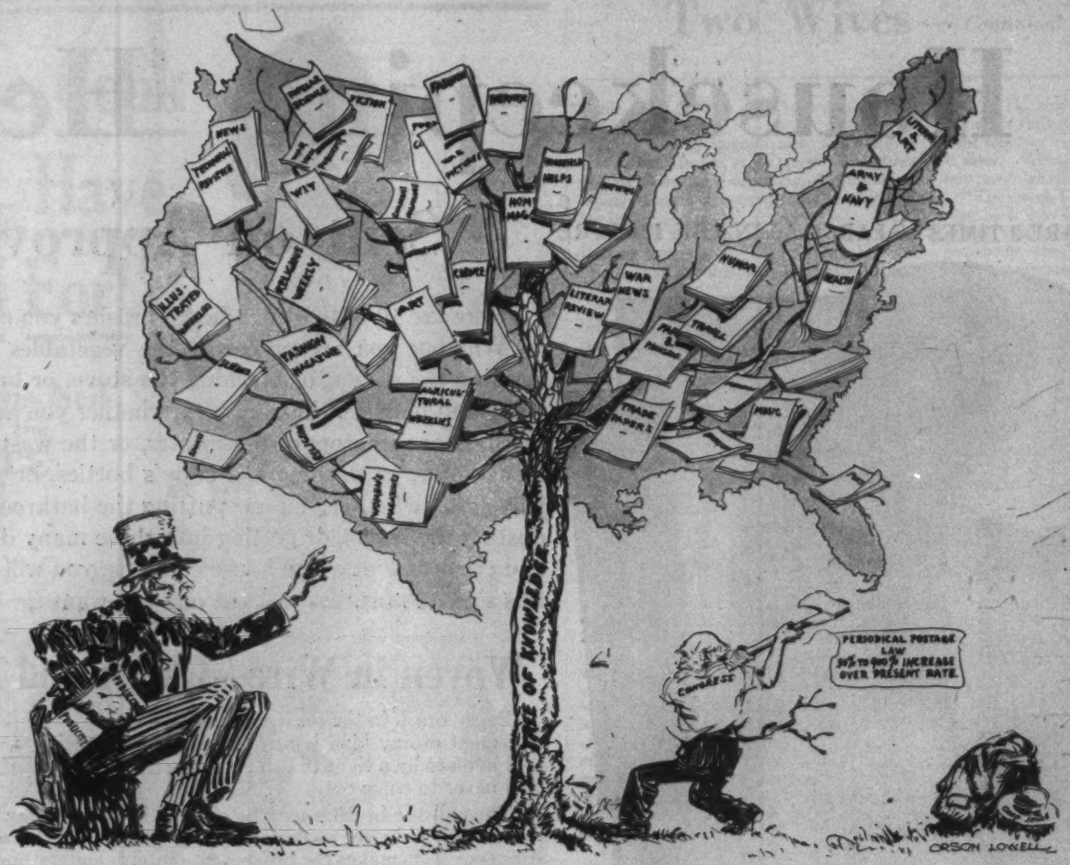

WILL YOU SANCTION THIS?

BY REX BEACH

PRESIDENT AUTHORS' LEAGUE

CONGRESS—or a sufficient majority of it—has voted to destroy magazine reading. It has accomplished this by passing a simple law reestablishing a postal "zone" system for all publications—a zone system and postal principle that was abolished by President Lincoln in 1863, and by establishing through a complicated system postal rates that mean increases of from 50 to 900 per cent postage increases to all periodical readers.

By this "zone" system American readers of periodicals—home, educational, scientific, business, or religious—are to be penalized by enormous postage increases on the weekly or monthly papers they read, and the greater their accidental remoteness from the city of publication the greater is the penalty that is placed upon them.

Magazines have been a slow growth. In the process of their development and evolution it has happened that publishing is chiefly concentrated in the East. This large magazine increase in postage, therefore, discriminates unfairly but with great force against the entire West—beginning even with western New York and Ohio and increasing rapidly until such States as Washington, Oregon, New Mexico, and California are to pay *nine times the amount of postage* formerly paid on the advertising pages alone of their magazines. What this increase means in cost to readers is incalculable.

It means that hundreds of thousands of readers will be compelled to give up their periodicals owing to the terrific increase in their postage cost.

And the tragedy of this 50 to 900 per cent magazine increase postage law lies in the fact that this loss of readers will come from classes and from sections of our nation where widespread reading should be most encouraged—from people in remote sections where life is a bitter struggle on the margin of subsistence — where the habit of reading is just forming and the little weekly or monthly budget for magazines has but so very recently become recognized as an important item in family life. The terrific magazine postage increase will wipe these out. *That* is the real tragedy to this nation.

I could do no better than quote the fine words of a Western woman, Miss Arminda Wood, president of the Woman's Club of Racine, Wis.:

"The many splendid magazines published to-day," she wrote in an appeal to Eastern women from the women of the West, "are a means of education to many a home where other opportunities are lacking. And many of these homes are remote from publishing centers—many even remote from city life. It is the magazine combined with rural delivery that has brought to the door of the countrywoman material which helps her solve problems needing advice more easily obtained by her city sister. Through this medium she has known current events, has guided her children by the educational influences offered, and has been able to keep herself in harmony with the world from which she was separated. Periodicals and newspapers are as essential as food to the country home.

"Then again the attractive magazines in every city home means keeping together the family circle. To make the magazine prohibitive by excess postal rates would be to take away from mothers one of the means whereby they have battled against outside attractions.

"Now just because a woman lives in a Western State remote from publishing centers—and of course home interests affect the woman most—is she to be made to pay a penalty in order to bring opportunities to her door? To enforce the 50 to 900 per cent periodical postage law would be causing mental starvation to many who have only this means of keeping abreast of the times.

"Every thinking Eastern woman should put her full strength into a drive which will give her Western sister the same advantages which she enjoys."

And to this may be added the splendid report of the United States Postal Commission appointed in 1844 to determine the functions and purposes of the Post Office in relation to the people of our nation. The function of the Post Office was, it said:

"To render the citizen, how far soever from the seat of Government, worthy, by proper knowledge and intelligence, of his important privileges as a sovereign constituent of the Government; to diffuse throughout all parts of the land enlightenment, social improvement, and national affinities, elevating our people in the scale of civilization and bringing them together in patriotic affection."

This was the purpose of the Post Office.

This 50 to 900 per cent postage increase on magazines is not a war tax. Publishers were already taxed by excess profits and income taxes. It is not a war tax; Postmaster General Burleson has so stated in his annual report when he declared it is permanent postal legislation—unless repealed through your protests to Congress and Congressmen. Will you write—telegraph—or urge the passage of resolutions of protest against this destructive law?

WILL YOU HELP?

Write to your Congressman, protest against this destructive law, and demand its repeal.

If you do not know his name you can find it out from your Postmaster or from the nearest postal station.

Get your club or association to adopt resolutions demanding its repeal.

Will you enroll to help repeal this law that penalizes periodical readers with heavy penalties?

If so, send your name and address and a copy of any resolutions adopted to

CHARLES JOHNSON POST

200 Fifth Avenue :: :: :: :: New York City

you can find them all over town — richer and poorer, better and worse — women who want only common things — just clothes and food and what they call love — with not a wish that I can see except for money to live like that! I'm no prig, Joe! I want pretty clothes, and I want to be gay and have nice things. But you can get all I want of that and still get what is so much more — real work you love and which makes you grow, and friends that keep you growing!

"What's that got to do with *her?*"

"Because she kept you away from it! Why didn't she ever go to Paris? She must have been dying to go there and shop, but she never let you take her there. She was afraid to let you go near it — the Beaux Arts work, the student life — afraid that you'd get thinking! So she kept you here and away from your friends. She even kept Crothers out of your firm. Your partner fought her hard on that — and *you* held out — until one day Crothers came into your office and told you he had changed his mind. You remember?"

"Yes — "

"Did he give you his reason?"

"He did — of course!"

"Did he bring Amy into it?"

"Not at all!"

"He should have, Joe. For just the afternoon before, Amy had made a call on his wife — and had said things insulting enough so that her husband had to break off!"

"*Sally* told you that!"

"Why should she lie?" Ethel threw a quick glance into Joe's eyes. They were baffled and uncertain. "He believes it!" she thought, and hurried on: "I've talked to her, Joe, in a way that was bound to get the truth. Oh, I've been hunting hard for you, dear! If Fanny Carr had told her detectives to follow me everywhere I've been, and not just hunt for the nastiness that was in her own mind about me — they could have shown what a hunt it has been! I had so little time, you see! You were all in the balance — you'd waited so long! even now you've found you can't draw the plans — the ones you used to dream about! I know because I made you try! You didn't know that — any more than you knew that I was taking lessons of Dwight — and asking him to help me with you!

"And I had almost got you back — when Fanny Carr, with her nasty view of me and what I was doing, brought you those perfectly rotten reports! And if you believe them, Joe, I'm through! Go to your partner or to Dwight, or to Sally Crothers, if you choose, and they'll tell you I have spoken the truth. If you won't believe either them or me, go on alone without me — or else marry Fanny Carr. But if you do believe me and we're to go on together now, you'll have to drop Fanny for good and all, and leave Amy way behind — leave all her friends and her ideas — about money and her kind of love — which meant getting soft and not having children.

"You'll have to take up your old friends and try to get Crothers into your firm. You may think your business is yours and not mine — but if it's my life, it's my business, too! It's like four walls around me now, and I want to break out and so do you — away from mere money! I've watched you, dear — seen what a struggle has gone on inside of you — it has worn you out! You look half sick! Haven't you made money enough? Let's leave it, go to Paris, and get to work before it's too late for you to get back what you had! I want more children! I want you! I want you mine, all mine, my dear — not *her* husband! Don't you see?"

She had been eagerly leaning toward him. Joe was staring into the fire; the look in his eyes had frightened her and made her hurry to be through.

"What is it?" she asked. And she waited a moment. "Don't you believe what I've told you, Joe?"

"Yes," he said. "I believe all that. I believe a good deal more than that." There was a little silence, and then suddenly he reached for her hand, held it tight and smiled into the fire in a twitching sort of way. "I haven't been quite as blind as you think. I've seen a good deal of what you were doing. But — " he frowned —"I'm older than you are. I know this job of mine clear through — way back to those dreams you spoke of. I've had some hard, mean tussles about it — lately — and that's my only excuse for acting like a damn fool as I did — the other day. No use in talking of *that* any more — or of — Amy either. She's — she's dead."

"Joe!" Ethel whispered. Tears came in her eyes. He went steadily on:

"She had some fine points, too — a lot. There were things we needn't talk about now. But you've made me see things, too. I don't think she'll be in the way any more — I think we'll be able to speak of her. There's something else to worry about. You don't quite know me yet, you see."

"What do you mean?" She had risen, too, and caught his arm. "You're not well, Joe!" He laughed a little: "I'm not quite right. Something wrong in here, I guess." He pressed one hand to the base of his brain and scowled as though it hurt him. "Nothing serious, probably. But before it goes too far, I want you to know that when I get well I'm going to have a try at all that — the work you spoke of. I'm going to try — but I may be too late! I may be older than you think!" The tone of his voice was sharp and strained. "I don't know," he said. "The doctor may. About him — that's another point! It's a nerve specialist we need!"

Chapter XXVI

SHE got him to bed. The specialist came, and when he had examined Joe he had a talk with Ethel that left her very frightened. And after that came days and nights, when Joe, as though in delirium, said things in a jumble which revealed to her the inner chaos he had gone through in the last few weeks.

But the weeks dragged by, and at last she felt he was coming back to sanity. With his partner then she conspired to take Joe over to Paris in April, to stay for a year if he would agree. And as part of the conspiracy, Ethel had several meetings with Nourse and Sally Crothers, in the hope of bringing Sally's husband into the firm to be there in Joe's absence.

At the end of another month, Joe was up and about again; and soon, in spite of the doctor's instructions, he was back at his office hard at work. This of course looked ominous. What was he doing? She could not discover. For his partner, over the telephone, was far from satisfactory. At last she sent for him one day and gave him quite a piece of her mind; and although not fully successful, she at least made him acquiesce in the plan she and Sally had concocted for a little gathering to take place one night the following week.

IT was nearly seven o'clock upon the evening in question; and in her room, at her dressing-table, Ethel was completing her toilet. They were going to dine with the Crothers, and Joe was nervous about it.

"Come on, Ethel, hurry up!"

"I'm all ready now," was her placid reply. "Don't you think I look rather nice?"

"Oh, yes. You'll do."

"Thank you, dear. Aren't you going to kiss me?"

"No! Yes! . . . Now come on!"

She threw back her head and laughed at him.

"It's beginning so well," murmured Sally to Ethel, as they went in to dinner. "Steady, my child."

"Oh, I'm all right!" was the reply, and Ethel smiled excitedly. The chorus of exclamations that had greeted Joe and herself had been so warm and gay and real. There had been no time for awkwardness. In a moment after their entrance, the hubbub of talk and laughter had gone right on as though nothing had happened. At table it continued still, and she felt herself borne along on the tide.

The moments seemed to fly away. Now they had left the men to smoke. But soon the men had followed them, and everyone was smoking, and Ethel was trying a cigarette. The talk ran on, about this and that. But over on her side of the room, Sally had led the conversation back to Joe's old student days, to the Beaux Arts and life in the Quarter. Ethel heard snatches from time to time, and she kept throwing vigilant glances over at her husband's face. He seemed to be responding, with an eagerness that thrilled his wife.

Sally was cleverly drawing him out about some of those early plans of his. And though awkward at first, he was warming up. In the room the hubbub died away. "They're listening to Joe!" thought his wife. And Joe was talking on and on. Ethel tingled with pride in him, and with hope for the success of her plan.

But now the crucial time arrived. For one by one the guests had gone, till only she and Joe and Nourse remained with Sally and her husband. The moment for springing the great idea had come at last. Nourse was to do the talking. That had been arranged ahead, at a meeting of Nourse and the two wives. But all at once in a panic now, Ethel knew that Nourse would bungle it. Why had she entrusted so much to this man? Had he ever shown tact in his whole life? And why so soon? Oh, it had been rash! The evening had passed so gorgeously. Why not have waited and had other evenings to pave the way and make it sure?

"Well," he said, rising and turning on Ethel a curious smile, "I guess it's time I was going home."

She stared at him in blank relief. So he had some sense about things, after all.

"But look here, Bill," said her husband, "before you go, let's give these scheming women of ours to understand we don't want 'em to meddle in our affairs."

"Right," growled Nourse. And a moment later the three men confronted two astonished wives, and Bill was gravely announcing, "We've done this thing all by ourselves. The firm is 'Nourse, Lanier and Crothers.' And from this night on we propose to do business without any interference from wives. Understand?" He frowned menacingly. "We settled that this afternoon. And the next thing we decided was that Joe packs up this wife of his, whether she happens to like it or not, and takes her over to Paris. See? And if she tries to keep him from work by yanking him all around to the shops — "

While Nourse growled on in his surly way, Ethel slipped quietly into the hall — where presently Sally with one arm about her was proffering a handkerchief and murmuring,

"Use mine, dear."

On the night before they sailed for France long after she had gone to bed Ethel came out in her peignoir into the warm dark living-room. There was something she had forgotten to do, and she wanted to get it off her mind. She switched on the light by the doorway, and looked about her smiling, but with a little shiver, too.

Ethel went to her desk and rummaged for paper, pen and ink. Then she took out of a cubby-hole a bulky letter and read it through. It was the "round-robin" come again on its annual journey over the land. It had been in a lonely mining camp, on a cattle ranch, in a mill town and in cities large and small. There were many kinds of handwriting here. She read it through.

Then she took up her pen and began to write swiftly:

"I have been here for over three years — but it was hard to write before, because everything was far from clear." She stopped and frowned. "How much shall I tell them?"

"I feel," she wrote, "as though I were just out of danger — barely out. In danger, I mean, of nervously dashing about after nothing until I got wrinkled and old at forty —.

"Thank heaven I got married," she wrote, "and fell in love with my husband. And I had a baby.

"I had quite a struggle after that. I was all hemmed in — " she stopped again — "by the city I found when I first arrived. But I huffed and I puffed and I hunted about — and at last I discovered *our* New York — the town we girls used to dream about at home in all those talks we had! Oh, I don't mean I have found it yet — but I've felt it, though, and had *one good look*.

"I want children — more than one. And children grow — and the idea of bringing them up makes me feel very young and humble too, my dears. But in that we are all in the same boat — for the whole country I suppose is a good deal the same. What a queer and puzzling gorgeous age we are just beginning — all of us! I wonder what I shall make of it? What shall I be like ten years from now? How much shall I mean to my husband — and to other men and women?

"Oh, how solemn! Good-night, my dears!"

She folded her letter with the rest, and then she quickly squeezed them all into a large envelope, which she addressed to Miss Henrietta Wells, Bismarck, North Dakota. Ethel's eyes were very bright. She sniffed a little and smiled at herself. She stopped for a moment by the table, with the letter in her hand, and looked down at Amy's picture.

"That is all anyone needs to know."

Her look was pitying, tender, but a little curious, too.

"I wonder what you were like at my age? I wonder what you went through, poor dear? . . . But it's over now — all over. All we don't like will fade away, and you'll grow so beautiful again. Susette will love her mother. . . . But she won't be just like you, my dear."

Ethel went slowly out of the room. At the doorway she switched off the light, and the bare empty room was left in the dark.

[*The end*]

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*Pronounced "Sy-ko"

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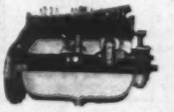

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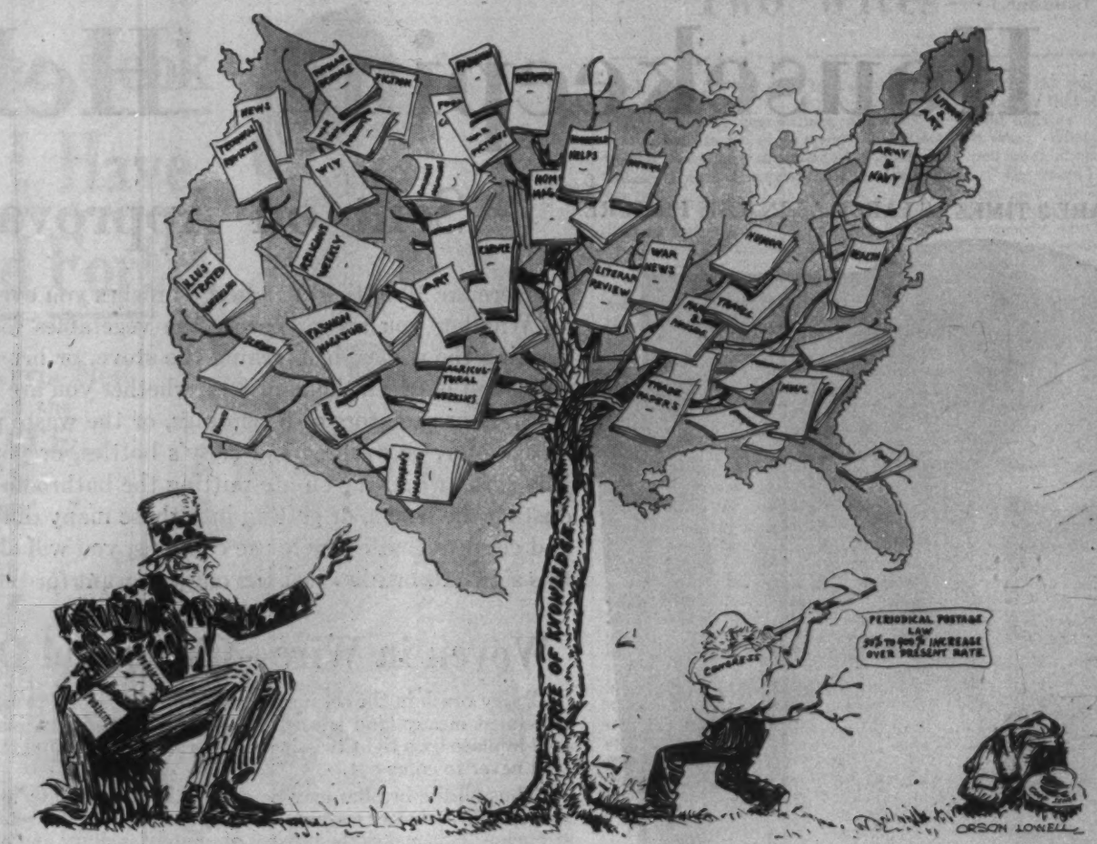

WILL YOU SANCTION THIS?

BY REX BEACH

PRESIDENT AUTHORS' LEAGUE

CONGRESS—or a sufficient majority of it—has voted to destroy magazine reading. It has accomplished this by passing a simple law reestablishing a postal "zone" system for all publications—a zone system and postal principle that was abolished by President Lincoln in 1863, and by establishing through a complicated system postal rates that mean increases of from 50 to 900 per cent postage increases to all periodical readers.

By this "zone" system American readers of periodicals—home, educational, scientific, business, or religious—are to be penalized by enormous postage increases on the weekly or monthly papers they read, and the greater their accidental remoteness from the city of publication the greater is the penalty that is placed upon them.

Magazines have been a slow growth. In the process of their development and evolution it has happened that publishing is chiefly concentrated in the East. This large magazine increase in postage, therefore, discriminates unfairly but with great force against the entire West—beginning even with western New York and Ohio and increasing rapidly until such States as Washington, Oregon, New Mexico, and California are to pay *nine times the amount of postage* formerly paid on the advertising pages alone of their magazines. What this increase means in cost to readers is incalculable.

It means that hundreds of thousands of readers will be compelled to give up their periodicals owing to the terrific increase in their postage cost.

And the tragedy of this 50 to 900 per cent magazine increase postage law lies in the fact that this loss of readers will come from classes and from sections of our nation where widespread reading should be most encouraged—from people in remote sections where life is a bitter struggle on the margin of subsistence — where the habit of reading is just forming and the little weekly or monthly budget for magazines has but so very recently become recognized as an important item in family life. The terrific magazine postage increase will wipe these out. *That* is the real tragedy to this nation.

I could do no better than quote the fine words of a Western woman, Miss Arminda Wood, president of the Woman's Club of Racine, Wis.:

"The many splendid magazines published to-day," she wrote in an appeal to Eastern women from the women of the West, "are a means of education to many a home where other opportunities are lacking. And many of these homes are remote from publishing centers—many even remote from city life. It is the magazine combined with rural delivery that has brought to the door of the countrywoman material which helps her solve problems needing advice more easily obtained by her city sister. Through this medium she has known current events, has guided her children by the educational influences offered, and has been able to keep herself in harmony with the world from which she was separated. Periodicals and newspapers are as essential as food to the country home.

"Then again the attractive magazines in every city home means keeping together the family circle. To make the magazine prohibitive by excess postal rates would be to take away from mothers one of the means whereby they have battled against outside attractions.

"Now just because a woman lives in a Western State remote from publishing centers—and of course home interests affect the woman most—is she to be made to pay a penalty in order to bring opportunities to her door? To enforce the 50 to 900 per cent periodical postage law would be causing mental starvation to many who have only this means of keeping abreast of the times.

"Every thinking Eastern woman should put her full strength into a drive which will give her Western sister the same advantages which she enjoys."

And to this may be added the splendid report of the United States Postal Commission appointed in 1844 to determine the functions and purposes of the Post Office in relation to the people of our nation. The function of the Post Office was, it said:

"To render the citizen, how far soever from the seat of Government, worthy, by proper knowledge and intelligence, of his important privileges as a sovereign constituent of the Government; to diffuse throughout all parts of the land enlightenment, social improvement, and national affinities, elevating our people in the scale of civilization and bringing them together in patriotic affection."

This was the purpose of the Post Office.

This 50 to 900 per cent postage increase on magazines is not a war tax. Publishers were already taxed by excess profits and income taxes. It is not a war tax; Postmaster General Burleson has so stated in his annual report when he declared it is permanent postal legislation—unless repealed through your protests to Congress and Congressmen. Will you write—telegraph—or urge the passage of resolutions of protest against this destructive law?

WILL YOU HELP?

Write to your Congressman, protest against this destructive law, and demand its repeal.

If you do not know his name you can find it out from your Postmaster or from the nearest postal station.

Get your club or association to adopt resolutions demanding its repeal.

Will you enroll to help repeal this law that penalizes periodical readers with heavy penalties?

If so, send your name and address and a copy of any resolutions adopted to

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you can find them all over town — richer and poorer, better and worse — women who want only common things — just clothes and food and what they call love — with not a wish that I can see except for money to live like that! I'm no prig, Joe! I want pretty clothes, and I want to be gay and have nice things. But you can get all I want of that and still get what is so much more — real work you love and which makes you grow, and friends that keep you growing!

"What's that got to do with *her?*"

"Because she kept you away from it! Why didn't she ever go to Paris? She must have been dying to go there and shop, but she never let you take her there. She was afraid to let you go near it — the Beaux Arts work, the student life — afraid that you'd get thinking! So she kept you here and away from your friends. She even kept Crothers out of your firm. Your partner fought her hard on that — and *you* held out — until one day Crothers came into your office and told you he had changed his mind. You remember?"

"Yes — "

"Did he give you his reason?"

"He did — of course!"

"Did he bring Amy into it?"

"Not at all!"

"He should have, Joe. For just the afternoon before, Amy had made a call on his wife — and had said things insulting enough so that her husband had to break off!"

"*Sally* told you that!"

"Why should she lie?" Ethel threw a quick glance into Joe's eyes. They were baffled and uncertain. "He believes it!" she thought, and hurried on: "I've talked to her, Joe, in a way that was bound to get the truth. Oh, I've been hunting hard for you, dear! If Fanny Carr had told her detectives to follow me everywhere I've been, and not just hunt for the nastiness that was in her own mind about me — they could have shown what a hunt it has been! I had so little time, you see! You were all in the balance — you'd waited so long! even now you've found you can't draw the plans — the ones you used to dream about! I know because I made you try! You didn't know that — any more than you knew that I was taking lessons of Dwight — and asking him to help me with you!

"And I had almost got you back — when Fanny Carr, with her nasty view of me and what I was doing, brought you those perfectly rotten reports! And if you believe them, Joe, I'm through! Go to your partner or to Dwight, or to Sally Crothers, if you choose, and they'll tell you I have spoken the truth. If you won't believe either them or me, go on alone without me — or else marry Fanny Carr. But if you do believe me and we're to go on together now, you'll have to drop Fanny for good and all, and leave Amy way behind — leave all her friends and her ideas — about money and her kind of love — which meant getting soft and not having children.

"You'll have to take up your old friends and try to get Crothers into your firm. You may think your business is yours and not mine — but if it's my life, it's my business, too! It's like four walls around me now, and I want to break out and so do you — away from mere money! I've watched you, dear — seen what a struggle has gone on inside of you — it has worn you out! You look half sick! Haven't you made money enough? Let's leave it, go to Paris, and get to work before it's too late for you to get back what you had! I want more children! I want you! I want you mine, all mine, my dear — not *her* husband! Don't you see?"

She had been eagerly leaning toward him. Joe was staring into the fire; the look in his eyes had frightened her and made her hurry to be through.

"What is it?" she asked. And she waited a moment. "Don't you believe what I've told you, Joe?"

"Yes," he said, "I believe all that. I believe a good deal more than that." There was a little silence, and then suddenly he reached for her hand, held it tight and smiled into the fire in a twitching sort of way. "I haven't been quite as blind as you think. I've seen a good deal of what you were doing. But — " he frowned — "I'm older than you are. I know this job of mine clear through — way back to those dreams you spoke of. I've had some hard, mean tussles about it — lately — and that's my only excuse for acting like a damn fool as I did — the other day. No use in talking of *that* any more — or of — Amy either. She's — she's dead."

"Joe!" Ethel whispered. Tears came in her eyes. He went steadily on:

"She had some fine points, too — a lot. There were things we needn't talk about now. But you've made me see things, too. I don't think she'll be in the way any more — I think we'll be able to speak of her. There's something else to worry about. You don't quite know me yet, you see."

"What do you mean?" She had risen, too, and caught his arm. "You're not well, Joe!" He laughed a little: "I'm not quite right. Something wrong in here, I guess." He pressed one hand to the base of his brain and scowled as though it hurt him. "Nothing serious, probably. But before it goes too far, I want you to know that when I get well I'm going to have a try at all that — the work you spoke of. I'm going to try — but I may be too late! I may be older than you think!" The tone of his voice was sharp and strained. "I don't know," he said. "The doctor may. About him — that's another point! It's a nerve specialist we need!"

Chapter XXVI

SHE got him to bed. The specialist came, and when he had examined Joe he had a talk with Ethel that left her very frightened. And after that came days and nights, when Joe, as though in delirium, said things in a jumble which revealed to her the inner chaos he had gone through in the last few weeks.

But the weeks dragged by, and at last she felt he was coming back to sanity. With his partner then she conspired to take Joe over to Paris in April, to stay for a year if he would agree. And as part of the conspiracy, Ethel had several meetings with Nourse and Sally Crothers, in the hope of bringing Sally's husband into the firm to be there in Joe's absence.

At the end of another month, Joe was up and about again; and soon, in spite of the doctor's instructions, he was back at his office hard at work. This of course looked ominous. What was he doing? She could not discover. For his partner, over the telephone, was far from satisfactory. At last she sent for him one day and gave him quite a piece of her mind; and although not fully successful, she at least made him acquiesce in the plan she and Sally had concocted for a little gathering to take place one night the following week.

IT was nearly seven o'clock upon the evening in question; and in her room, at her dressing-table, Ethel was completing her toilet. They were going to dine with the Crothers, and Joe was nervous about it.

"Come on, Ethel, hurry up!"

"I'm all ready now," was her placid reply. "Don't you think I look rather nice?"

"Oh, yes. You'll do."

"Thank you, dear. Aren't you going to kiss me?"

"No! Yes! . . . Now come on!"

She threw back her head and laughed at him.

"It's beginning so well," murmured Sally to Ethel, as they went in to dinner. "Steady, my child."

"Oh, I'm all right!" was the reply, and Ethel smiled excitedly. The chorus of exclamations that had greeted Joe and herself had been so warm and gay and real. There had been no time for awkwardness. In a moment after their entrance, the hubbub of talk and laughter had gone right on as though nothing had happened. At table it continued still, and she felt herself borne along on the tide.

The moments seemed to fly away. Now they had left the men to smoke. But soon the men had followed them, and everyone was smoking, and Ethel was trying a cigarette. The talk ran on, about this and that. But over on her side of the room, Sally had led the conversation back to Joe's old student days, to the Beaux Arts and life in the Quarter. Ethel heard snatches from time to time, and she kept throwing vigilant glances over at her husband's face. He seemed to be responding, with an eagerness that thrilled his wife.

Sally was cleverly drawing him out about some of those early plans of his. And though awkward at first, he was warming up. In the room the hubbub died away. "They're listening to Joe!" thought his wife. And Joe was talking on and on. Ethel tingled with pride in him, and with hope for the success of her plan.

But now the crucial time arrived. For one by one the guests had gone, till only she and Joe and Nourse remained with Sally and her husband. The moment for springing the great idea had come at last. Nourse was to do the talking. That had been arranged ahead, at a meeting of Nourse and the two wives. But all at once in a panic now, Ethel knew that Nourse would bungle it. Why had she entrusted so much to this man? Had he ever shown tact in his whole life? And why so soon? Oh, it had been rash! The evening had passed so gorgeously. Why not have waited and had other evenings to pave the way and make it sure?

"Well," he said, rising and turning on Ethel a curious smile, "I guess it's time I was going home."

She stared at him in blank relief. So he had some sense about things, after all.

"But look here, Bill," said her husband, "before you go, let's give these scheming women of ours to understand we don't want 'em to meddle in our affairs."

"Right," growled Nourse. And a moment later the three men confronted two astonished wives, and Bill was gravely announcing, "We've done this thing all by ourselves. The firm is 'Nourse, Lanier and Crothers.' And from this night on we propose to do business without any interference from wives. Understand?" He frowned menacingly. "We settled that this afternoon. And the next thing we decided was that Joe packs up this wife of his, whether she happens to like it or not, and takes her over to Paris. See? And if she tries to keep him from work by yanking him all around to the shops — "

While Nourse growled on in his surly way, Ethel slipped quietly into the hall — where presently Sally with one arm about her was proffering a handkerchief and murmuring, "Use mine, dear."

On the night before they sailed for France long after she had gone to bed Ethel came out in her peignoir into the warm dark living-room. There was something she had forgotten to do, and she wanted to get it off her mind. She switched on the light by the doorway, and looked about her smiling, but with a little shiver, too.

Ethel went to her desk and rummaged for paper, pen and ink. Then she took out of a cubby-hole a bulky letter and read it through. It was the "round-robin" come again on its annual journey over the land. It had been in a lonely mining camp, on a cattle ranch, in a mill town and in cities large and small. There were many kinds of handwriting here. She read it through.

Then she took up her pen and began to write swiftly:

"I have been here for over three years — but it was hard to write before, because everything was far from clear." She stopped and frowned. "How much shall I tell them?"

"I feel," she wrote, "as though I were just out of danger — barely out. In danger, I mean, of nervously dashing about after nothing until I got wrinkled and old at forty —.

"Thank heaven I got married," she wrote, "and fell in love with my husband. And I had a baby.

"I had quite a struggle after that. I was all hemmed in — " she stopped again — "by the city I found when I first arrived. But I huffed and I puffed and I hunted about — and at last I discovered *our* New York — the town we girls used to dream about at home in all those talks we had! Oh, I don't mean I have found it yet — but I've felt it, though, and had *one good look*.

"I want children — more than one. And children grow — and the idea of bringing them up makes me feel very young and humble too, my dears. But in that we are all in the same boat — for the whole country I suppose is a good deal the same. What a queer and puzzling gorgeous age we are just beginning — all of us! I wonder what I shall make of it? What shall I be like ten years from now? How much shall I mean to my husband — and to other men and women?

"Oh, how solemn! Good-night, my dears!"

She folded her letter with the rest, and then she quickly squeezed them all into a large envelope, which she addressed to Miss Henrietta Wells, Bismarck, North Dakota. Ethel's eyes were very bright. She sniffed a little and smiled at herself. She stopped for a moment by the table, with the letter in her hand, and looked down at Amy's picture.

"That is all anyone needs to know."

Her look was pitying, tender, but a little curious, too.

"I wonder what you were like at my age? I wonder what you went through, poor dear? . . . But it's over now — all over. All we don't like will fade away, and you'll grow so beautiful again. Susette will love her mother. . . . But she won't be just like you, my dear."

Ethel went slowly out of the room. At the doorway she switched off the light, and the bare empty room was left in the dark.

[*The end*]

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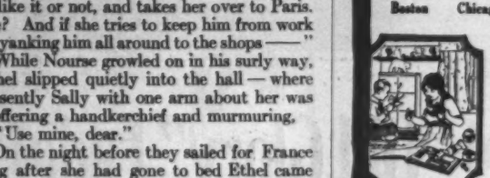

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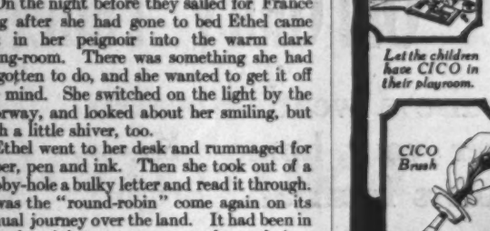
*Pronounced "Sy-ko"



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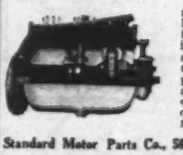
Continental 6-Cyl. Motors $148

Here's a big bargain:—Brand new six-cylinder genuine Continental motors, size 3½ x 5¼, suitable for trucks, pleasure cars or motor boats. Complete with Bosch magneto, Schebler carburetor and Auto-Lite generator—all for $148.00, less than one-third cost.



All motors positively new and unused, never having been removed from the original crates in which they were shipped out by the Continental Motors Corporation. Blue prints and other engineering data furnished on request. Immediate shipment guaranteed.

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Mary Pickford says: "Fly a clean Flag!" (Courtesy Artcraft Pictures)

Don't Let "Old Glory" Fade!

Don't raise a weather-beaten flag over your home. Keep The Colors fresh and bright! Here is a new—

$1.50 FLAG FREE!

FLY "Old Glory" in front of your house till the boys come home.

Let it be battle-stained "Over There," but let it float clean and new and bright from your window or door.

Teach your children to respect—not an old faded flag, but a glorious new one.

Remember that your flag reflects your patriotism and zeal. If it is old and weather-worn, renew it.

Memorial Day is just ahead. It will be a new Memorial Day—hang out a new flag in memory, not only of the Civil War heroes, but of the gallant lads who have died for our country in France. You can not put flowers on their graves—you can dedicate a flag to their memory.

McClure's will send you a $1.50 flag if you accept the offer we make below.

We will buy the flag and flag-pole for you and pay the carrying charges to you. Its size is 5 x 3 feet, the average size for residences. It is made of strong, durable bunting, fast colors, 6 ft. brass-jointed pole; and retails for one dollar and a half. If you request, a service flag with one star will be substituted for the Stars and Stripes.

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All you need to do is to send us a 16-month subscription to McClure's and Metropolitan, paying 10 cents down and 75 cents a month for 7 months, or $5.35 in all. This is less than what these 32 big, rich, patriotic numbers would cost you by the single copy, *and the $1.50 flag comes free and postpaid.*

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If you desire a Service Flag with one star instead of "Old Glory" check here. ☐

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Matching Submarine Wits

[*Continued from page 49*]

built for two hundred and twenty-five dollars a ton, and the single-hulled for two hundred dollars. Twenty-five per cent. is the increase in cost over that of surface vessels. Transport your wheat, your coal, your beef, in magnified, highly improved *Deutschlands*, and there is no reason why the government should engage in the insurance business; indeed, why peace rates for marine insurance should not prevail.

Incredible as it may seem, a properly constructed submarine freighter is safer than an ordinary surface liner. Every submarine is submerged by the simple expedient of admitting sea water into large tanks. No less than sixty tons of water rush into the tanks in a minute. When the vessel is to rise again, that water is blown out by compressed air. The selfsame expedient would keep her afloat in circumstances that would spell disaster to a surface liner. If a submarine cargo-carrier were to collide, Titanic-like, with an iceberg, if her bottom were ripped open, her compressed air system would still save her; for the inrushing water would be pressed out as fast as it entered. This is no wild theory. Some of our battleships are thus protected against torpedo attack.

Suppose that submarine cargo-carriers were plying regularly between Europe and America. A thinking man may ask: How can they be distinguished from German U-boats? Will they not run the risk of being shelled by armed merchantmen and patrol boats, and above all, by the convoys of our troop ships?

Koenig ran all these risks. Indeed, he was in the most precarious situation imaginable. Every ship afloat was his enemy. He was not sighted by a single vessel, and yet he traveled on the surface practically all the time.

The Commander of an American submarine cargo-carrier has no reason to submerge. On the horizon he sees the smoke of a ship. It must be a badge of friendship; for not a single German surface ship is to be found on the high seas. In every instance he sees the other ship first. He is invisible; his hull lies below the horizon of the other captain's. While his wireless masts and his lookout, located in a mottled cage, extend above that horizon, they can hardly be detected at a distance of four miles.

If I were in command of a transport fleet and I saw what appeared to be a cargo-carrying submarine in the offing, I would immediately send out a wireless call in a secret code to find out who she is. If I received a satisfactory answer and I saw that she was pursuing her course, I would pursue mine; but I would make assurance doubly sure by sending out a scout or a destroyer to verify her information. If I were the commander of the submarine cargo-carrier, I would change my course entirely and keep out of sight. There is no particular reason for gossiping on the high seas, especially in time of war.

Criticize this plan of foiling the U-boats as much as you please. I have only to reply: The *Deutschland* proved that it is faultless.

We must build submarine freighters so as not to be compelled to sign a compromise peace against our will. Germany need not destroy all sea-borne commerce; she has only to hamper the Allies in obtaining supplies. Let us not be lulled into a false sense of security by the recent favorable reports of Sir Eric Geddes. Although the sinkings were fewer in the autumn of 1917 than ever before, Sir Eric warns Great Britain and her Allies that there is no justification for assuming that the U-boat has been vanquished. He was constrained to admit that Great Britain was not able to build ships as fast as they were sunk, or even to destroy German U-boats as fast as they were launched. He struck at the very core of the problem when he told Parliament: "The Germans are building submarines faster than they have hitherto done, *and they have not yet attained their maximum strength*. It appears to me, therefore, that the submarine warfare is becoming *a test of determination and ingenuity* between the two contending forces."

In this game of matching wits the Germans have thus far been the winners, because the odds have all been in their favor. And they will continue to win (unless we learn the lesson of the *Deutschland*), because the submarine of today is a mere toy compared with the submarine that will inevitably be evolved.

The possibilities of the future are always revealed in the past. The old "horseless" carriage was the chrysalis of the modern automobile. From Fulton's old *Claremont* the *Lusitania* was descended. Originally, the submarine was a small, low ship, accompanied by a parent vessel. Now she is a large, fast vessel with some of the attributes of a cruiser. In addition, she has the power of hiding when in danger of attack.

What next?

Von Tirpitz himself supplied the answer. I met him and talked submarines with him while I was negotiating my Krupp engagement. At that time there was no thought of war between Germany and the United States. I felt no hesitation in laying before him the plans of two submarines. One of them I called the "defensive" type; it was not essentially different from the vessels that I have since built for the United States Navy. The other I called the "offensive" type. Von Tirpitz brushed the defensive type aside at once. Spreading out the blueprints of the other for closer examination he said:

"This is the only vessel that we need to consider; this is the type that we must ultimately build."

What were its distinguishing features? An armored conning tower and rapid-fire guns within that could be loaded below water. In an action only the armored tower would protrude above the water. Slight protection was provided for the upper deck; the overlying water was as good as so much steel. It is no more necessary to armor the entire upper deck of such a submarine than it is to armor the bottom of a battleship.

That offensive submarine has not yet been built. If the war lasts long enough, she will be launched by the Germans. She is the next step in the evolution of the submarine. When she arrives, will we try futilely to sink her with armored cruisers, just as we have futilely tried to destroy her predecessors with armed patrol boats and torpedo-boat destroyers? Or will we evade her by sensibly taking refuge beneath the water in a submersible freighter, when she heaves in sight? The history of the war on the high seas supplies but one answer.

The Answer

by **Theodosia Garrison**

ALWAYS laughin' she was—havin' her joke and singin',
Her heart the like of a fountain where joy was dancin' and springin';
And ourselves by the fire would say, "She's stretchin' her hand to sorrow;
God save the child from the trouble, the trouble that comes tomorrow."

Always happy she was—and happy it was death found her
In the place that she loved the best, with the arms of love around her.
And ours is the answered prayer who were askin' against her sorrow—
God saved the child from the trouble, the trouble that comes tomorrow.

Talk it over with your men

The outcome of the war depends upon SHIPS!

When we can build ships faster than the U-boats can sink them, the submarine peril will vanish—and America's might will win the war.

This is why the Government's call to enroll 250,000 skilled workers for the shipyards is so urgent; so vital.

Every employer is asked to help.

Will YOU make some sacrifice, so that the Government can get the skilled men required? Talk it over with your employees; explain the great need to them, and urge some of them to enroll in the United States Shipyard Volunteers.

They will be paid good wages; millions are being spent by the Government to give them good homes; they will work at trades for which their experience has fitted them; they will come back to you better, faster workers. Every Volunteer will receive a badge and a certificate, showing that he is doing his bit for America.

You can perform no greater patriotic service to your country than by helping to build ships. Greater than the need for money, is the need for men—skilled men.

Will you help?

Mail the coupon today—get all the facts—and talk it over with your men.

U. S. Shipyard Volunteers

Public Service Reserve

U. S. Shipping Board **U. S. Department of Labor**

FOR THE WINNING OF THE WAR

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—For Further Information Mail This Coupon—

EDWARD N. HURLEY, Chairman
U. S. Shipping Board, Washington, D. C.

Please tell me how I can help the Government enroll 250,000 Shipyard Volunteers.

Name .....

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Midnight in Russia — *Continued from page 24*

Petrograd — Russia. Yes, oh, yes. They don't know just what it is, but they know things are not going right under Milyoukoff. Therefore they are out to make it right.

"Imagine a people, who had lived always — in the dark; pitch dark, inside their souls and outside. No hope, no light — nothing, nothing but a sound. They had heard in their drunken ignorance a whisper, the secret whisper of the propagandists that: 'Some day — the revolution.' And then, imagine it — one day in the trenches, the filthy, frozen, dark and deadly trenches, they saw a light, and they heard that old sound, the glad cry of 'the Revolution.' Do you wonder they turned to look at that light?

"And not only for the Russians. They called the good news to the Germans across the trenches. '"The" Revolution has come,' they said, and they thought it was for the Germans, too. They think so now. That's why they still won't fight. They are telling the Germans that 'the' revolution has come, for the Germans, for all the people of all the earth; that we don't any of us have to kill one another any more."

"The Brotherhood of Man," I sentimentalized.

"No," said the Jew, "that's Christian; Jewish. That's acquired. We got it from not having it. We think that we ought to be brothers. The Russians can't think that. Only an educated Russian like Tolstoi could preach that. Gurgenef, Dostoyevski couldn't; nor the others. They were it. The Russians never thought we were not, they think we *are* brothers. Not the Tsar, and the Kings, and Kaisers — they're only cousins; hence they fight, and make us fight, but we, the people, *we are brothers.*"

"Literal," I said.

"The very word," he jumped, "literal. That's what they are, the children. It's that community sense.

"Let us hope," I breathed.

"Look out of the window," he went on. "Listen. What do you hear?"

We both listened; we both heard the hoofs of the mob.

"What the deuce are they out for?" I asked, remembering that he hadn't answered, after all, the question I had started him with.

"That beast out there," he said, "that gentle beast is made up of the Russian people, just folks, lots of simple workingmen and peasants. When the Revolution came here in Petrograd, and won, it meant to them that the Tsar was gone and that they, the people, were to govern. They began to govern at once, naturally; they didn't, they don't know just how to take hold, or where; they don't know just what to do."

"All right," I said, "but you said when Benton went out that he wouldn't find out what the mobs were about, and that you knew. What is it?"

"I'll tell you," he said. "There's trouble in our relations with the other allies. It's the secret treaties. They're wrong. Milyoukoff knows it; but he thinks they are contracts which must be kept till formally abrogated by the signers of them. The mob doesn't see that. All the mob knows is that there is something wrong with our side of the war; that Russia is up to something wrong, and — so the people are troubled.

We sat there silent a while, a long while, when there was a knock.

"Come in!" I exclaimed.

And, grinning in triumph, Benton came in. "Come in," he laughed. "You'll never learn Russian."

"And how about you?" I asked. "Will you? What did you learn tonight?"

"What did you find out?" the soldier asked. "Did the mob know why it was out?"

"The beast? No," said Benton. "It's a scream. Really. I'll tell you just how it was. I hooked up with Wallace, from the Embassy; he speaks Russian, and we interviewed the mob; the mobs. We laid for 'em, at the corner of the Nevski there, as they'd come down the street — each herd of 'em; we'd go out and I'd say 'Whoa,' and they'd stop. The cattle! Anybody could stop them, or drive them, or — But nobody does. No leaders at all; none."

"Not yet," said the soldier. "Whom did you interview?"

"Just the mob," said Benton, "anybody. When we'd hold 'em, so, we'd say, through Wallace:

"'What's the matter?' and they'd consult — you know — talk it over with one another. Finally ——

"'Don't know,' they'd say.

"'Where you going?' we'd ask.

"'Don't know,' they'd answer — slow, dull, quiet — ox-like.

"'Who *does* know' I'd shout, and Wallace would translate, 'Who does know?'

"'Don't know,' they'd answer. 'Maybe those people up in front know.'

"So we'd go up in front. Same questions. Same answers. 'Didn't know.' I got mad. I got hot at Wallace.

" 'Ask 'em, then,' I bawled, 'why the hell they're out here, a million of 'em, at midnight?'

"Wallace put it to them, and they consulted.

" 'They say,' he said, 'they say that they don't know what the matter is, but that it's something; that there is a rumor that there's something wrong in Petrograd, and so, they said, they, the people had had to come out to see about it.' "

Benton looked from me to the soldier, and back to me; and back to the soldier.

"Do you get it?" he asked. "They think that they are the Government. All of 'em. One mob after another. They all said the same thing; they all think the same things ——"

"What did they do?" the soldier asked.

"Nothing," said Benton. "Not a thing. The Russian reporters said there'd be speeches by about tomorrow afternoon. Can you beat it? They meet tonight at midnight, stand there silent all night, all morning, all forenoon, begin the debate at 2 P. M., and maybe the next day decide what to do."

"And it will be done," said the soldier. "Milyoukoff will abrogate the Russian secret treaty or be dismissed — by that mob which doesn't know now that it will do that."

"And it will be right," said Benton. "That stupid mob out there is the rightest, gentlest, justest — safest Thing I ever — felt."

He looked at us, first at the soldier, then at me; and he said to me:

"You got the story, I see."

"So did you," I answered.

"Yes-s," he said, "but the mob is the hero of my story."

"Mine, too," I said.

"And mine," said the Russian-American-Jewish soldier.

Licking the Huns! — *Continued from page 8*

In the same newspapers a bachelor advertised for two other men to come and live with him in the country, so that they could get from the government an allotment of *one herring* to be shared among them!

Two soldiers accompanied me to the bakery, led me upstairs and stopped in front of a table where two persons were engaged in rolling dough into moulds. The one was an old man, the other a remarkably pretty girl of no more than seventeen. They both looked up at our approach and the girl went suddenly white. The old man sighed and stepped forward, as though he sensed the import of our visit.

One of the soldiers spoke in German to the girl, addressing her respectfully and ordering her to instruct me as to my duties. Then it came the old man's turn. He was told to report to his barracks, where he would find his equipment. His time had come — Germany was sending into the trenches, men of sixty-five!

The girl embraced the old man and he gently pushed her away. I saw the expression in her eyes and wished she had wept.

"You are English?" she asked finally, with but slight accent.

"American," I answered.

"You will not speak to me unless spoken to," she announced, with the air of one delivering a judgment. "I will show you what is necessary."

Deftly she caught up the moulds used for baking the bread and explained what my duties were to be.

The second day of my advent at the bakery, came an astonishing dénouement. At eleven o'clock in the morning I was startled by an immense volume of sound from the street. As my work table overlooked a window, I was able to see a dense crowd of people marching toward the bakery with that peculiar military step of the Germans. They carried banners and the mob was constantly being added to by passersby. Outside the bakery the procession halted and I saw that it was composed of women, old men and a sprinkling of wounded soldiers. The mob swelled and swelled, until in less than five minutes it must have been composed of several thousand people, surging and milling about in a confused mass.

From somewhere in the mob, a spluttering bomb came hurtling and an outbuilding of the munitions factory disappeared in a haze of smoke. The crash vibrated the room where we were standing, horror struck, and several of the women ran screaming to cover. Spasmodic shots were fired and then down the street came a squadron of cavalry, charging into the mob. The bedlam was indescribable and dozens were trampled under the sharp hoofs of the horses, men and women alike. The surging mass moved this way and that and then four soldiers with a machine-gun and an officer in charge, came running up into the room where we stood. They brushed us aside and mounted the gun in the window commanding the street. A clip of cartridges was slipped into the breech and the officer blew upon a shrill whistle. Some of the crowd looked up — many did not hear it over the din below. The officer, using his hands as a megaphone, bellowed for the crowd to disperse. He was answered with a torrent of hisses and jeers. Instantly he gave a sharp command and — God! — it was most terrible to see! Tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat!!!! crackled the machine-gun into that dense mass of humanity, and scores went down like felled oxen. The others stood dazed, looking at their dead for a moment and then fled in all directions with the cavalry at their heels.

The girl beside me watched with whitened lips and heaving bosom. The only sound that had escaped her was a gasp of horror when the machine-gun began bursting forth its Hell. With an exclamation she pulled at the officer's coat sleeve and he struck at her. I caught the blow on my shoulder, putting my body before her for protection.

When they had gone she recovered herself and the coldness was again between us. Several times I caught her regarding me strangely out of the corner of her eye, but she said nothing until we stopped for food at seven. Then:

"Why do you hate us? Why does all the world regard Germans as pariahs?"

"You are wrong!" I answered. "The world does not hate the German people. On the contrary, we sympathize with you in your state of bondage and intend to help free you from it. America wants nothing but the freedom and recognition of democracy, and France *will have* Alsace-Lorraine within the month! Metz is already besieged by the Allied armies and the Hindenburg line has vanished. Is it possible you have not heard of General Pershing's victory at Verdun?"

"I fear you are telling the truth!" she breathed finally, "and we have been told that Verdun is in the hands of a German army and another one is marching victoriously on Paris! Why do they give us these lies, lies, lies — day after day, week after week? They take our babies — my brother, fourteen years old was killed in action a month ago; they took my father, sixty-five, when you came here to take his place as a workman. My mother is working in the Krupp works at Essen, and I am here!" She faltered and a rich crimson flooded her face. "If we younger women do not marry so that we may breed men to take the places of the tens of thousands that are being sacrificed daily to further one man's ambition, we are heavily fined. After May first von Hertling threatens to have us imprisoned if we do not obey!" She struck the table sharply with her hand and faced me with flashing eyes — a striking, beautiful picture of outraged womanhood. "The movement you but glimpsed here today is spreading and it is the women of Germany who have begun it and will carry it to a successful end. We will release Liebknecht from prison and with Scheidemann, Maximilian Harden, Stuecklen and Ryssel, he shall lead us to a real democracy!"

Amazed and thrilled, I remained silent when she stopped, breathing hard from her emotion.

Again came growing and ominous sounds from the street below and I threw up the window and leaned out.

There was a deep booming — the strangest sound I ever heard. I stood transfixed. What was it? A mob? The groaning of multitudes? I could not make out what it was. It seemed to me that the whole city had in a moment of time become a seething cauldron. There was a sound, mingled with the far voices, as of heavy pounding on heavier wood.

A company of reservists was marching off to the railroad station to entrain for the front. On each side walked armed guards, while a crowd of several hundred persons followed on the sidewalks, the women weeping.

Within a few minutes the crowd had swelled to more than a thousand and they pressed against the guards from all sides. Then came the crash! A child of thirteen stepped out of rank to kiss his mother goodby. An officer, seeing the movement, turned with a vile oath and struck the boy heavily, the child falling limp to the ground. For an instant there was almost a dead silence — a silence that was more terrible than the clang of a thousand gongs! Then a roar of rage went up from the crowd and the guards were swept aside like so much chaff. A tall, gaunt youth, one arm gone at the shoulder, swung a banner in the air. On it was inscribed "*Wir wollen Frieden!*" (We want Peace.) A shot was fired from somewhere and as though at a given signal, the doors of the munitions factory across the way swung open and thousands of workers, fully armed, poured out and joined the crowd which greeted them with wild cheers. A company of infantry came on the quick step with fixed bayonets and the crowd yelled to them, calling many by name. They faltered — and roaring commands from rage purpled officers failed to rally them. A command to fire went unheeded and in another moment the soldiers had joined the mob which swept on to *Unter den Linden.*

I rushed to the door and the guard immediately presented his bayonet. He was still a military automaton, though his sluggish senses were undergoing Heaven knows what turmoil under the strain of the situation and what he had just seen. He gruffly ordered me back and I went, cursing the luck that prevented me from having some hand in the conflict. I heard a sudden pattering of feet on the stairs, a familiar footstep — how is it we know the very footfall of those we love? — and my Joan of the bake shop burst into the room. Her hair and clothing were disheveled, her face unnaturally flushed and her breath came in choking gasps. She stumbled across the floor and fell limply into my arms before the astonished guard could intercept her. In a moment I was to learn what that strange noise far up the street had meant.

"They — they are tearing down — tearing down the statue of von Hindenburg!" she panted. "And we — we — *the German people are marching on Postdam!*"

[*To be continued*]

After you have read this month's instalment of "Licking the Huns," get behind the Government and push with all your might. You, by somehow doing your share of war-work, can make this thing come true. Next month the narrative reaches a great height

Humanity's Light

Do you realize that every cent of every dollar received for the Red Cross War Fund is spent for War Relief?

Membership fees pay the general administration expenses of the Red Cross. The interest which accrues from the banking of funds actually has made available for War Relief one dollar and two cents for every dollar contributed.

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